DEC 3 '57

The Saturday Evening
POST
December 7, 1957 — 15¢

HOW I TRAPPED MY FELLOW COPS
By a WASHINGTON OFFICER

TV's Desperate Ratings Game

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THERMOS BRAND OUTING KITS come in smart plaids, Heather Tweed and "Naugahyde" leatherette. Each contains two THERMOS quart vacuum bottles plus two handy food boxes. Kits have rubberized linings, zipper openings and luggage type carrying handles.

THERMOS BRAND ICE PRESERVERS make entertaining easy. Model shown is beautiful, modern Swedish ceramic available in yellow, teal gray, pink or charcoal gray. Other models in chromium or mahogany. All with top-efficiency vacuum insulation.

THERMOS BRAND PITCHER SETS are ideal for either home or office use. Vacuum insulation keeps temperature hours longer. Available in smart plastics or metal, sets are complete with tray and glasses or, as shown above, paper-cup holder with plastic protector to fit over cups.

Some like it Hot... Some like it Cold...

Everyone Loves a THERMOS® Christmas

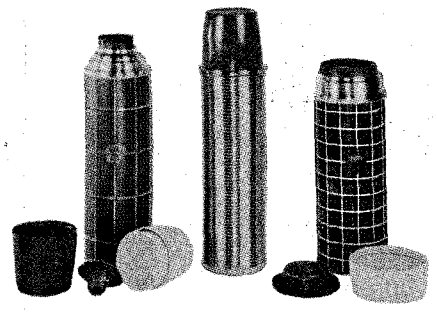
50th ANNIVERSARY

For family, friend or business acquaintance, there's a THERMOS brand gift in every price range which is bound to make a hit. As attractive as they are useful, products bearing the THERMOS name are the finest quality vacuum or insulated ware . . . you know you are giving the very best. Get out your Christmas list now and see how easy it is to select the perfect gift, even for the one "who has most everything," with THERMOS.

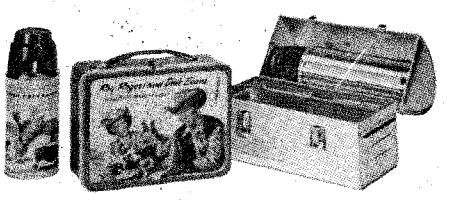
THE AMERICAN THERMOS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NORWICH, CONNECTICUT

formerly THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY

Canadian Thermos Products, Ltd., Toronto • Thermos Ltd., London



THERMOS BRAND VACUUM BOTTLES are available in a variety of smart case designs including rustproof aluminum. 10-oz., pint and quart sizes with standard neck openings for liquids or extra-wide mouth for either liquids or solid food. Exclusive *Polly Red Top*® insulated stopper.



THERMOS BRAND LUNCH KITS for school or on-the-job. Children's kits feature a wide variety of amusing, colorful decorations. For Dad, there's the new, lightweight aluminum lunch kit. Each kit complete with THERMOS standard neck or wide mouth vacuum bottle.

THERMOS BRAND OUTING JUGS have handsome two-toned finish with white vitreous porcelain liners. Extra-thick Fiberglas® insulation. Available in both 1 and 2 gallon sizes with spout or faucet.

THERMOS BRAND ICE CHESTS feature extra-thick insulation which guarantees minimum temperature change. "Hot-Dip" galvanized interior with slip-in food tray; deep-drawn steel construction. Available in 16, 19, 22 and 28 inch lengths.

There are many brands of vacuum and insulated ware...the best known and most used bear the name THERMOS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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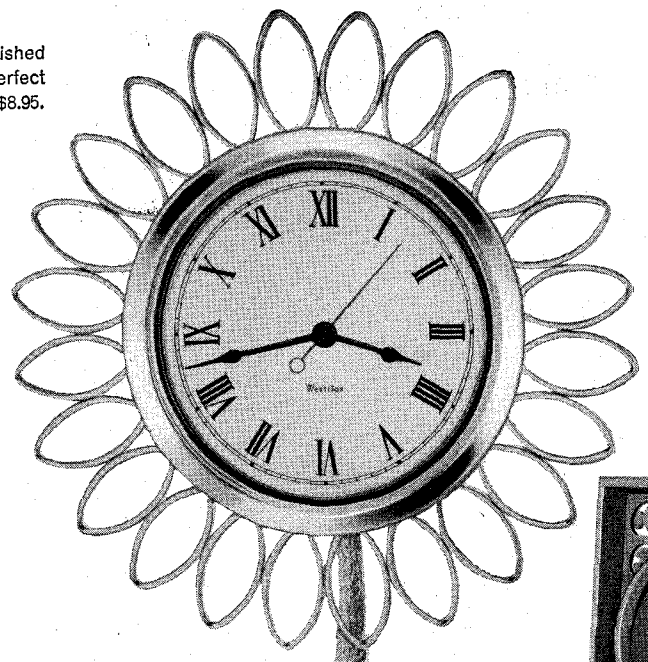
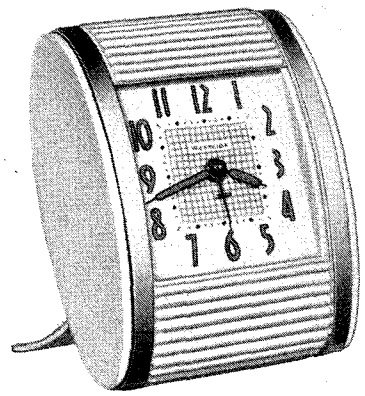
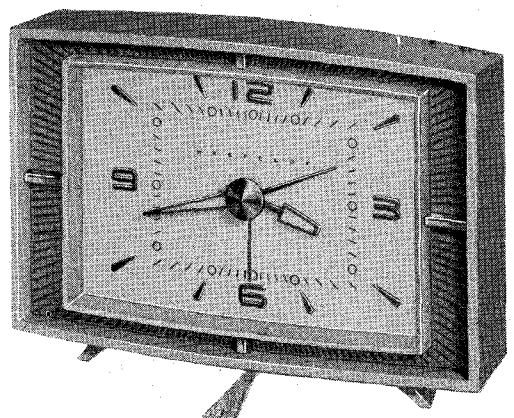
Gleaming brass finished **FRILL** wall clock. Perfect decorative touch. $8.95.

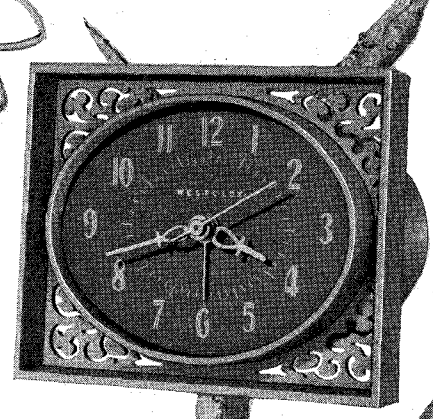




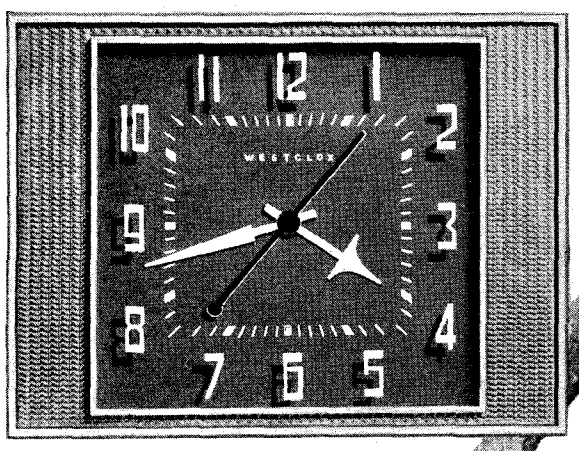
Popular **TRAVALARM.** Closes like a clam. Luminous. *Now* only $7.95.



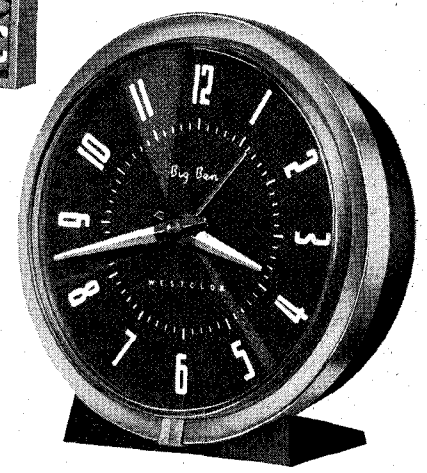
Western-style **KENYON.** Rich silvered luminous dial, $9.98.



Romantic **LACE.** Filigreed insert. White, plain dial, $4.98. Pink or blue, luminous, $5.98.



"Two-way" **GLENDALE**—a standing or wall clock! Red, charcoal or turquoise dial, $6.98.



New **BIG BEN**—keywound or electric. Plain dial, $6.95. Luminous, $7.95.

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AT SENSIBLE PRICES

Westclox has the gift!

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WRIST BEN WATERPROOF* Dustproof,* shock resistant, anti-magnetic. Luminous, $10.95. Strap model, $9.95.

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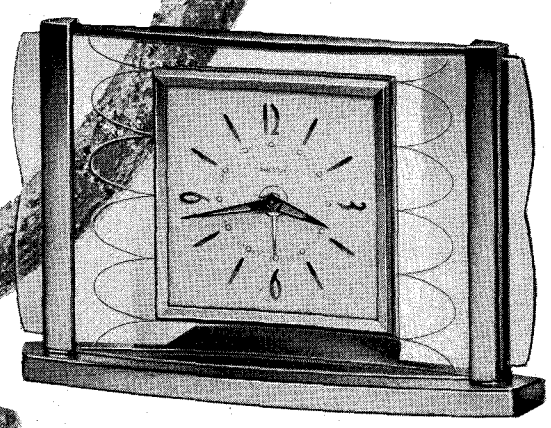

Luxurious **LELAND.** Clear lucite panels, light-catching numerals. Luminous; alarm, $12.95.

Prices do not include tax.

**Stays waterproof and dustproof provided original seal is replaced if opened for service.*

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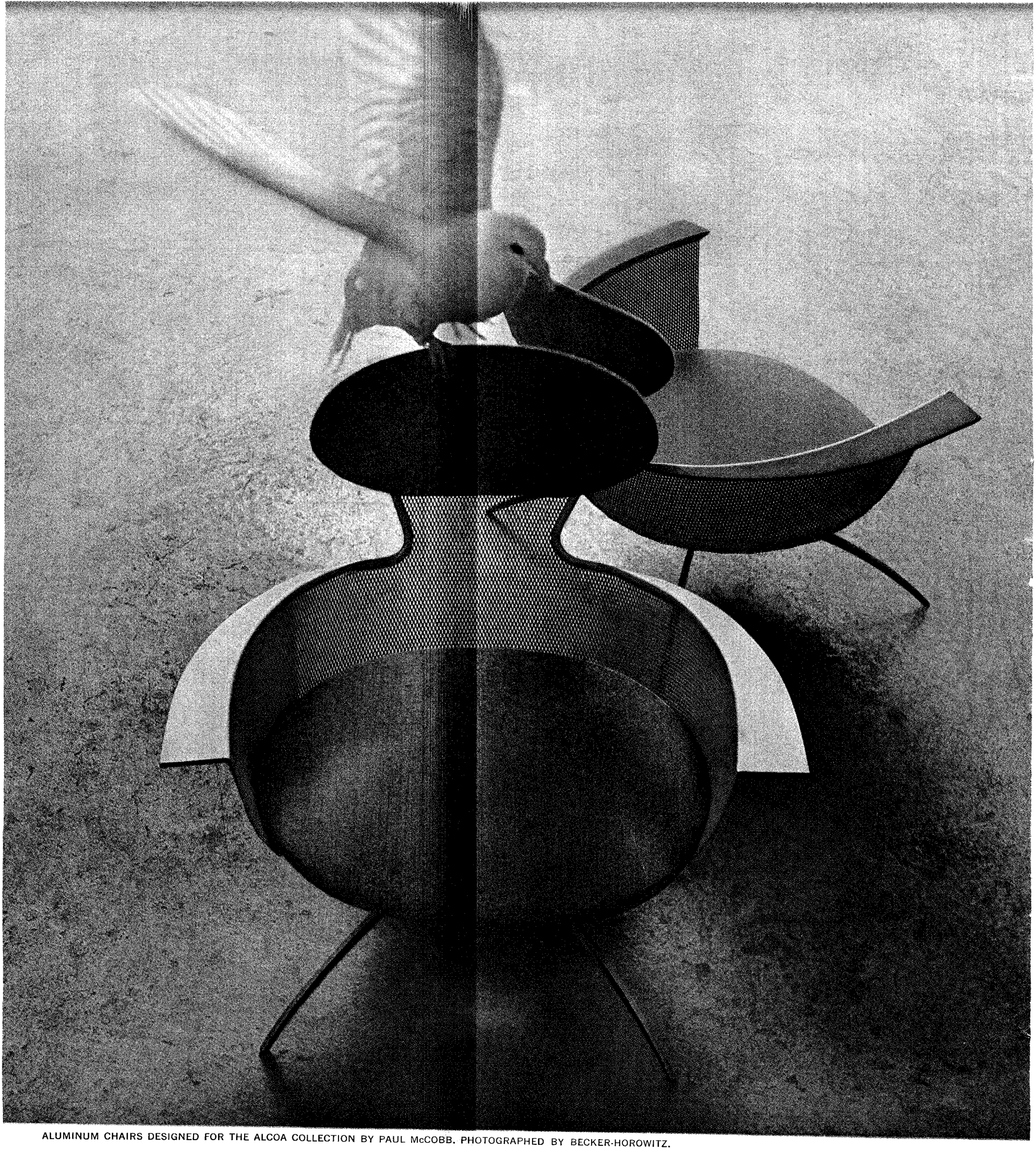

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Forecast:

There's a world of aluminum in the wonderful world of tomorrow . . . where you and your young will take your ease in gay-hued chairs made of light, strong, carefree aluminum . . . cast, pressed or expanded in forms as pleasant to the eye as they are restful to the body . . . and upholstered in aluminum fashion fabrics that pluck their colors from the rainbow.

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THE COVER

For the young fry—indeed, for old fry too—part of the charm of these days is anticipation. The exciting mystery of what is in packages mounts deliciously, and this enriches the joy of finding out on Christmas-tree morning, even in cases where peekers had long since reached pretty firm conclusions. Yuletide is a dreamy tide, reality is delightfully not quite real. So if part of a toy crane is sticking out of a bundle, why, maybe the rest isn't a crane after all—or if it is, gee-gosh! what do you spose the rest looks like? Once upon a Christmastime a more efficient mother than Dick Sargent's, there, locked all the presents in a trunk. Her children, efficient also, watched where she hid the key. Speaking of cranes, that one on the wall is a gentleman—*he* isn't peeking.

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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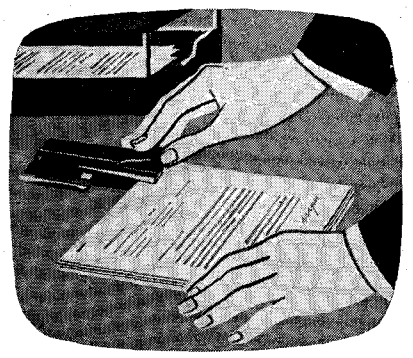

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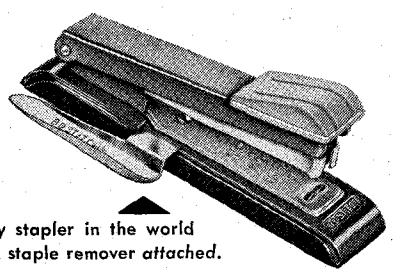

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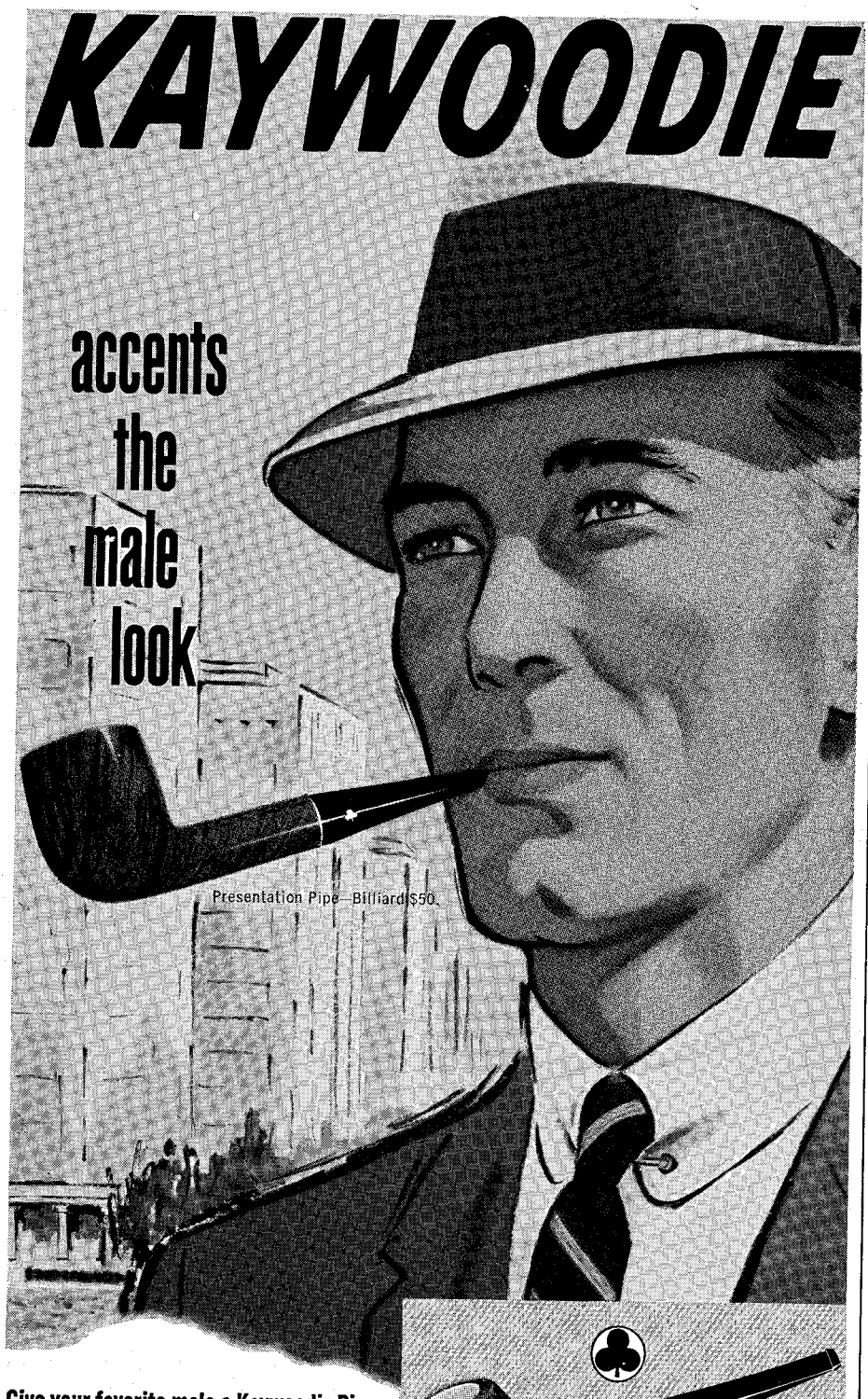

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—the gift he'll enjoy with business wear, sports wear, leisure wear—everywhere.

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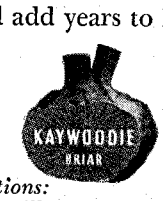

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Letters

Nyet to "Russia" Da to "U.S.S.R."

Dear Sirs:

The writer of these lines is a United States citizen of Russian extraction who, as many thousands of persons of the same origin, is puzzled by the fact that the American Press in general, and your publication to a lesser degree, are using the term "Russia" when actually referring to the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics or the U.S.S.R. This practice is in crass contradiction to the usage of these words by responsible government officials.

Russia as an international power is nonexistent. The word Russia does not appear in any international document, nor will you find it on any modern geographical map! . . .

Why are the two mutually excluding concepts, the U.S.S.R. and Russia, persistently used as synonyms by the American Press? Is it possible to clarify this confusion? Is such clarification desirable?

DIMITRI BIRKIN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

● *At least one map publisher uses the term "Russia," but reader Birkin has a good point. Millions of people insist on saying "Holland" when they mean The Netherlands. Such are the uses of usage.* —ED.

To Dinah With Love

I CALL ON DINAH SHORE by Pete Martin, Oct. 19, was enjoyable reading. I have been a fan of the Dinah Shore Chevy Show for some time, particularly because her programs are of a wholesome and happy nature. A whole family or group can watch without a moment's uneasiness. What stood out to me in the entire article were these words by Dinah: "I forget everything that happened yesterday and I live in the present. Every morning when I get up, I know it's going to be the best day I've ever spent." . . . When Pete Martin asked her "How do you know? I'd like to learn." She told him, "I can't blueprint it, all I know is I've always been a 'today' person." Words of profound wisdom.

MRS. LA VERNE F. SMITH
Lyndhurst, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

There must be countless Dinah Shore admirers who would like very much to join with Mr. Martin in the tribute—"To Dinah With Love." It is good to learn that in person Dinah is so very closely the personality she has been creating on the air for a number of years and in the more recent past on TV.

ARCHER M. CRUTE
Shelby, Ohio

Mr. Wallace Denies

Dear Sirs:

Referring to the Leonard Lyons story about me on page 55 of your issue of Oct. 26, I wish to say that there is not an item of truth in it. It was not true when he first ran the story in the columns of the New York Post ten years ago and it is not true today.

HENRY A. WALLACE
South Salem, N.Y.

● *In his article,* THEY ALL GAVE ME ADVICE, *Leonard Lyons wrote that whenever former Vice President Wallace visits a restaurant or night club, he always breaks the plastic cocktail mixers: Because they're "made of milk ingredients. The more you break, the more replacements are needed. It all means more orders and more milk sold." Mr. Lyons confirms that he did print the item several years ago but cannot find that Mr. Wallace ever denied it until now.* —ED.

Texas City Disaster

Dear Sirs:

Milton MacKaye's dramatic description of the Texas City blast, DEATH ON THE WATER FRONT, October 26th, makes a statement with which I disagree strongly. The caption under the picture on p. 21, showing the SS "Grandcamp" burning, says: "Her cargo—ammonium nitrate—was not yet known to be a violent explosive."

On p. 365, "Essentials of General Chemistry," Hopkins & Bailey, D. C. Heath & Company (1946), is the following: ". . . ammonium nitrate is an important constituent of high explosives—is utilized in the manufacture of fireworks." . . . On p. 366 is a photograph captioned (in part): "Havoc produced by the explosion of ammonium nitrate at Oppau, Germany, September 21, 1921. Destruction like that shown above was spread for miles around. The shock was felt for 145 miles. The explosion, which has been called the most appalling accident of modern times, caused 450 deaths and nearly $50,000,000 of property damage."

Accounts of that terrible catastrophe were contained in the "Outlook" Magazine and all of the principal world newspapers of the time, as well as in many college-level chemistry texts subsequently published. . . .

MAJ. RICHARD RUSH MURRAY, U.S.A., RET.
Arlington, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Stand by for a blast! Milton MacKaye came close to mentioning the naval personnel at the Blimp Base at Hitchcock, Texas (Camp Wallace is just across the road) but didn't quite make it.

Very few if any of us swabbies hit a sack for about 48 hours after Texas City blew up. While martial law never was declared, armed whitehats volunteered to patrol the streets and they weren't there to scare away (Continued on Page 6)

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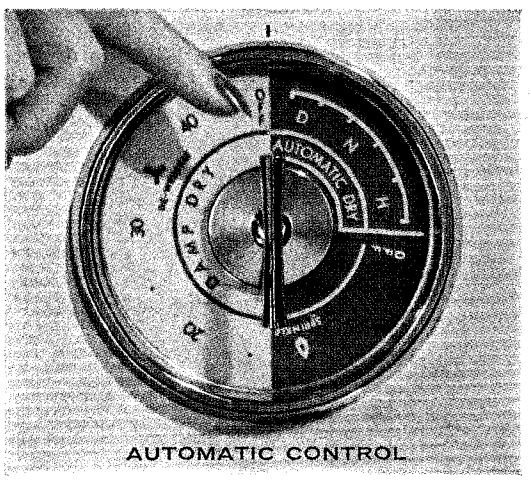
Automatically dries clothes so soft...so smooth...so wrinkle-free you'll have much less to iron!

Perfect, all-automatic drying for all your wash in the new 1958 General Electric Dryer

Dries a typical load of family wash in less than 35 minutes



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Now all-automatic control does all the "thinking" for you . . . automatically provides exactly the right drying time and temperature to give just right drying every time! Direct, warm air flow gives speedy drying at low safe temperatures. Dries synthetics in less than 8 minutes; a family wash in about half an hour.

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**After small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.*

Fast, perfect drying . . . any time at all . . . is right at your fingertips! There's just one dial to set because this wonderful new General Electric Dryer is *all*-automatic! No need for you to guess or worry about the correct drying time and temperature. Just turn the control to

D . . . for delicate silks and synthetics

N . . . for normal loads of cottons and linens

H . . . for heavy loads of jeans, bedspreads, rugs

Other features: Air Freshener gives clothes a fresh, breezy-day fragrance. Foot pedal opens full-width magnetic door. Lint Guard catches all lint. Smooth Porcelain Basket protects delicate fabrics.

Use on either 115 volts or 230 volts . . . the automatic control provides exactly the right drying time and temperature to suit every load—every fabric you *wash*. For high-speed drying (times shown) and automatic de-wrinkling of synthetic suits, use normal 230-volt installation.

Available in beautiful Mix-or-Match colors plus white. Automatic Dryer Model DA-920R illustrated about $2.80* per week. General Electric Company, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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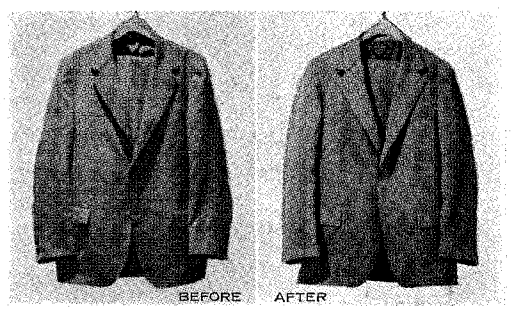
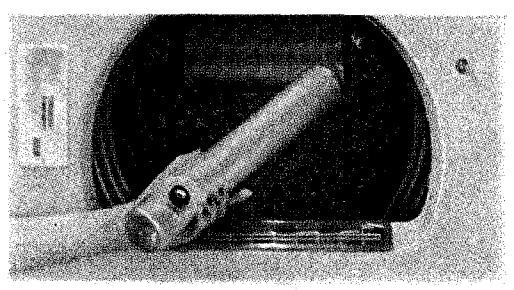


Automatic De-Wrinkler "tumble-presses" properly tailored synthetic garments —even smooths out wrinkles from wearing.



Automatic Sprinkler dampens shirts, dresses, starched pieces . . . has them ready for easy ironing in minutes.

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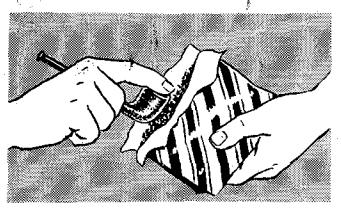
BUY YOUR OWN



IN KENSEAL POUCH • GUARANTEED FRESH

YOU'RE SO RIGHT TO SWITCH TO A PIPE—It's the wise and satisfying way to enjoy tobacco. And you're doubly right to switch to one of Kentucky Club's nine choice blends. They are all top quality. All are packaged in moisture-proof, genuine Kenseal Pocket Pouch that's filled at the factory—comes ready to use. Keeps your tobacco fresh, mellow and cool-smoking to the last pipeful. Kentucky Club, Wheeling, West Va.

KENTUCKY CLUB

CHOOSE YOUR PERSONAL TOBACCO FROM

KENTUCKY CLUB'S 9 BRANDS—ALL IN KENSEAL POUCH

AROMATIC KENTUCKY CLUB MIXTURE—Blended for modern tastes from six choice imported and domestic tobaccos. Cool-burning, mild, refreshingly aromatic.

LONDON DOCK—Internationally famous mixture favored by sportsmen and serious smokers. Five top-quality imported and domestic tobaccos.

WHITEHALL—Especially popular with active men. Six different imported and domestic tobaccos but no Latakia. Highly aromatic. Rough cut for easy, cool smoking.

WILLOUGHBY TAYLOR—The personal mixture of Willoughby Taylor, famous tobacco blender. Choice tobaccos sized for cool, even burning.

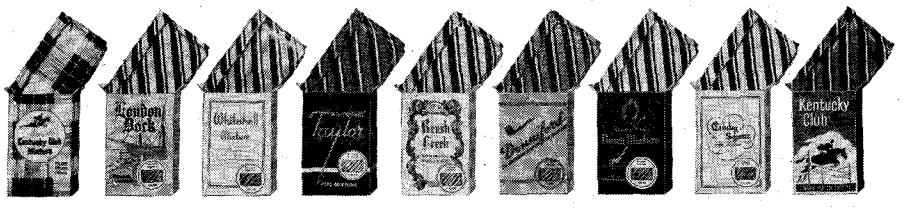
BRUSH CREEK—Just about the most expensive tobacco on the market; and worth it. Blended from top-quality leaves of the best imported and domestic tobaccos. There can be nothing finer.

DONNIFORD—Very smooth English-type mixture. Five choice tobaccos cut five different ways. Generous quantity of rich-flavored Latakia.

CHRISTIAN PEPER'S POUCH MIXTURE—Popular middle-of-the-road blend. A little Latakia and Perique with 3 domestic tobaccos. Real smoking joy.

CROSBY SQUARE—A mixture of 100% domestic tobaccos expertly blended for smokers who like natural taste and aroma. Delightfully mild and mellow. Even-burning.

KENTUCKY CLUB WHITE BURLEY—An honest blend of choice leaves. Famous for its smooth, mild flavor and grand aroma. Never tires taste.



Letters (Continued from Page 4)

sea gulls either. Several would-be looters were discouraged.

Our sick bay had been mothballed, but the corpsmen really turned to and had it ready by the time doctors and nurses flew in from Dallas.

JOHN J. MICKA
Stillwater, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

I am grateful for your complimentary reference to my office in "Death on the Water Front." However, the "field commander" in Galveston [was not Lt. Col. Tom Marmon] but Colonel H. Dean Shrader, a Kansan, who did a superlative job. Instead, Colonel Marmon, a Texas lawyer, was the head of the adjudication section and, from October, 1956, the Texas City Claims Branch of my office here, where his high talents were even more useful than they would have been in Galveston.

COL. ALFRED G. BOWMAN
Chief, Claims Division
Office of the Judge Advocate General
Baltimore, Md.

Dentistry Debate

Dear Sirs:

The Post staff showed poor taste in their cover of the October 19, 1957, issue by Kurt Ard. I, being a dentist as well as a father feel you have hurt the field of dentistry in the eyes of children and

thereby hurt yourselves. I for one think you owe the profession an apology and your readers a little more discretion when selecting a cover. Your one cover has probably undone more good that a great many dentists have done in practicing painless and cheerful children's dentistry. I don't intend to renew my subscription.

HAROLD DRUCKER, D.D.S.
Havelock, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

The Weber chair and the hidden dental unit are of ancient vintage, while the handpiece hanging on the engine arm is the most modern available to dentistry today. It is quite obviously a Page-Chayes handpiece, capable of producing speeds of 200,000 revolutions per minute.

The young man need not be frightened because the burs or diamond instruments will be rotating so fast that there will be no vibration and very little, if any, pain.

R. A. MCEWEN, D.D.S.
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to artist Kurt Ard. . . .

As a practicing dentist with fifty years back of my experience, I think Mr. Ard's picture is very realistic as I have had many juvenile patients who were just as 'skeered' as the lad in the chair. I even had one who fled my chair with the napkin around his neck and beat it across the street to the park, still wearing the napkin.

R. B. MOORE, D.D.S.
Allerton, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

Dental diseases constitute a very serious health problem, afflicting at one time or another virtually the entire population of our nation. Statistics show that many persons avoid seeking preventive health care until irreparable damage has been done to their dental health. Sometimes this delay is the result of an unfounded fear that dental treatment is extremely painful—a fear encouraged by the illustration in question.

HERBERT B. BAIN
American Dental Association
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

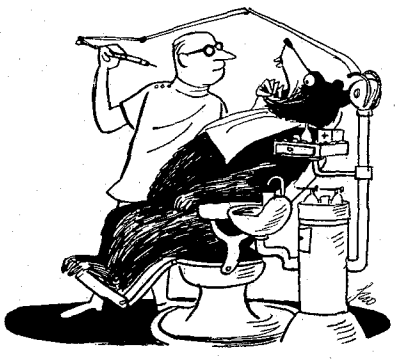
May we congratulate you on your October 19th cover, which is one of the few really good dental pictures we've seen in any national publication.

H. B. WHITING
President, Dental Survey Publications, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Baloney about the dentists having to look into horrified faces from morning till night. For the fee some of them charge I could look a Kodiak bear in the face (just once though).

GEORGE BERG
Miles City, Mont.



Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
23, 24, 25–Sam Bates. • 26–Harris & Ewing, four anonymous. • 27–Ollie Atkins. 28, 29–Fred Ragsdale. • 30–Renn Wicks. • 32, 33–Arthur Lidov. • 34–Two from A.B.C.; Phil Burchman. • 35–Two from Phil Burchman; N.B.C., C.B.S. • 36–Leigh Wiener (Los Angeles Times), International, United Press. • 37–Larry Kritcher. • 38, 39–Sid Avery. 40, 41–R. G. Harris. • 42, 43–Don Ornitz. • 44, 45–George Hughes. • 49–John Bickel. 51–Bernard D'Andrea. • 86–Harris & Ewing. • 122–Chicago American. • 130–Sid Avery. • 152–Hans Knopf, Bob Barnes, Gene Lester.

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Suddenly, all America aspires to this car

THIS IS THE MAGNIFICENT automobile that has toppled a 10-year tradition among fine cars – the new Imperial for 1958. In the few short weeks since it swept on the scene, it has triumphantly carried forward its great success story – is now, more than ever, emerging as the most admired and wanted fine car that ever dazzled a nation. The great change is gathering momentum every hour, every day.

To own and drive the Imperial is to have the immense pleasure of sharing in this glorious, ever-mounting popularity. Your car is the most beautiful of all cars – fleet, clean-sweeping, alive with excitement. There is nothing resembling it on any road, anywhere.

You enjoy the years-ahead performance of the greatest engineering the industry ever achieved—with all its deep-breathing power, its sure and satiny handling, its unlimited comfort and luxury.

Your own beautiful Imperial is waiting for you now. See it in nine models, in a wonderfully attractive price range. Step in and take over the proud possession of the automobile that has triumphantly emerged as America's new fine-car style leader.

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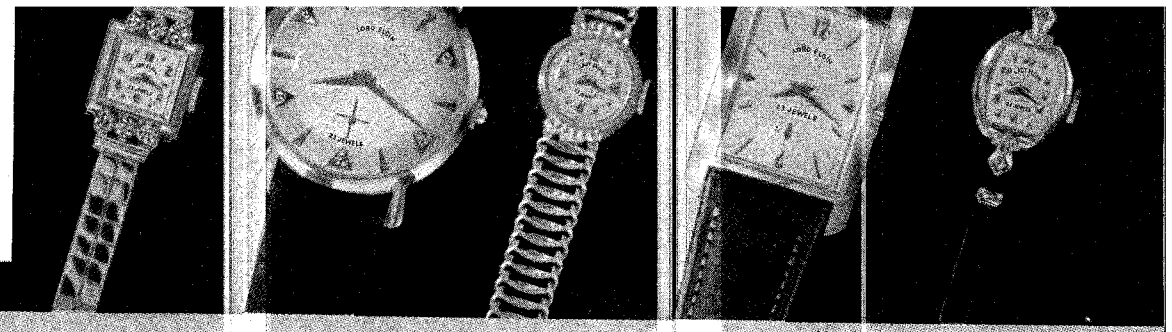
there's an Elgin she'll like for Christmas

IF PRICE IS NO OBJECT



LADY ELGIN DIAMOND. 6 diamonds set in 14K white gold case. 14K gold bracelet. 23 jewels. Shock-resistant. $375.00

LORD ELGIN CRESTWOOD. 14K natural or white gold. 6 diamonds set in dial. 23 jewels. Shock-resistant. $195.00

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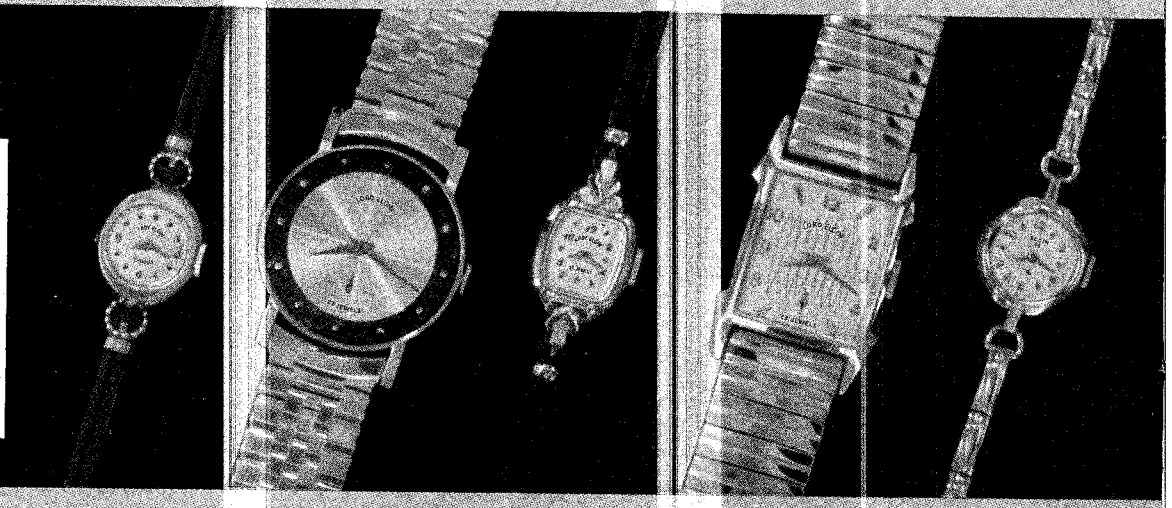
LORD ELGIN GAYLORD. Trim 14K natural gold case frames the easily-read dial. 23 jewels. Shock-resistant. $150.00

LADY ELGIN DIAMOND. 14K natural or white gold case set with two brilliant diamonds. 23 jewels. Shock-resistant. $100.00

IF YOU WANT TO SPEND AROUND $75



LADY ELGIN VALERA. 14K natural or white gold case with circlet end pieces. Shock-resistant. Full 23 jewels. $85.00

LORD ELGIN CONTINENTAL. Wrap-around crystal, 14K gold-filled case. Full 23 jewels. Shock-resistant. $89.50

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ELGIN CAPER. Charming design in choice of white or natural. 19 jewels. With matching Hadley expansion band. $71.50

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ELGIN SERENE. Two fine, sparkling diamonds set in a beautiful 10K gold-filled bezel; steel back. Classic design. $59.50

ELGIN DANBURY. Smartly designed case with embossed figures on dial. Hadley expansion band. 19 jewels. $69.50

ELGIN MONTEREY. Smartly styled yellow or white case. Shock-resistant. Waterproof*. Matching band. $59.50

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ELGIN CAPTIVATOR. Choice of white or natural case with distinctive tailored bow motif. Styled dial. $49.75

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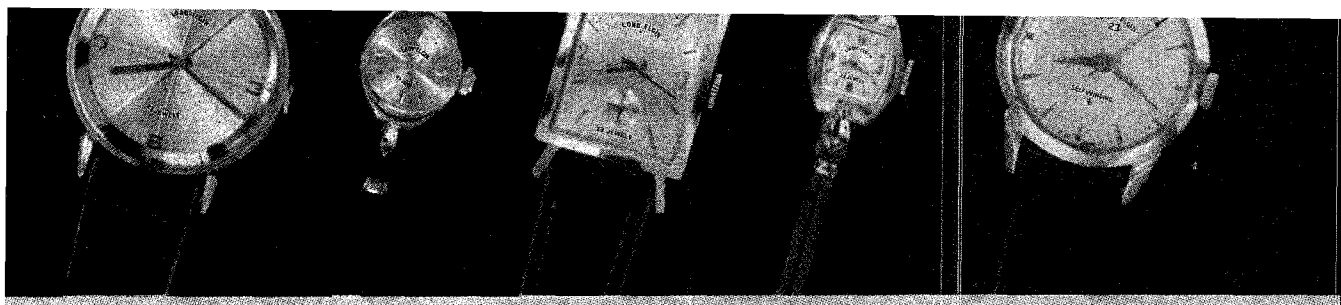

LORD ELGIN VISTA. New "Horizon Look" with 14K gold case and wrap-around crystal. 23 jewels. Shock-resistant. $150.00

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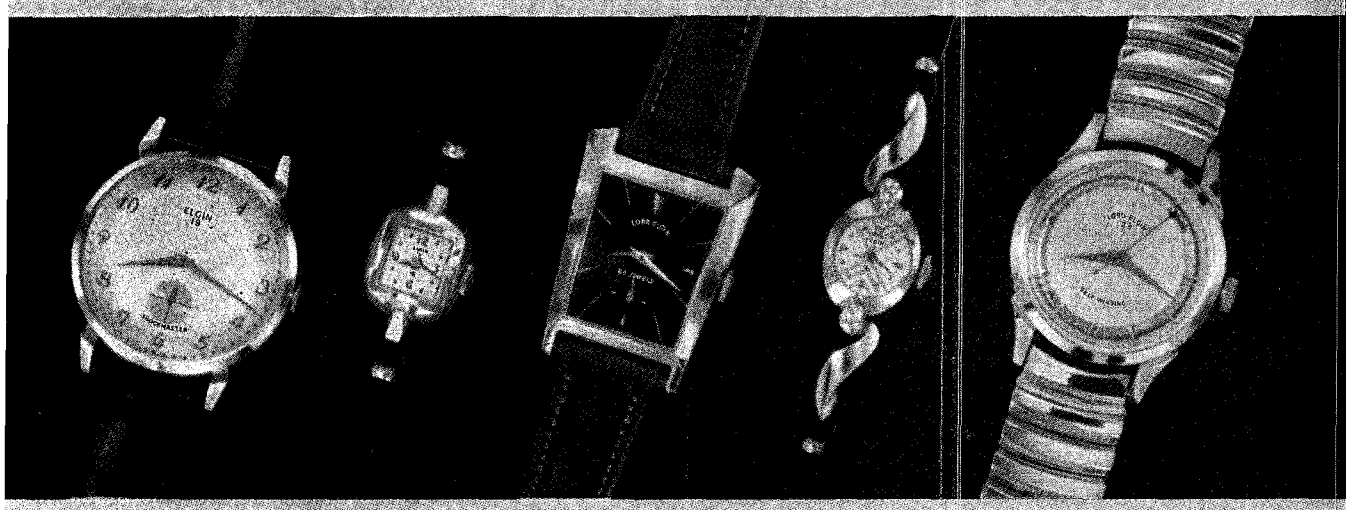
LORD ELGIN MARINER. Self-winding, Waterproof*. Shock-resistant. Nite-Glo dial. Full 23 jewel movement. $89.50



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ELGIN DARWIN. Clean-cut styling with wide, easy-to-read dial and sturdy, distinctive high curved crystal. $39.75

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ELGIN STREAMLINE "B". Very thin but sturdy case in choice of natural or white. With padded brown calf strap. $49.75

ELGIN "PETITE" MARLENE. Very small and smart case in white or natural with dainty, carved end pieces. $33.75

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Editorials

Needed Zoning Can Degenerate Into Snob Restrictions

Ever since World War II, this country has been a battleground between the home builders and the zoners. The battle lines have been thrown into disarray by a ruling of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court that it is unconstitutional for a community to require a one-acre-minimum building-lot size, with a 150-foot frontage on a street.

"A zoning ordinance in a residential district," said the court, "which makes it financially impossible for the vast majority of our young married couples or for people of medium incomes to purchase or own a home in that district is contrary to our nation's ideals of liberty and private opportunity.

"Where the zoning ordinance is not . . . reasonable and clearly necessary for the health, safety or morals of that community, it is unconstitutional."

Never before has any important court so explicitly limited what zoning boards can do under the police power. Fifteen years ago, in a case often cited as a precedent, the Massachusetts Supreme Court approved a one-acre-minimum lot size, citing the "health-promoting features and amenities" of that sort of restriction. Since then, courts have gone much farther.

Until the Supreme Court speaks with finality, the legal status of zoning is going to be confused. The Zoning Digest, which tries to keep up with the major decisions in the field, reports contradictory court rulings in almost every issue. Minimum lot sizes are only one of the problems involved. The whole field of zoning, from restrictions against home trailers to variances for industries in residential areas, seems to have everyone baffled.

Most reasonable people believe that zoning and planning are essentials for any self-respecting community. The city which does not segregate its industries and businesses from its homes is going to have a mess on its hands. The suburban town which lets itself be inundated by new housing developments, without regard to water, sewer, street, sidewalk, school and other considerations, is going to wake up sorry some morning.

What worries some people is the tendency of the planners avidly to extend their scope of operations. The purpose of planning and zoning is supposedly "to protect the public health, safety and general welfare." But when the "general welfare" is interpreted to mean that a person has to buy five acres if he wants to build a house, something is wrong.

Zoning should be a means of promoting the "health, safety and general welfare" of society. It should not be a tool used by a few theorists who want to enforce their pet ideas on everybody else or to deny to many citizens the opportunity to live in a congenial environment.

A "Law of the Land" Needs a Firmer Base Than Court Decisions

Back in the 1930's, when the court was questioning the constitutionality of New Deal legislation, liberals were loud in their complaints that the court had invaded the legislative field. Now that the court has been making decisions pleasing to the liberals, we are repeatedly informed that the court's decisions are "the law of the land" and must be enforced by all means at the disposal of the Federal Government.

This is by no means a new idea. In 1857 the Supreme Court declared in the Dred Scott case, by way of Chief Justice Roger Taney, that the Negro "has no rights which the white man was bound to respect," and that escape to free soil had no bearing on his status as a slave. Immediately the Southern slaveholders went into action, declaring that the Dred Scott decision was the law of the land.

But the antislavery people did not agree. Abraham Lincoln said of the Dred Scott decision, "We shall do what we can to have it (the Supreme Court) overrule this. We offer no resistance to it." But the Dred Scott decision remained in effect the "law of the land," until the Emancipation Proclamation and later the postwar amendments ended the argument.

There was also the decision in Pollock v. Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in 1895 that a Federal income tax was unconstitutional. That stood as the law of the land until the adoption of the Sixteenth Amendment, in 1913. So today the income tax is very much the law of the land and doubtless will remain so indefinitely.

Acceptance of the 1954 decision decreeing racial integration in schools would be more easily obtained if it rested solidly on some specific article in the Constitution or on a Federal statute. As things stand now, the 1954 school integration remains the law of the land by virtue of a Supreme Court decision in one set of cases. But this is not accepted by large sections of the American public and many members of Congress.

A firmer base is needed. As Hamilton A. Long points out in his Usurpers, Foes of Free Men, this necessity was recognized by Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott opinion. He declared that a change of public opinion about slavery could not "induce the court to give to the words of the Constitution a more liberal construction in their favor than they were intended to bear when the instrument was framed and adopted." Such a change of attitude, Taney said, should be expressed through an amendment to the Constitution. Eighty years later, in a case which invalidated the Bituminous Coal Act, Chief Justice Hughes declared that if the people wished to give Congress the power to regulate industry within the states, "they are at liberty to declare their will in the appropriate manner, but it is not for the Court to amend the Constitution by judicial decision."

That certainly is the orderly way to enact the "law of the land." Law, is more widely accepted when it is actually incorporated in a body of statutes and not merely "interpreted" as the law by nine judges.

The CIO Formula on Steel Prices Would Mean Bankruptcy

The Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly of the Senate Judiciary Committee has been looking into steel prices.

Officials of the United States Steel Corporation presented their case before the committee in August. Sen. Estes Kefauver, committee chairman, thereupon announced a recess and said that "the whole matter of costs and prices requires further investigation." Perhaps it does. Steel is the basic material in our industrial society. What the steel industry does with respect to wages and prices is widely considered to affect the whole state of the economy.

The theory advanced by the United Steelworkers of America, AFL-CIO, is that the latest increase in steel wages could have been "absorbed" out of steel profits, without any increase in steel prices. This thesis has been advanced every time steelworkers have gained a basic wage increase since the end of World War II. But the validity of the thesis merits a close look by Senator Kefauver's subcommittee. "Absorption" of wage costs out of profits is not simple.

A hypothetical case may sometimes illustrate the point. Suppose the 1946 level of steel prices had been maintained through 1956. And suppose the industry had shipped what it actually did ship during that decade. Assume further that wage rates and other costs rose as they actually did rise during this ten-year period. Where would the steel industry stand today?

Well, on the basis of official, published figures, it would be more than $21,000,000,000 in the red!

The steel industry would have operated in the red in nine out of the ten years. Its losses in 1955 and 1956, taken together, would have been at least equal to the entire sum spent by the industry for its postwar expansion.

Of course, none of this could have actually happened, since the whole industry would have been bankrupt long before it could have accumulated a deficit of this size. The shipments could never have been made, since the plants which made the shipments possible could never have been built. Failure to recover costs would have prevented expansion.

Steel prices, like any other prices, must reflect increases in the cost of doing business, including wages—or you go out of business.

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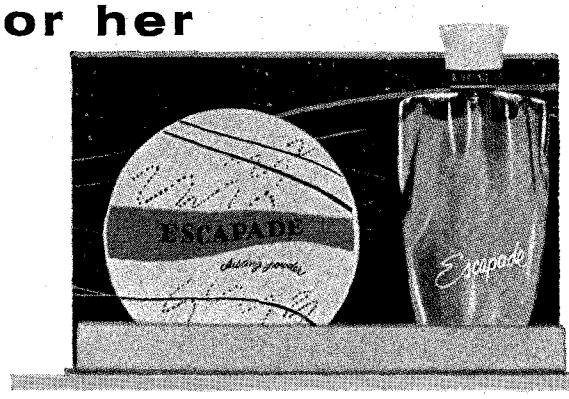

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Toilet Water and Dusting Powder 3.50

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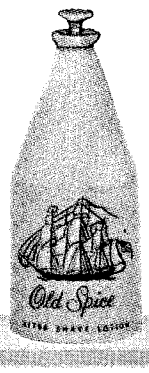

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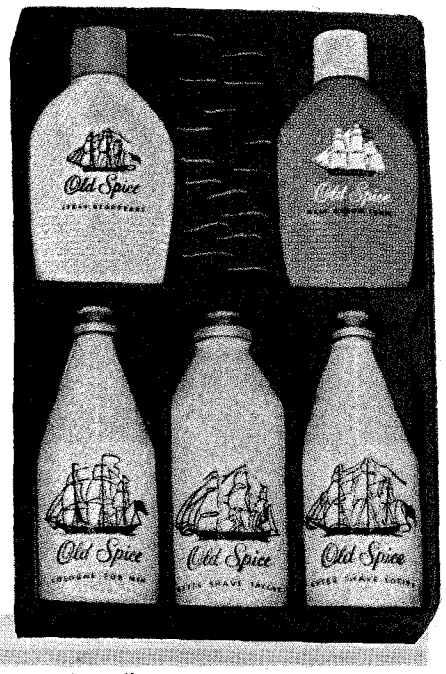
1.00 and 1.75



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Old Spice After Shave Lotion, After Shave
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Guest sizes of Toilet Water, Bubbling Bath
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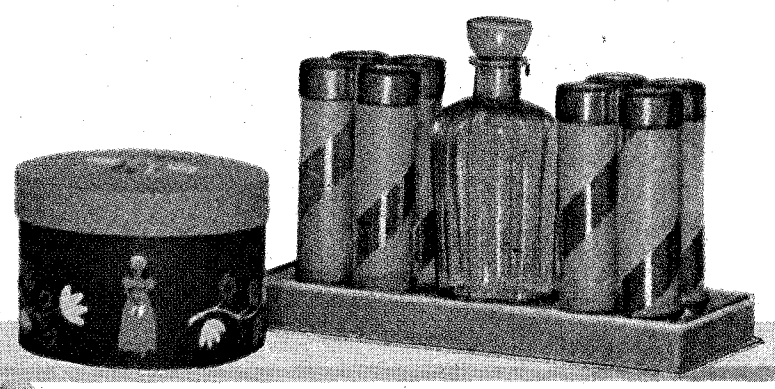
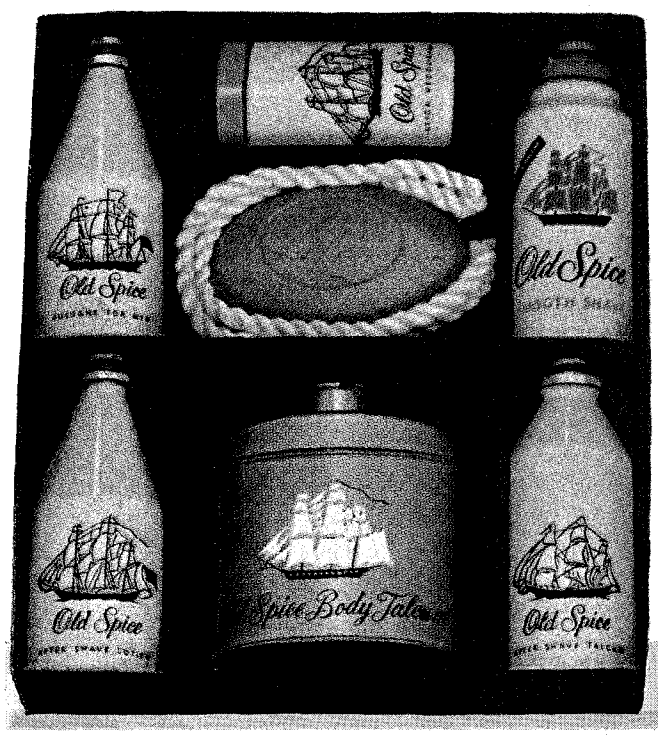


Early American
OLD SPICE
Dusting Powder 1.40

Early American OLD SPICE GIFT SET
Bubbling Bath Crystals and Toilet Water 2.50



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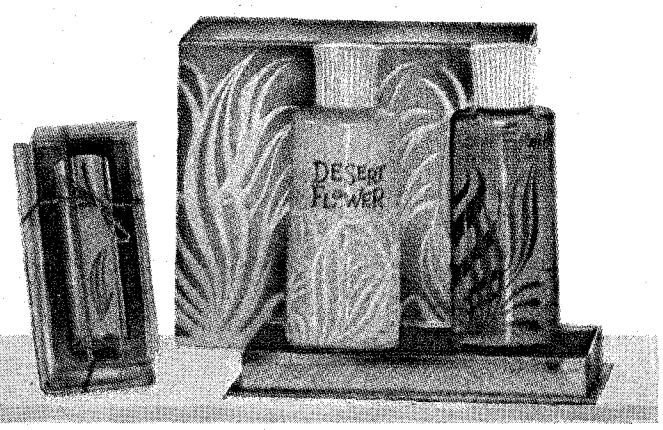
Shower Soap, Stick Deodorant, Body Talcum 7.00



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Spray Perfume 3.50

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Prices plus tax, except on Pre-Electric Shave Lotion, soap, and shaving creams.

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Watch "THE EVE ARDEN SHOW" every week on CBS-TV

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Look! Portable TV from $129.95— It's a wonderful Christmas

Easy to see why Santa delivers more RCA Victor TV than any other kind. No other TV offers so many fine features or such a choice of models—47 of them, completely new inside and out.

New lean, clean and mirror-sharp black-and-white TV. Dramatically slender and clean of line, it fits beautifully where other TV couldn't go at all. Cabinets are up to 9½ inches slimmer! And look at the *variety:* trim table models, TV that rolls, swivels and even fits *in corners.*

Listen to it! That's Balanced Fidelity Sound—the finest! You also get the newest tuning features and "One-Touch" on-off control.

New "Flight-Line" Portables. Breezy, easy-going TV to take along, in every popular size. Popular prices, too. Your ideal second set.

Most important, every model gives you RCA Victor's new "Mirror-Sharp" picture for the sharpest, clearest contrasts in TV!

New "Living Color" TV, including the superb new Mark Series. The happiest surprise a Santa could put under any tree, the gift of color! It's *performance-proved*—backed by service records from tens of thousands of homes. The colors come in bright, natural, with realism that's near startling. Tuning is a snap. The picture *holds* sure and steady. And you get great color programs every day *plus* all the black-and-white shows.

Contact your favorite Santa or TV dealer—and ask for RCA Victor TV *soon*—you'll make sure of a wonderful Christmas.

BE SURE TO SEE the Perry Como show on Saturday evenings—and the George Gobel-Eddie Fisher shows on Tuesday evenings. Also "Tic Tac Dough" on Thursday evenings and "The Price Is Right" on Monday evenings. All on NBC-TV.

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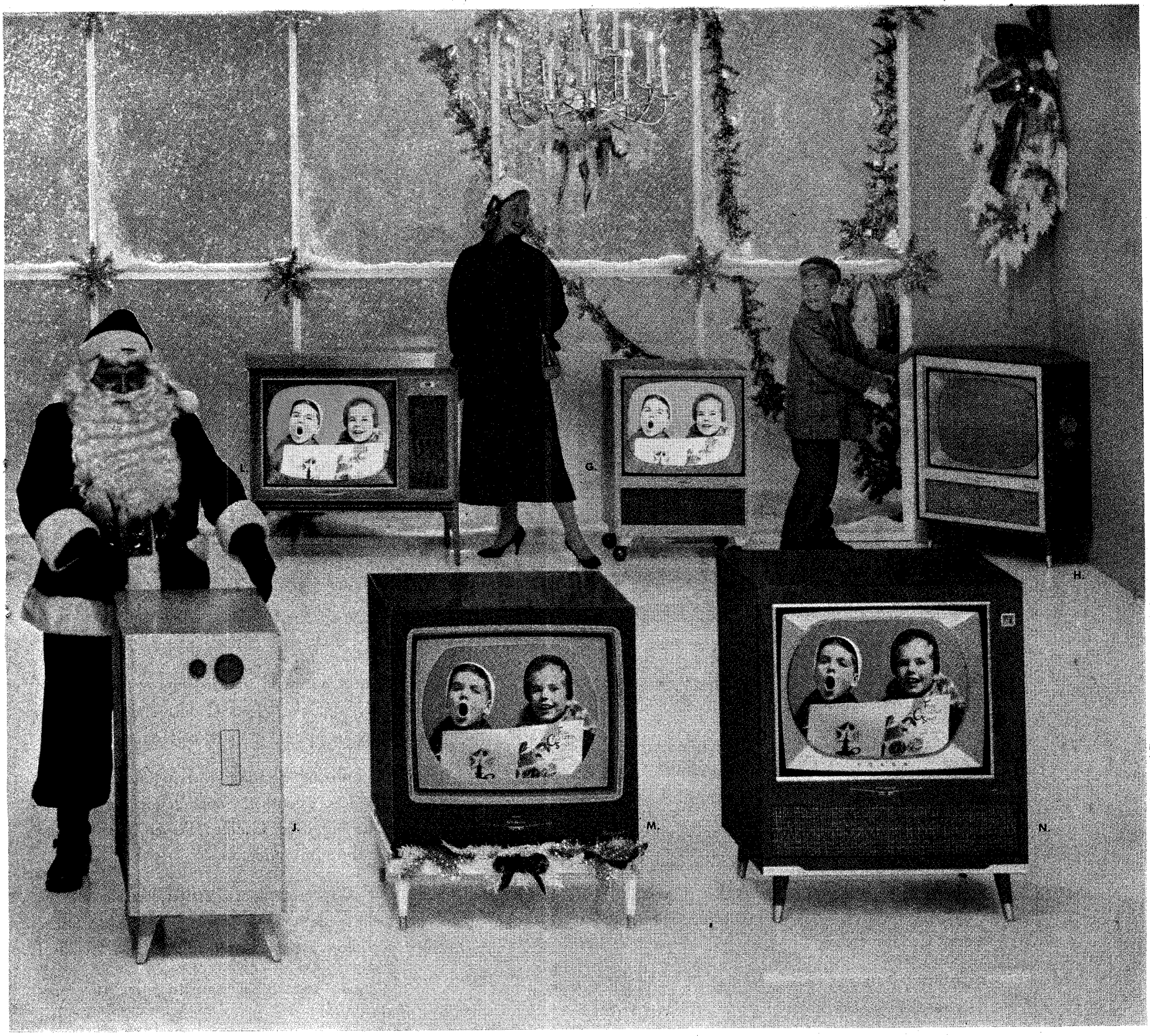

corner TV-lowboys-Living Color! in RCA Victor land!

A. Nassau, 14PT802, 14"* portable, 108 sq. in. viewable area. Ebony finish. $129.95.

B. Socialite, 17PD809, 17"* Deluxe portable, 156 sq. in. viewable area. Blue-and-gray finish. $189.95.

C. Hathaway, 21PD811, 21"* Deluxe portable, 262 sq. in. viewable area. Ebony-and-gold finish. $229.95.

D. Dalton, 21T820, 21"* super table TV, 262 sq. in. viewable area. Ebony finish. Optional power tuning, remote control. $199.95.

E. Portland, 21T824, 21"* swivel table TV, 262 sq. in. viewable area. Mahogany grained finish. $219.95.

F. Fielding, 21T837, 21"* super console, 262 sq. in. viewable area. Limed oak grained finish. $239.95.

G. Langston, 21T840, 21"* super glide-along console, 262 sq. in. viewable area. Limed oak grained finish. $269.95.

H. Malvern, 21T847, 21"* "Custom-Corner" TV, 262 sq. in. viewable area. Walnut grained finish with blond face. $289.95.

I. Garvey, 21T846, 21"* lowboy, 262 sq. in. viewable area. Birch finish. $289.95.

J. Longport, 21T842, 21"* super console, 262 sq. in. viewable area. Limed oak grained finish. $309.95. Other finishes $299.95.

K. Robbins, 21D852, 21"* Deluxe console, 262 sq. in. viewable area. Mahogany grained finish. $349.95.

*Tube overall diagonal measurement.

L. Montgomery, 24D867, 24"* Deluxe lowboy, 332 sq. in. viewable area. Birch finish. $395.00.

M. Aldrich, 21CS781, 21"† Color TV table model, 254 sq. in. viewable area. Mahogany grained finish. $495.00.

N. Anderson, 21CD886, 21"† Mark Series Color TV console, 260 sq. in. viewable area. Walnut grained finish. $750.00.

†Tube overall diameter measurement.

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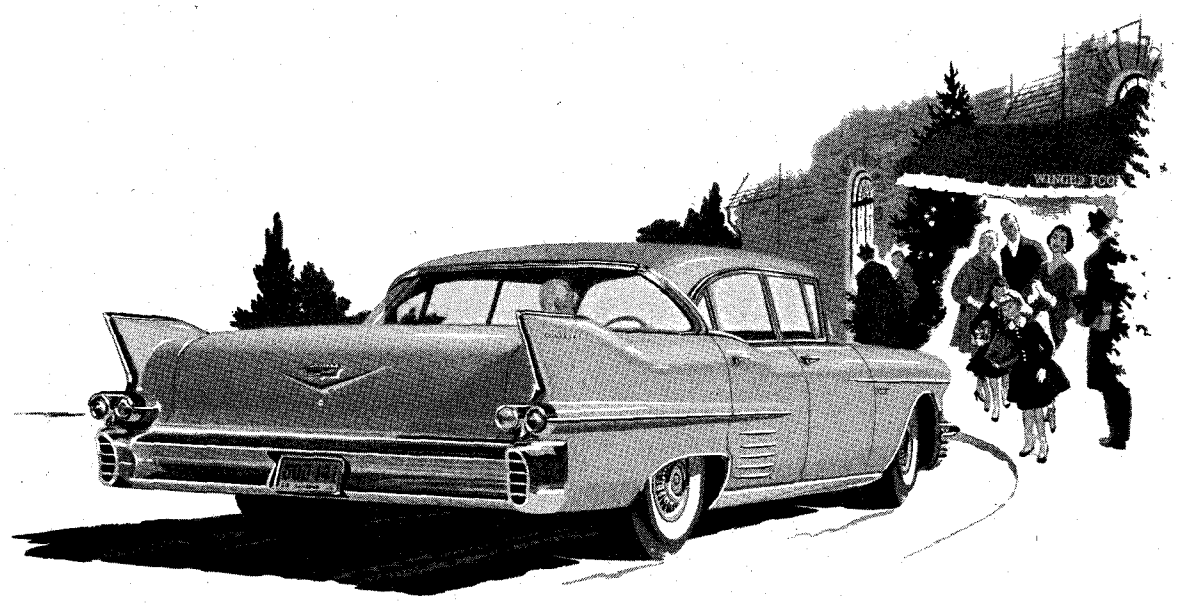

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We would like to make a promise to the man who will own and drive the magnificent motor car pictured on these pages.

Stated in the briefest possible terms, it is this: that he will find it the most deeply satisfying and the most richly rewarding motor car he has ever owned.

We feel we can make this promise in the fullest confidence—even to those who have enjoyed possession of the Cadillacs of the past. For never before has a Cadillac offered so many wonderful virtues—in such great abundance—as does Cadillac for 1958!

To make its owner proud and happy, for instance, there is its surpassing new beauty, its greater sweep and majesty of styling, and its wonderful new elegance and refinement of line.

To attend his comfort, there is the added interior luxury and convenience of its Fleetwood coachcrafting, its still greater quietness of operation, and its improved qualities of ride . . . especially when he selects Cadillac's air suspension, now available as an option at extra cost on every model.

To enhance his driving pleasure, there is its great new Cadillac engine, its smoother, more responsive Hydra-Matic Drive, its improved Cadillac Power Steering, and its even finer balance in motion.

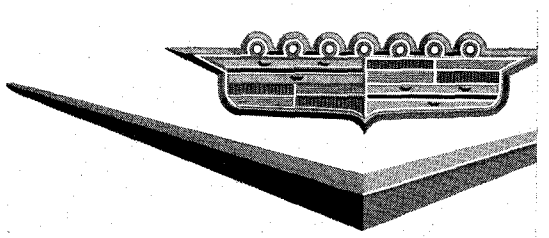
In summary, this is motordom's masterpiece in all the things that make a motor car a joy to own and to utilize—and in everything that makes a Cadillac . . . a Cadillac!

We cordially invite you to see and to drive this new Standard of the World soon at your Cadillac dealer's. It's waiting for you now—waiting to bring you the most glorious days of your motoring life!

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Furs by Robert, Detroit

Cadillac



"THE HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES

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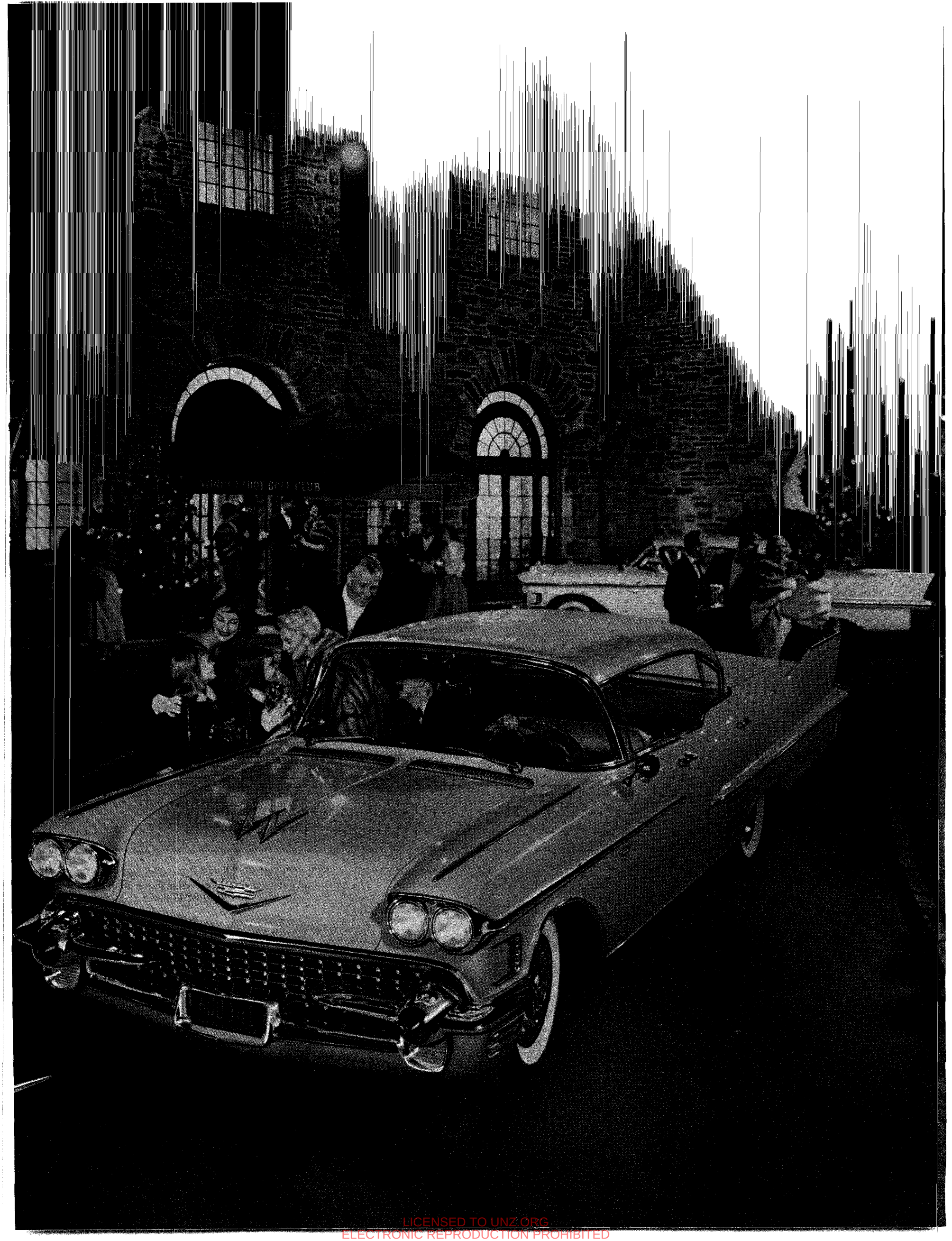

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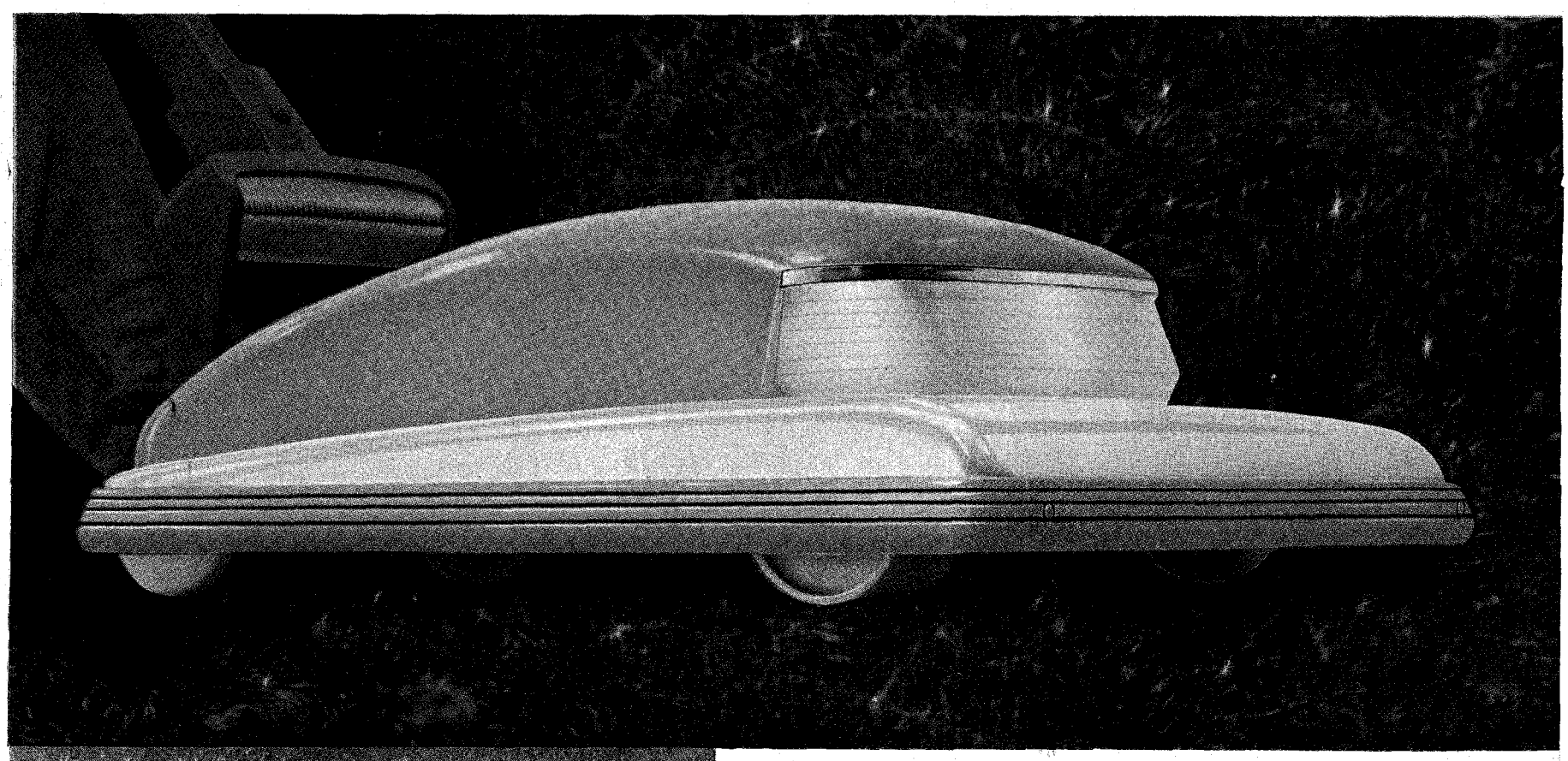
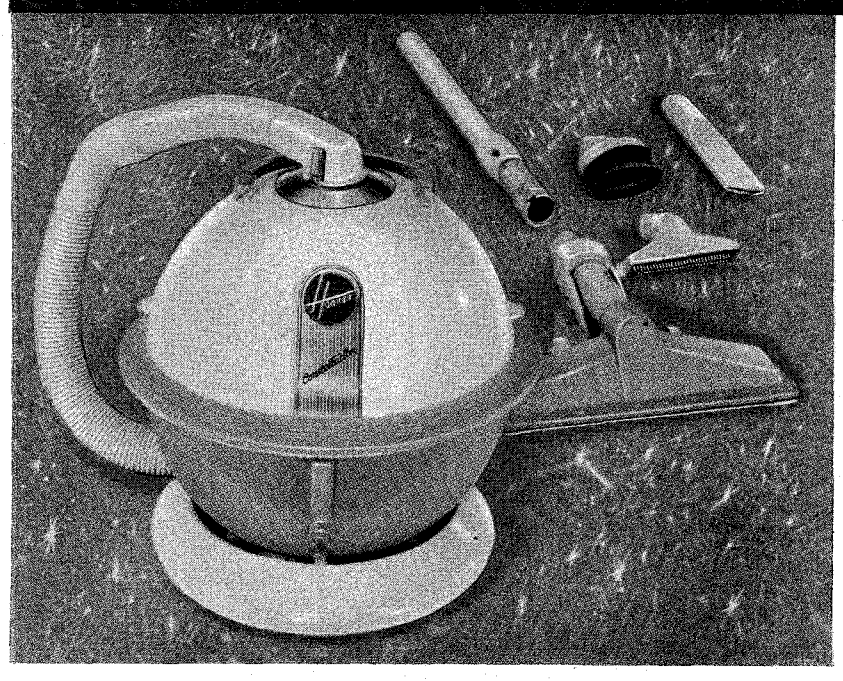
GIVE HER A HOOVER

5 Hoover





NEW HOOVER CONVERTIBLE. *The Cleaner with the Automatic Shift!* Help her get cleaning over with faster, and do a better job of it with the new kind of Hoover that's two cleaners in one.

It's frisky and free-wheeling on carpets, yet gets the deep-down dirt others miss because "it beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans."

After carpets, she just clicks in the converter and the big-cleaner motor *automatically* shifts into high. Presto! . . . there's an extra burst of power for all other cleaning. Complete with accessories, $132.90

NEW HOOVER CONSTELLATION. *The cleaner that walks on air!* The new Hoover Constellation follows her around on its own air stream. No pulling, no tugging. She simply guides the easy-rolling 3-wheel nozzle. Exclusive double-stretch hose gives her the world's longest reach (16 feet!) for cleaning anywhere in the house. Full horsepower motor. Complete with tools, $89.95

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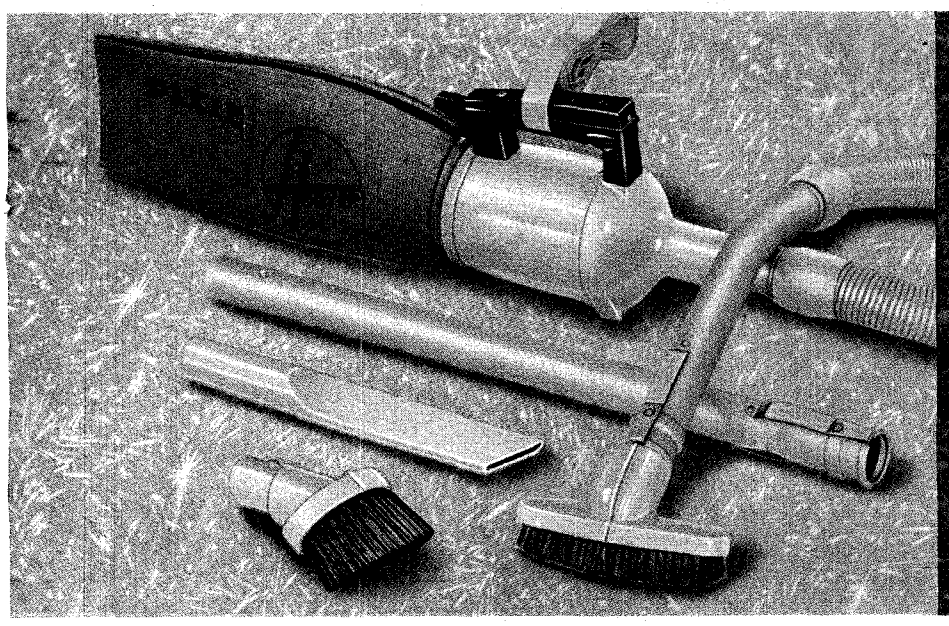
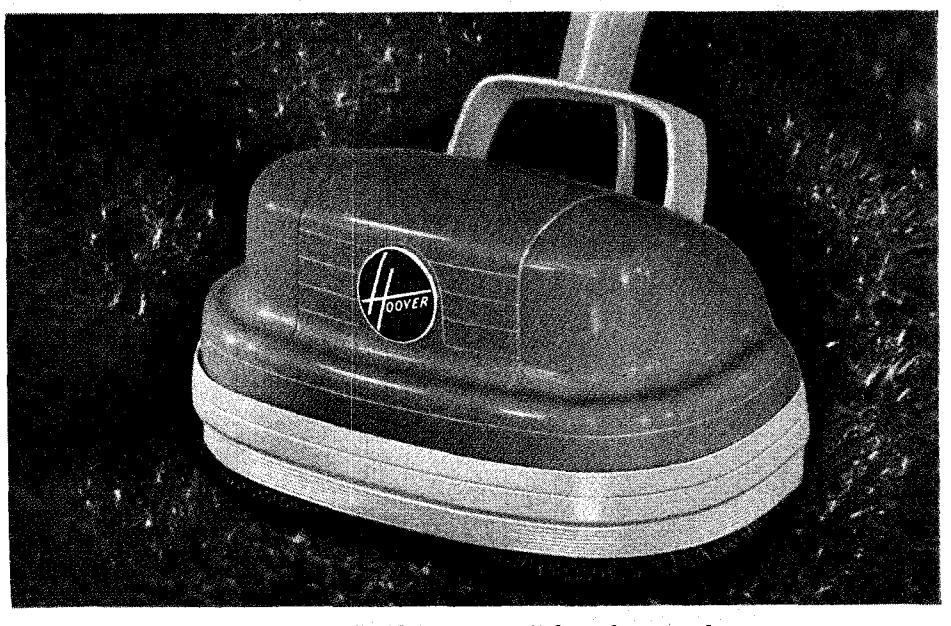
HOLIDAY FROM HOUSEWORK

helpers to make her life easier from now on



NEW HOOVER PIXIE®. New easy way to clean up, pick up, dust up, touch up. Goes anywhere dirt goes. She doesn't carry it, she wears it like a shoulder bag. Handiest cleaner ever (you'll borrow it for the car and workbench). $39.95 complete

NEW HOOVER STEAM-DRY IRON *with exclusive stainless steel soleplate.* Makes ironing faster, smoother, easier —on any kind of fabric. Resists scratches and stains and is so considerate of the new sheer synthetics. $18.95



NEW HOOVER POLISHER. The polisher that scrubs, applies wax and polishes without changing brushes. Now she can have floors with that hand-scrubbed, hand-rubbed look, as easy as running a vacuum cleaner. $49.95 *plus excise tax*

Give her a HOOVER® and you give her the best

HOOVER

HOOVER FINE APPLIANCES

. . . around the house, around the world

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FINE GROOMING AIDS FOR MEN, INS

HEATHER DUO, husky Highland heather After Shave Lotion, Men's Cologne, **$2**

TRIP KIT, Spray Deodorant, Men's Cologne, Shave Lotion, in plaid fabric travel kit, **$3**

BARBERSHOP QUARTETTE, Shave Lotion, Men's Cologne, Talc, Hair Groom, **$2**

HIGHLANDER SET, Shave Lotion, Men's Talc, Men's Cologne, **$3**

PLAID SET, Seaforth After Shave Lotion and Deodorant Stick, in plaid fabric sleeves, **$3**

SEAFORTH AFTER SHAVE LOTION or Men's Cologne, **$1**

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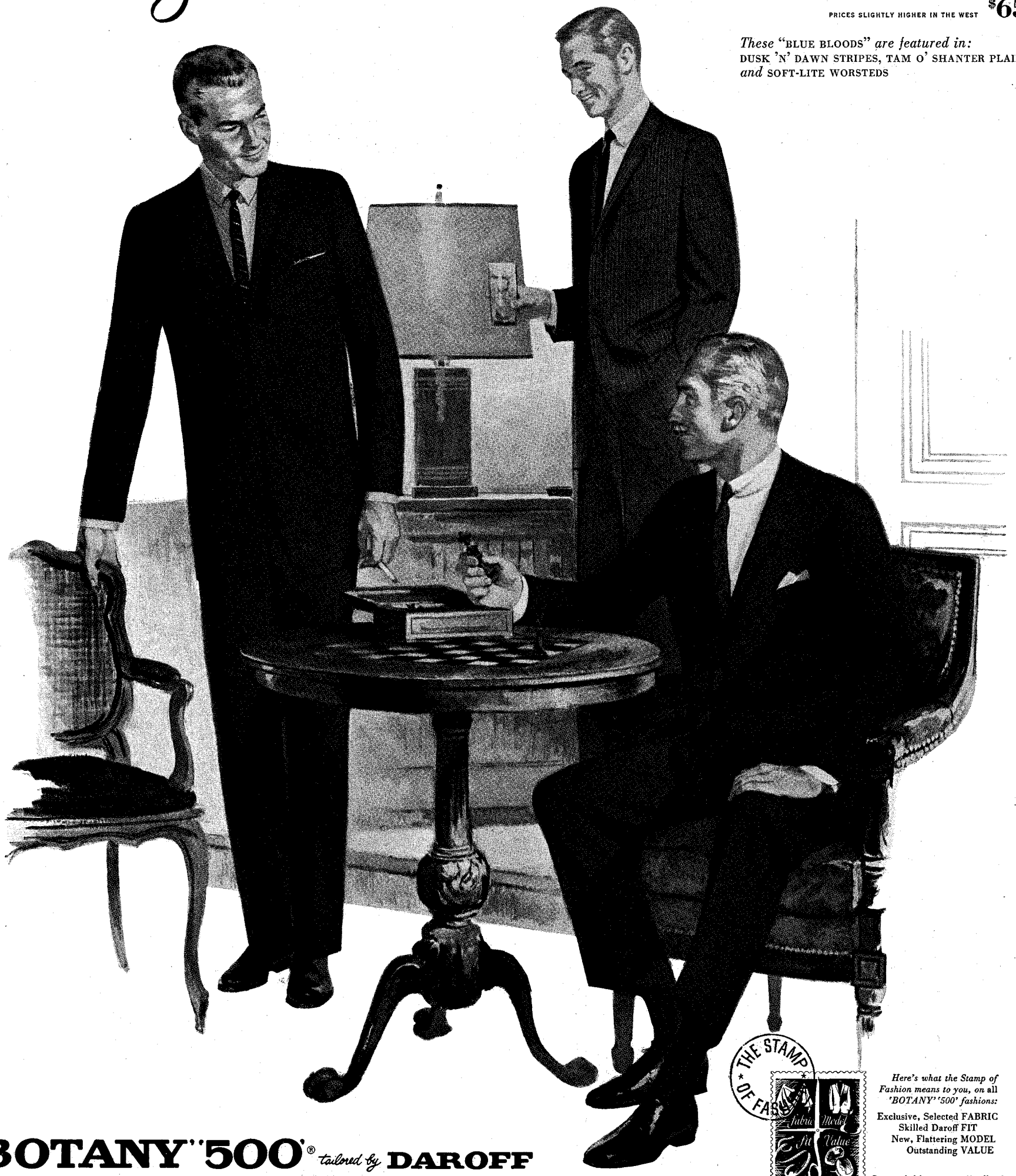
good strategists choose

'Botany' '500' blue bloods

Because blue is always so *new* in fashion, yet so dependable in function, it is the classic suit, season after season, in the well-dressed man's wardrobe. And these BLUE BLOODS are the newest expressions of this versatile color. They are master-tailored for you by famous DAROFF of Philadelphia with the Stamp of Fashion to assure you the look of success. And experts have chosen 'BOTANY' '500' as the best clothing value at its price in America.

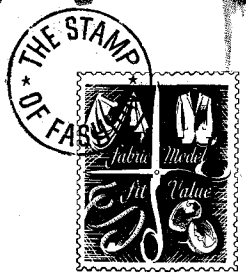
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST **$65**

These "BLUE BLOODS" *are featured in:*
DUSK 'N' DAWN STRIPES, TAM O' SHANTER PLAIDS
and SOFT-LITE WORSTEDS



'BOTANY' '500'® *tailored by* **DAROFF**

At your 'BOTANY' '500' dealer, or write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y



Here's what the Stamp of Fashion means to you, on all *'BOTANY' '500' fashions:*

Exclusive, Selected FABRIC
Skilled Daroff FIT
New, Flattering MODEL
Outstanding VALUE

Dress right—you can't afford not to

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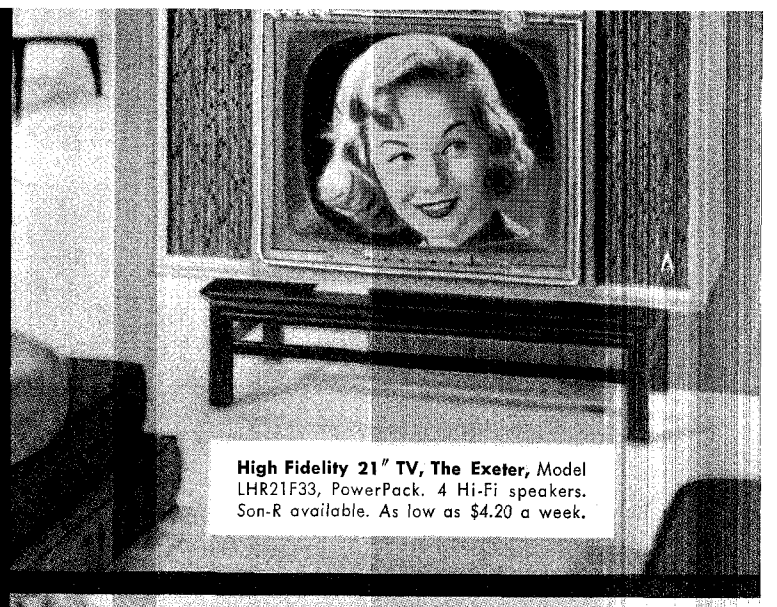
Admiral's new "Thin as a Dime" styling has a glamorous new cabinet *barely over 16 inches deep.* It's the slimming magic of Admiral's new 110° picture tube. The old-fashioned bulge-in-the-back is gone, too! Your sleek new Admiral fits flush to the wall.

High Fidelity 21″ TV, The Seton, Model CH21F54. Hi-Fi 4 speaker system. 8-watt amplifier. Plug in jack for record player. As low as $3.75 a week.



High Fidelity 21″ TV, The Exeter, Model LHR21F33, PowerPack. 4 Hi-Fi speakers. Son-R available. As low as $4.20 a week.

Slimline 21″ TableTV, The Asbury, Model TR21E21. *Two speakers with up-front sound.* Matching base with "Lazy Susan" swivel. Charcoal, Mahogany, Blonde. As low as $2.70 a week. Available with Son-R remote control.

Slimline 17″ Portable TV. Exclusive jolt-proof design. Thin cabinet only 13¾″ deep. Power Tower antenna. Choice of colors. As low as $1.65 a week.

High Fidelity TV-Radio-Phono. The Canterbury, Model HFR21F42. Son-R Dual Remote Control. *Mahogany, Blonde Oak, or* Sierra veneer. As low as $5.40 a week.

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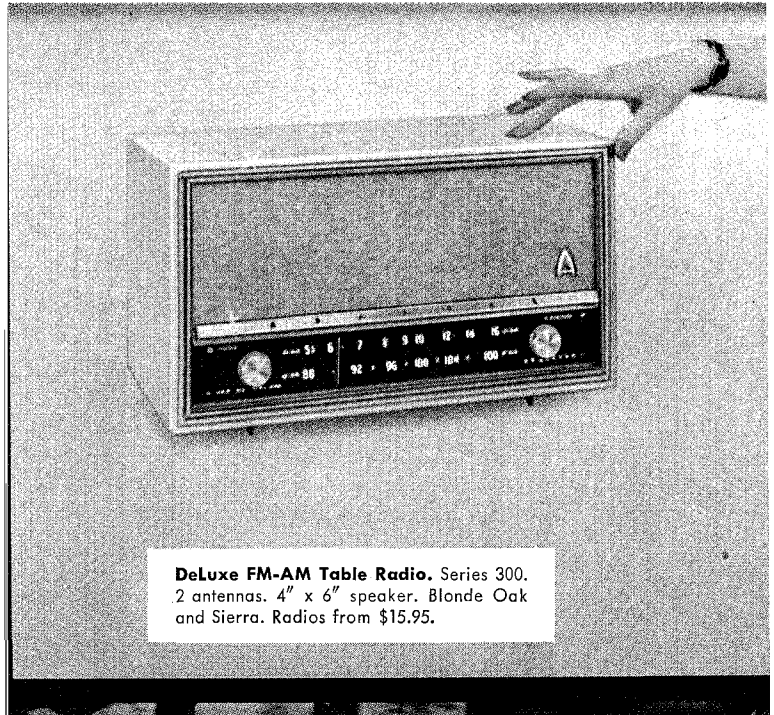
8-Transistor Portable Radio. Series 230. 1200 hours battery life. "Rotoscope" antenna. Tan or black. Portables from $29.95.

7-Transistor Pocket Radio. Series 7M10. Powerful! Plays in trains, planes, cars. Choice of colors. Portables from $29.95.



DeLuxe FM-AM Table Radio. Series 300. 2 antennas. 4″ x 6″ speaker. Blonde Oak and Sierra. Radios from $15.95.

FOR CHRISTMAS FROM

Admiral

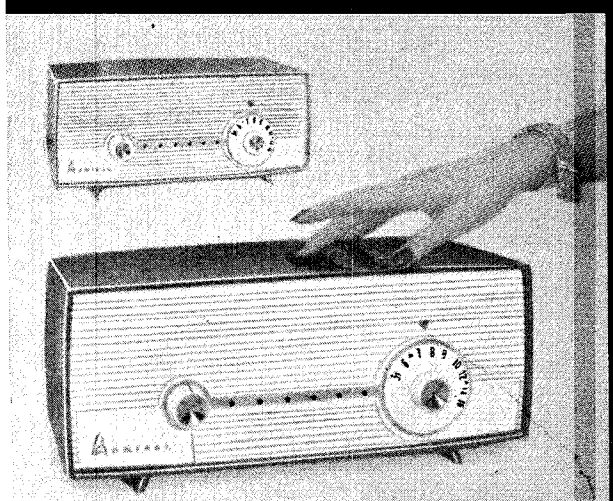
SON-R REMOTE CONTROL

Only remote control in the world that adjusts volume to 4 levels! No wires! No batteries! No stirring from your chair! New amazing SON-R also turns TV on-off, changes channels from anywhere in the room!

Look for this Christmas "Best Buy" tag when you shop. It's on specially selected Admiral products, so you can easily spot the Season's Best Gift Values.

High Fidelity FM-AM Radio-Phono. Series 410. 30-watt amplifier. 4 speakers. 4-speed changer. Sierra, Mahogany, or Blonde. As low as $4.15 a week.

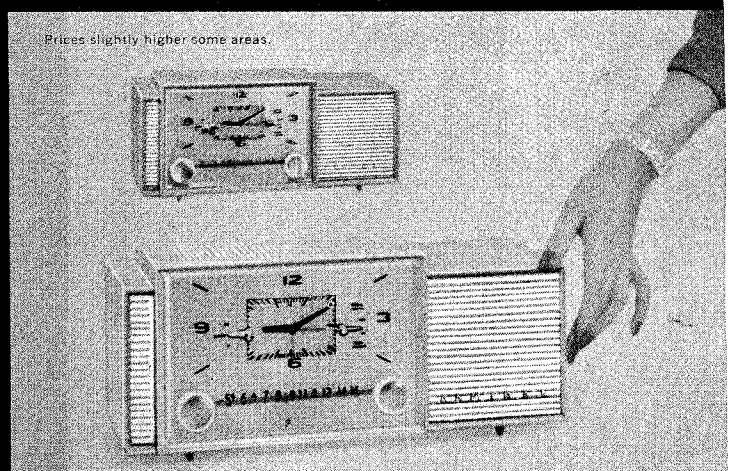
Chairside High Fidelity Phono. Series 360. 4-speed changer. 3 speakers. Mahogany, Blonde Oak or Sierra veneers. As low as $1.50 a week.



DeLuxe Table Radio. Series 270. Extra large 4″ x 6″ speaker. Completely finished back. White with Red, Turquoise, Gray. Table radios from $15.95.

High Fidelity Portable Phono. Series 340. 4-speed record changer. 8-watt amplifier. 2 speakers. Gold and Black or Tan and White. Portable phonos from $59.95.

Prices slightly higher some areas.



Super DeLuxe Clock Radio. Series 290. Wakes you, reminds you minutes later. Turns on appliances. White with Maroon, Gold, Green. Clock radios from $26.95.

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TO WISH HER THE BEST GIVE HER THE BEST...

TOASTMASTER

CHRISTMAS... First something frilly and feminine, because she's so lovely. And then one of these helping hands from Toastmaster, to show her she's a wonderful homemaker...

Any of these Toastmaster Automatic Appliances will do the trick. All of them are made with the same care and precision... each of them will make her days more pleasant for years to come. And isn't that as it should be?

A TOASTMASTER POWERMATIC TOASTER
Completely automatic—you don't even press a lever! Lowers the bread, toasts it, serves it up high. Perfect for muffins, frozen waffles and pancakes, too. $28.50. 3-slice, $39.50.

B NEW TOASTMASTER AUTOMATIC COFFEE MAKER
Makes finer-flavored coffee—3 cups or 10—at the rate of a cup a minute! Exclusive "Flavor Dome" top, two heating elements bring out all the flavor. Completely automatic. $29.95.

C NEW TOASTMASTER STEAM AND DRY IRON
Two irons in one! Steam or dry at a touch of the dial! Steady steam, no sputtering—presses without damp cloth, irons most fabrics without sprinkling. Fabric Selector Dial. $16.95.

D NEW TOASTMASTER AUTOMATIC TOASTER
Smart new styling... sleek low black and gold handles! Perfect toast every time. Toast Control Dial, hinged crumb tray. $18.95. Others from $15.95 to $23.00.

E NEW TOASTMASTER AUTOMATIC FRY PAN
Cooks everything from bacon to cake... fries, bakes, roasts, stews! Controls temperatures automatically. Immersible. 11", $19.95; 12", $24.95. Matching vented covers, $3.25, $4.25.

more family friends....from **TOASTMASTER**

McGRAW-EDISON

TOASTMASTER DIVISION
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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

WEST OF THE LAW

A master storyteller's exciting novel of the violent, roaring days when the railroad tracks moved west through a lawless land.

A New Serial by

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The first thing you thought about the man who came through the door was that he was clumsy; the second impression was that he would be easygoing and guileless. He stood almost shyly, stamping the snow from his feet, as if he were uncertain of a welcome. He removed his mittens and thrust them into the pocket of his coat and peered about the room with mild brown eyes. In the middle of the room four men were playing pedro; across from the shelves and the counter was a long table occupied by the booted feet of an officer and the moccasins of two mountain men with unshaven faces. In a corner, the head of one pillowed on the stomach of the other, were two citizens sleeping off their alcoholic excesses. At the crude bar stood two buckskin-clad men with all the earmarks of border ruffians.

The newcomer, loping rather than walking, crossed to the counter and in a low voice indicated his desire for a whisky. He was smoothly shaven and his age was in the neighborhood of thirty. The storekeeper, a small, shifty individual, assayed the young man and glanced sidewise at the two persons already at the bar.

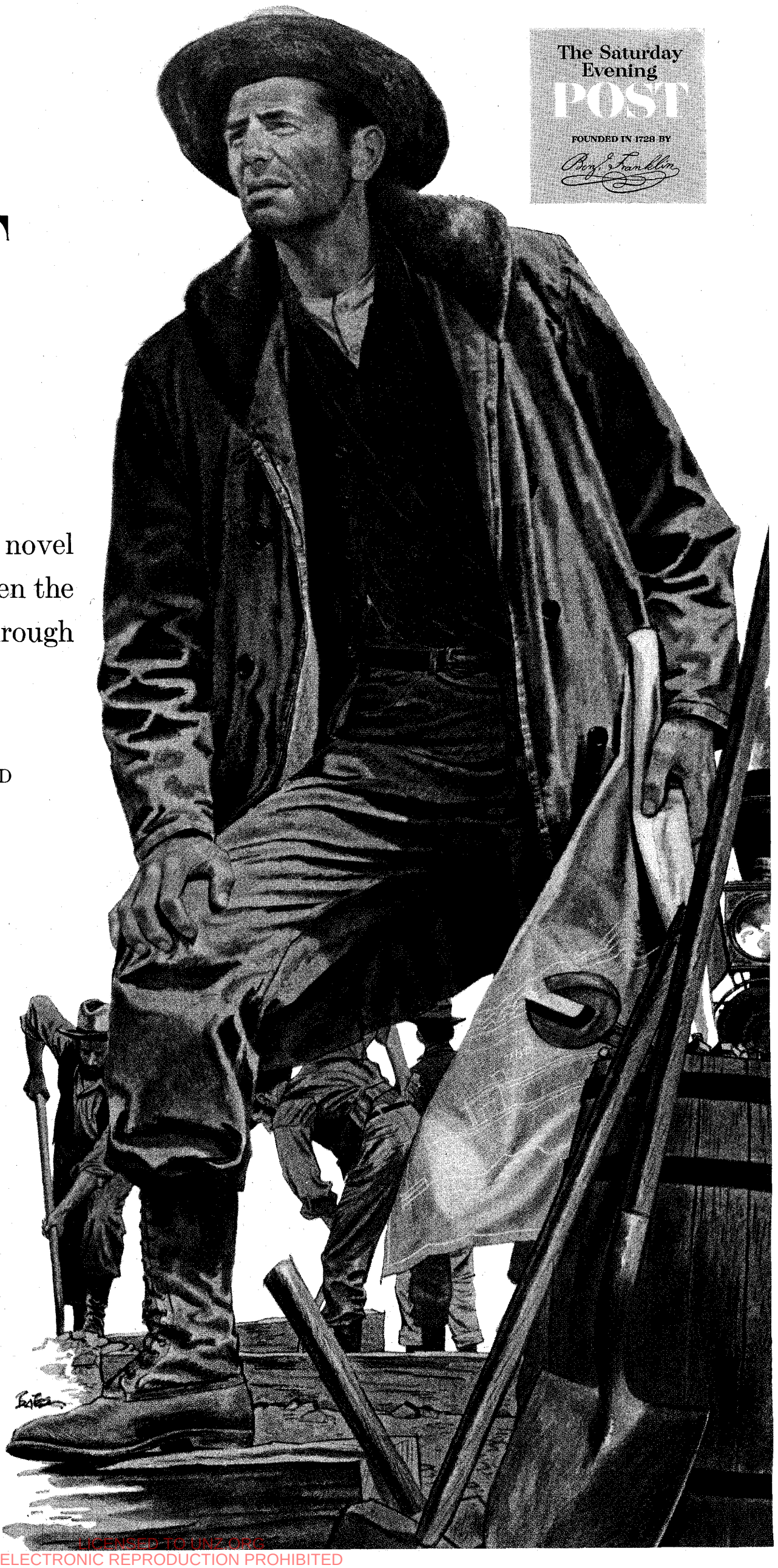
"Stranger?" he asked.

"Just got here," admitted the young man.

"From where?" asked the trader.

"From other places."

This response did not caution the proprietor, who smirked at the two border toughs and continued to tamper with the young man's innocence.



As he watched the railroad stretch out across the virgin prairies, Claypool vowed that nothing would stop the job until it was done.

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"So," he said, "you hain't familiar with the rule."

"Which rule is that?" asked the stranger, as if he were really anxious to be told.

"House rule," was the reply. "Fust time a pilgrim comes in, drinks fur the house is on him."

"Long-standin' law?" asked the young man.

"Plenty old." He raised his voice, "Step up, gents. Stranger's buyin' a drink!"

"Now," said the newcomer peacefully, "just hold your horses. About this rule. I wasn't present at the meeting that passed it. So I'm not bound. No taxation without representation. We fought a war to establish that."

"Stranger hain't got manners," said one of the border ruffians to the other.

"Got to be teached," the second tough responded.

The first buckskin figure whirled on his moccasined feet and lunged at the young stranger, who was not so clumsy or sluggish as he had been estimated to be. He stooped, allowed his assailant's momentum to contribute to his discomfiture, and, with a heave of his shoulders, tossed the man over the bar, where he landed upon his head. Not waiting for the other to attack, the young man kicked him in the stomach, so that he fell to the floor, retching. The Marquis of Queensberry rules had never been heard of here. On this border one did not fight chivalrously.

He turned back to the little man behind the counter. "One whisky," he said unemotionally. "The house rule's rescinded." He tossed off the drink and did not smile. "This one's on the house," he ordained, and, pulling on his mittens again, loped to the door and stepped out to the snow and the subzero weather. He stood a moment looking at the winter bleakness of Fort Leavenworth—at its parade ground buried under two feet of snow; at its huddle of nondescript buildings and its barracks for enlisted men. Tied to hitching racks were teams of mules, bellowing oxen, horses. Laden Murphy wagons up from the Platte Trail or bound for Junction City or Abilene or Salina were snowbound while their bullwhackers cursed the weather.

Here was a stark background for border crudity and cruelty, for primitive evil and amorality. Here only the fit could survive, and the fit were seldom those who deserved to flourish. It was raw existence, only a step above the tooth and claw of wild beasts. Even the army was degenerate after the war, its officers demoted, only the least desirable remaining. Its enlisted men were not of the elite, with enlisted pay less than fifteen dollars a month; the men, unhappy victims of loneliness and dull routine, found some surcease in whisky or even Jamaica ginger or Perry Davis' Pain Killer. Brawls and desertions and loose discipline were present evils for which there seemed to be no cure.

Upon all this the strange young man reflected as he made his way toward headquarters; upon all this and upon the grim fact that the Indians of plain and mountain had been justly aroused to fury and to resort to confederation by the unprovoked and malicious attack by Colonel Chivington on the lodges of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and the massacre of hundreds of braves and women and children. The frontier was in a panic; scant troops along the lanes of travel were confined to their stockades, and travel and commerce across the plains were at a standstill. Communications by telegraph were destroyed. These facts meant something special to the young man who trudged to seek interview with Gen. Grenville Dodge. They meant to him that construction of the railroad could not continue; that, until the country was pacified, it would be impossible to lay the rails of the infant Union Pacific Railway. And the laying of rails was this young man's vocation—it was his vocation almost in the sense of that word which means dedication. It was his religion and he was a fanatic.

He reached headquarters and entered the outer room. "To call upon General Dodge," he said to an orderly who guarded the inner door; and his hesitant, diffident manner had returned. The orderly saw a young man in a state of embarrassment, doubtful of the cordiality of his reception; and he did not think much of him. This showed in the curt manner of his response.

Illustrated by Sam Bates

Without asking her permission, he gathered Miss Nourse in his arms and bundled her across the muddy street.

"What name?" he asked.

"Bednigo Claypool," was the answer.

"Your business with the general?"

"Just tell him," said the young man with the peculiar Christian name, "that I'm one of the Danvers Claypools, where his daddy was postmaster. My folks was acquainted with Nathaniel Hawthorne too. You could add that I contrived to graduate from Norwich University." He gave all this information in a slow, low voice and the hobbledehoy manner of one who expects to have a favor refused.

The orderly disappeared into the general's office, to return presently and say with some surprise, "General Dodge will see you. Go right in."

Bednigo entered the plain room with its austere furnishings and stood just over the threshold looking down at Maj. Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, who had been railroad builder for Grant and Sherman all the way from Vicksburg to Atlanta. He was still a young man and handsome, with deep-sunken eyes and brows that would become shaggy with the passage of the years. The effects of the all-but-fatal head wound taken in the fortifications before Atlanta were still apparent. He arose, smiling, and extended his hand. Bednigo accepted it as though astonished at such an amenity.

"I hope your father and mother are in health," said the general.

"Pa's able to be about, and ma's spry," Bednigo said, and added nothing to that brief statement.

"You were just a tad when I left for the West," the general said. "Fat little fellow, as I remember."

"I thinned down some," Bednigo stated.

"In the war, of course."

"Got to be a captain. Not much fighting. Kind of fooled around with railroads."

"Oh"—the general raised his brows—"you're that Claypool!"

"Didn't expect you'd of heard tell about me," Bednigo said.

"Used the method you devised for straightening rails the enemy had tied in bow knots," said the general, and warmth and cordiality came into his voice. "What brings you to this garden spot?"

"You," Bednigo replied, with a terseness that gave the lie to his diffident manner.

"What," asked the general, "do you want from me?"

"A job," Bednigo told him.

"I've no jobs to give."

"A job laying rails," Bednigo persisted.

"I'm laying no rails," the general said.

Bednigo was in no whit discouraged. "You will be," he said. "Soon as you can contrive to shake loose from the army."

Dodge was amused. He waited.

"It has bogged down. It's in a mess. Nobody can make it march but you. They know it. They got to have you for chief engineer. Durant knows it and Oakes Ames knows it."

"The Union Pacific," said Dodge, "has a chief engineer."

"Peter Dey is quitting. He can't stomach Tom Durant and the New York crowd. They know they got to have you. Nobody knows as much about the country and where the rails got to run. President Lincoln told Ames that. Nobody else got the backing of Grant and Sherman that you got. If Grant gets to be President, nobody'll have the influence in railroad things that you'll have."

"You seem to be well informed," the general said forbiddingly.

"When you take on the job, general, you got to have somebody around that knows how to keep well (Continued on Page 95)

Claypool fought savagely and ruthlessly. He meant to impress these men of the frontier—and he did.

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How I Trapped My Fellow Cops

This courageous officer sweated it out as an agent inside his own department. The result: the largest roundup of big-time gamblers in our capital's history.

The author (right) shows how he concealed "Minnie," the small wire recorder, in place of his usual shoulder holster. Thus he got the goods on five gamblers and two conniving policemen.

By CAPT. TODD O. THOMAN, JR., as told to Ben Pearse

My toughest assignment in nearly thirty years with the Metropolitan Police Department in Washington, D.C., was one I tried my best to get out of. Bribery is a dirty business, especially when you're a decoy. Having a friend involved makes it hell.

It all started one beautiful October morning four years ago. I was a lieutenant, then, on the gambling-and-vice squad. After I checked in at headquarters, I walked across the street to the District Court Building, where cases were being assigned from the fall docket. The courtroom was crowded, but there was a vacant seat in the jury box. I sat down beside Capt. John B. Monroe, my former boss, who had transferred to the Twelfth Precinct, in Northeast Washington, about six months before.

"Morning, Todd," he said, as he had a thousand times. We passed the time of day. He said he was sorry I hadn't got a promotion in the recent exams and I admitted I could have used the extra money. Then he leaned toward me casually and lowered his voice.

"Have you been getting anything from the gamblers?" he said.

Being "on the take" is a standing gag on gambling squads everywhere. But only the year before, a Senate crime committee had revealed that Washington was a $100,000,000-a-year gambling center. First, investigators turned up Charley Nelson, the ex-bootlegger whose $6,000,000-a-year numbers game converted him into a breeder of fine race horses in nearby Maryland. Sam Beard, Emmitt Warring, Whitetop Simkins and a succession of other big-time gamblers crowded Nelson out of the cleanup spotlight. And before the show was over, some top officers of the M.P.D. were out of their jobs, unable to explain how they had accumulated large bank accounts on policemen's salaries. Against that background, Monroe's question wasn't funny. I just shook my head.

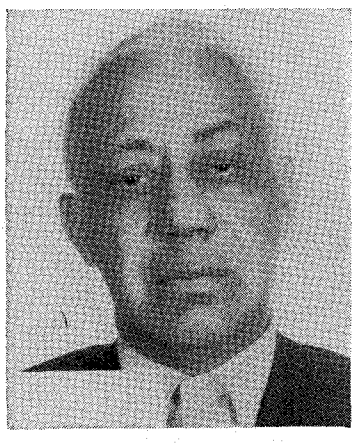
"Neither did I when I was on the squad," Monroe went on quietly, "and I've been sorry since. Would you be interested in two hundred dollars a month?"

I didn't know what to say. I mumbled something to the effect that anybody can use money. Just then the judge assigned the case that Monroe was a witness in and he got up to leave. "Get in touch with George Prather," he said as he passed me on the way out.

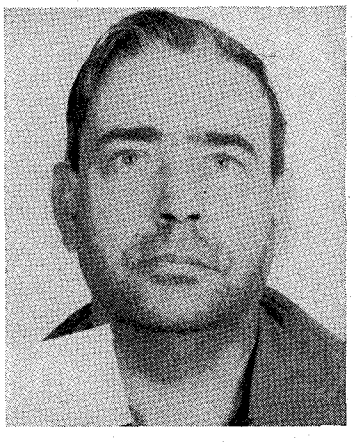
The rest of that day my mind wasn't on my work. I couldn't believe Monroe was suggesting a fix. He was a quiet, steady man with a wife and two kids and a fine record of twenty-five years on the force. During the crime hearings, he served as liaison to the Senate committee and got a (Continued on Page 80)

THOMAN UNCOVERED THEIR SCHEME AFTER A TEN-MONTH ORDEAL

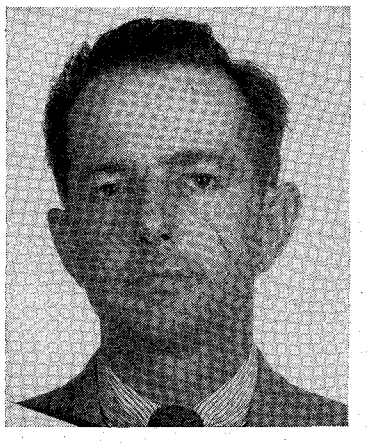
Capt. John B. Monroe asked the author, "Would you be interested in $200 a month?" Monroe is now serving a jail sentence of 20 months to 5 years.



Numbers king Whitetop Simkins is spending 16 to 54 months in jail. After the crooked cops, he was Thoman's chief target.



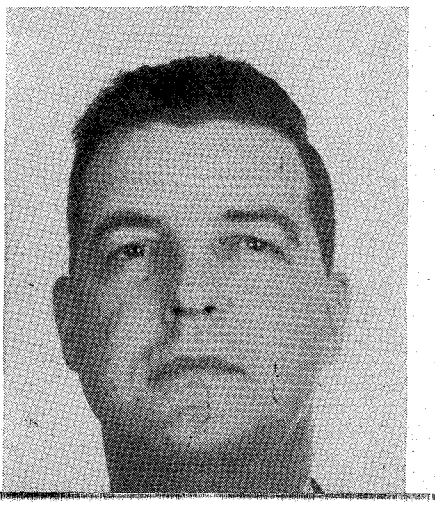
Wally Beach was one of the author's two biggest "clients" in the police-raid-warning racket.



Pat Hoagland, the other big "client." Like Beach, he went scot-free when Prather skipped out.

WANTED

Still wanted by the FBI and Washington police is George Prather (right), the go-between. While serving as a probationary detective, he passed the gamblers' payoffs to the author. When Prather jumped bail, Beach and Hoagland could not be prosecuted, and their indictments had to be dismissed.



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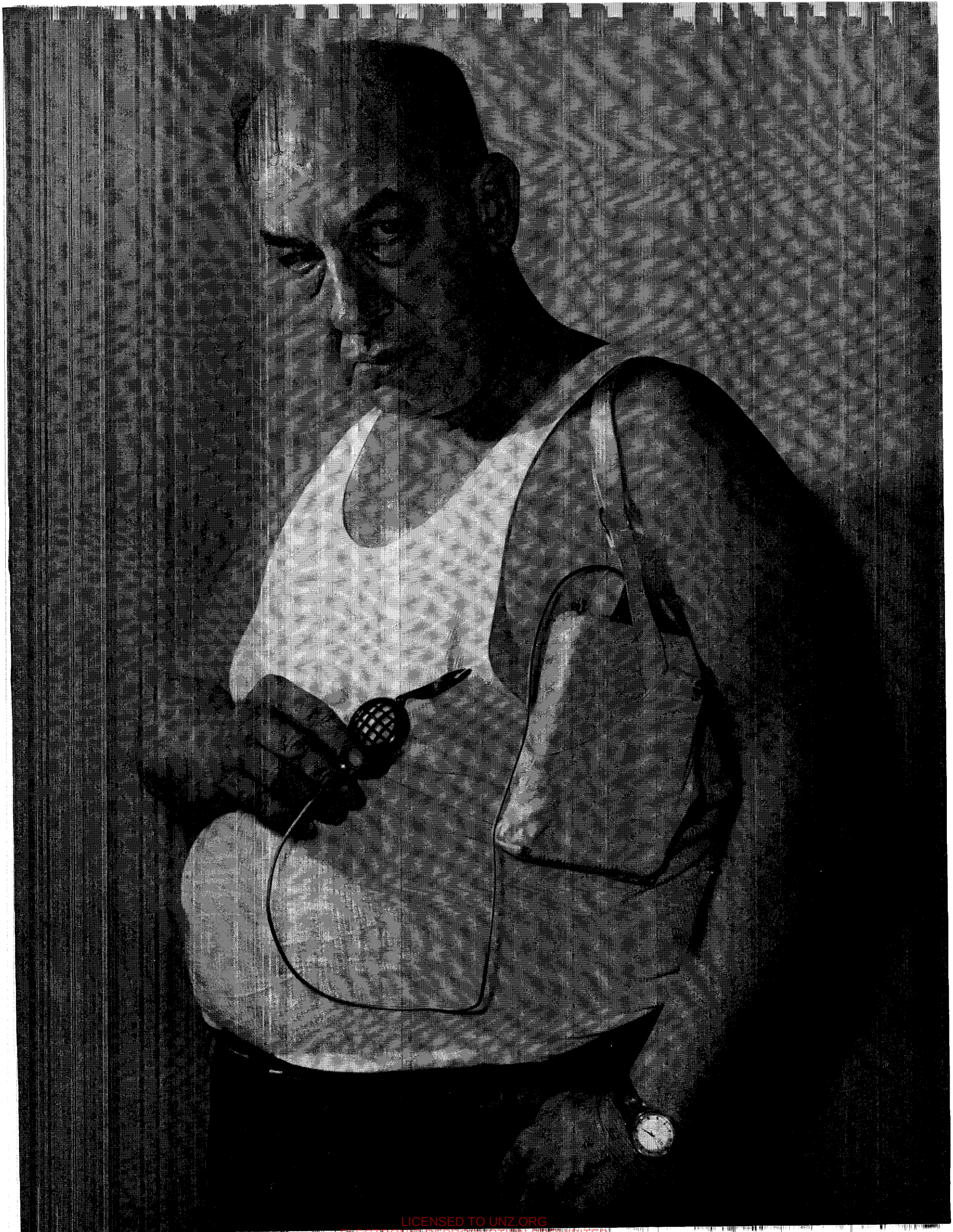

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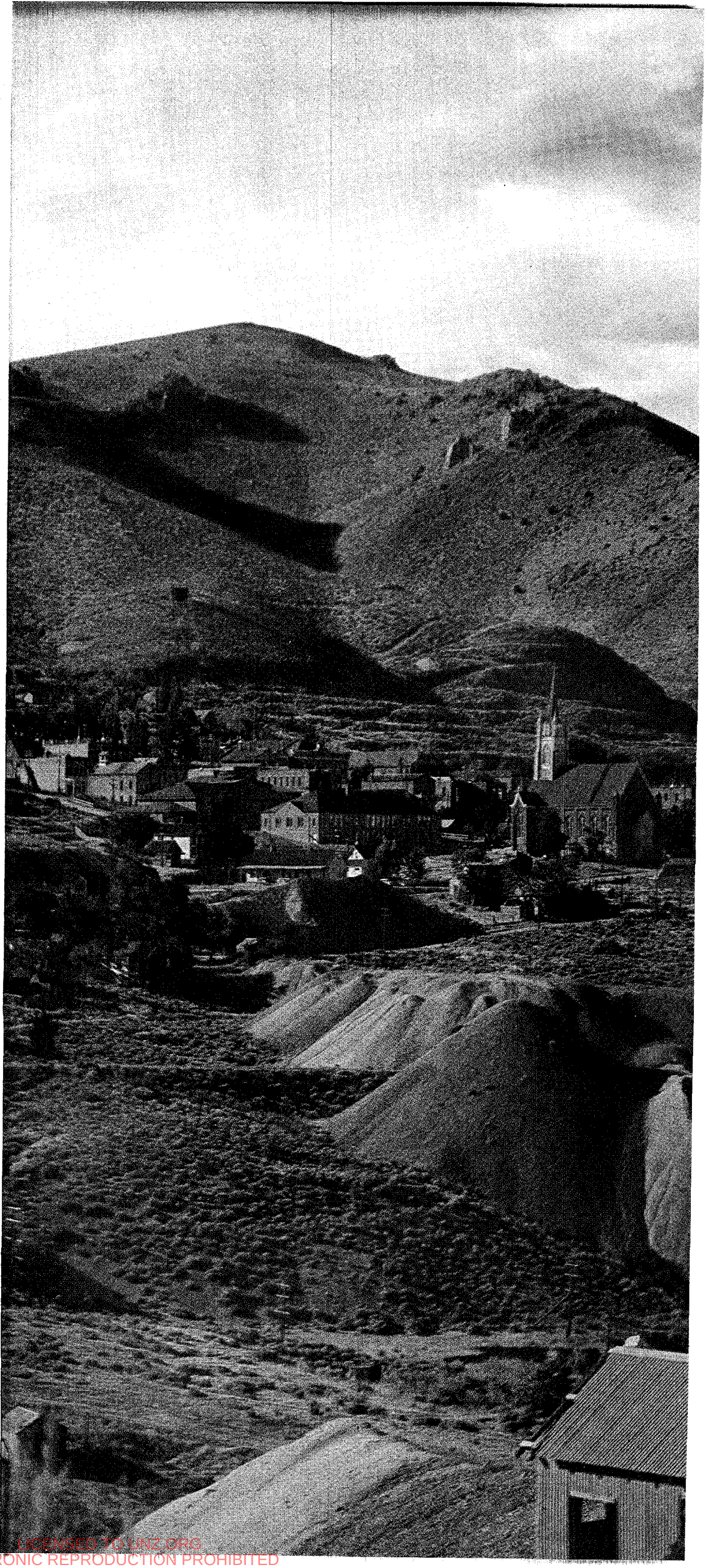
The Face of AMERICA

Comstock's Relic

On the flank of Sun Mountain, seventeen miles southeast of Reno, Nevada, quiet lies Virginia City. But less than a century ago it bubbled with a population of 40,000, drawn like filings to a magnet by the fabulous Comstock Lode, the first large silver strike in the United States. The earth yielded about $700,000,000 and enriched some men beyond the dreams of avarice, notably two Irishmen, James Fair and John Mackay, and a San Francisco saloonkeeper named Jim Flood. Virginia City became famous throughout the world, and a young reporter for the Territorial Enterprise, also destined for fame, gave himself a pen name—Mark Twain. The saloons, including one called the Bucket of Blood, stayed open night and day, and gallows frames like the one in the foreground worked incessantly to draw up fat loads of ore. The town's population has dwindled to 400, and, although nineteen saloons are still going strong, the customers are no longer bushy-bearded miners, but tourists from Reno and Carson City.

● Photograph by Fred H. Ragsdale



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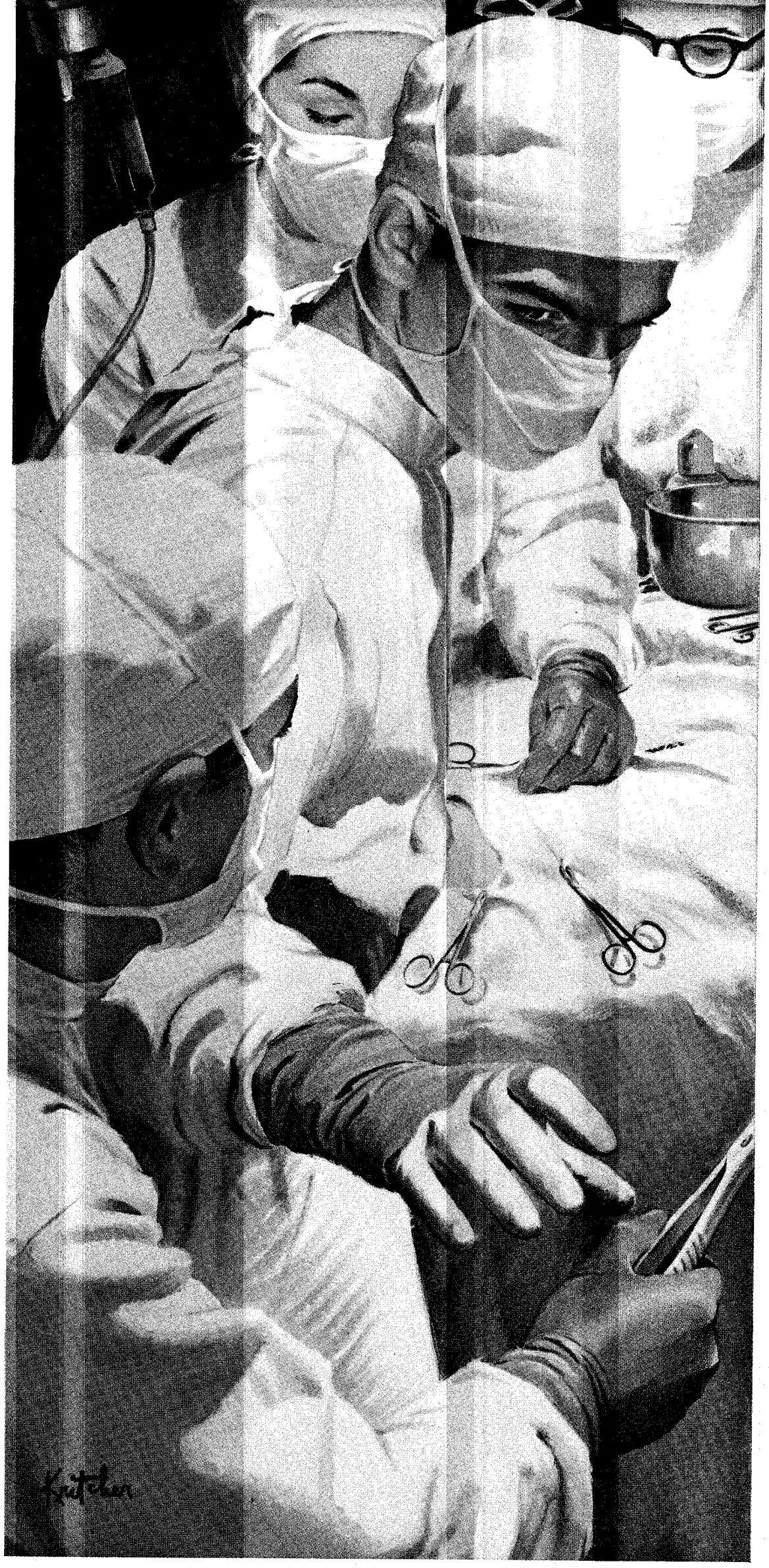

"Ready?" Doctor Sullivan said hoarsely to Doctor Whittaker.

Surgeon's Decision

He decided to operate despite his superior's warning.

By RONALD SERCOMBE

Doctor Dennis Sullivan, freshly scrubbed and immaculate in newly laundered whites, hummed a blithe little calypso tune as he walked briskly down a crisp corridor in Jacksonville Medical Hospital. It had been a busy day, but a good day—a tonsillectomy, two appendectomies, a cystoscopy and a gall bladder. All of his patients were "resting comfortably."

It was Saturday. In about two hours he and his wife, Bette, who was night supervisor of nurses, would temporarily desert the distressed for a weekend of sun and surf and sand at Daytona Beach. It would be a long-delayed and well-deserved departure, earned by hours of overtime.

One little chore remained for the doctor. It was a chore he had been subconsciously avoiding. It involved some blood and lymph-gland tests on a young emergency patient in Room 730. Doctor Sullivan believed he had called the score, but he hated to see it go up on the board.

Now he thrust forward his square chin, straightened his large shoulders and made a beeline for the laboratory. He opened the gleaming metal door, silently but swiftly. The smells that smote him curtailed calypso and erased, temporarily, the sparkle in his penetrating blue eyes.

A young probationer, wearing the familiar blue-and-white-striped cotton, had an eye glued to a microscope. She either heard, or felt, the door open.

Without raising her head she snapped, "I've got three stat blood counts. Leave me alone."

"Temperament-temperament-temperament," Doctor Sullivan said.

Her head popped up from the microscope. Her large eyes swept swiftly over Doctor Sullivan and her face turned crimson. "I—I'm sorry, doctor. I thought you were—I'm terribly sorry."

The doctor nodded understandingly. "It's all right, Miss Glover. Did you manage to get around to that lymph gland?"

She nodded. She handed him a container and a typewritten report. The report was signed by both Miss Glover and the laboratory chief. Doctor Sullivan read it. He scratched the tip of his nose and the sudden droop in his shoulders was perceptible.

"Anything else I can do, doctor?" Miss Glover asked.

(Continued on Page 125)

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HAD ENOUGH of the OLD RAT RACE?

By HOWARD UPTON

Have qualms about the daily grind? Ever dream of chucking it all for the good life? If you're afraid it's too late now, consider this advice . . .

What's wrong with the American Male, circa 1957? I've been looking into the matter, and I find that his critics are pretty well agreed. He is a fantastically stupid oaf. With only one brief life to live, he is spending it, not in the pursuit of happiness, but in the pursuit of the district managership of the Federated Iron Fittings Company, Incorporated.

He has sold himself out—totally, hopelessly, tragically. As he gropes his awkward way through a short visit on this delightful planet, he manages to miss out on 99 per cent of the things that make life exciting and satisfying and worth while. With magnificent mountains to be climbed and serenely beautiful lakes to be sailed, what does he do? He spends his precious early years developing such shoddy skills as are delineated in the Great Book from which he draws inspiration and sustenance: How to Become a Tremendously Successful Sales Executive. With millions of lonely women languishing in their loveliness, he spends his evenings working out a correspondence course in Hard-Goods Distribution, Principles of. While blue waters lap at sun-washed beaches from Acapulco to Nice, demanding his presence, he is busy at his desk, figuring out a sales approach which will sack up that big double-threaded pipe order in Houston.

The twentieth-century male has, in brief, been hoodwinked by the triple evils of the American Way of Life: Conformity, Security and the Hundred-Dollar Bill. His vigor is expended in assaulting the monthly Sales Quota. His shimmering dreams are soiled and shattered in the Planning Conference on Management Responsibility. His immortal soul is desecrated at the Annual Sales Meeting, when the promotions are handed out.

With his life still barely salvageable, he gets word that the district manager in the Pittsburgh office is going to retire next year. Instinctively now, he senses that with a little of that old push, boy, and perhaps a couple of knives buried deep in the right backs, he just might grab off this gaudy symbol of on-the-way-upness for himself, taking with it such heady trappings as a $35,000 house and a company-paid membership in the Trembling Pines Golf and Country Club. The debilitating process is then complete. He is done for. All that remains for him is to spend the hollow, waning years inspiring other young commercial vassals to sell Federated's quality line of iron fittings, and to make sure the annuity papers are in order.

At the end, if his perception and values have not been totally mangled, he has a few melancholy moments in which to reflect wistfully upon what might have been.

This thumb-nail sketch of the modern American Male may sound slightly familiar. It should. It more or less summarizes a theme you encounter often these days in books, magazine articles, TV shows and movies. That theme, reduced to its barest terms, is this: When a man gets involved in modern business, he becomes enmeshed in a complex net from which there is no escape. In struggling to escape—and he knows he must—he only becomes more tightly entangled. Eventually he surrenders. Thereafter, he loses his perception. He misses the "important things in life." He also becomes cynical and conniving; subsequently, he rationalizes these traits as being "part of the game." A little at a time, he shucks off his early dreams, which, of course, were pure and (Continued on Page 117)

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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

The Secret of the Bottle

By GERALD KERSH

A famous writer presents a fascinating solution to one of the strangest disappearances of the last hundred years.

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She applied her lips to the hole in the body of the bottle and steadily blew.

About This Story

More than forty years ago the celebrated American writer Ambrose Bierce (1842–1916?) vanished without a trace in the mountain fastnesses of Mexico. No clue to his fate has ever been found. In keeping with his cryptic ways, Bierce, just before he slid out of sight forever, wrote that he was going to Mexico "with a pretty definite purpose which is not at present disclosable." On this as yet unsolved riddle, Gerald Kersh has based his tale.

The fact that the lustrous red color of the glaze on the Oxoxoco Bottle is due to the presence in the clay of certain uranium salts is of no importance. A similar coloration may be found in Bohemian and Venetian glass, for example. No, the archaeologists at the British Museum are baffled by the shape of the thing. They cannot agree about the nature or the purpose.

Doctor Raisin, for example, says that it was not designed as a bottle at all, but rather as a musical instrument: a curious combination of the ocarina and the syrinx, because it has three delicately curved slender necks, and opposite the longest one there is something like a finger hole. But in the opinion of Sir Cecil Sampson, a leading authority on ancient musical instruments, the Oxoxoco Bottle was never constructed to throw back sounds. Professor Miller, however, inclines to the belief that the Oxoxoco Bottle is a kind of tobacco pipe: the two shorter necks curve upward to fit the nostrils while the longer neck extends to the mouth. Professor Miller indicates that smoldering herbs were dropped in at the finger hole and that the user of the bottle must have inhaled the smoke through all his respiratory passages.

I have reason to believe that Professor Miller has guessed closest to the truth, although, if the document in my possession is genuine, it was not tobacco that they burned in the squid-shaped body of the bottle.

It was intact, except for a few chips, when I bought it from a mestizo peddler in Cuernavaca in 1948. "Genuine," he said; and this seemed to be the only English word he knew: "Genuine, genuine." He pointed toward the mountains and conveyed to me by writhings and convulsions, pointing to earth and sky, that he had picked the bottle up after an earthquake. At last I gave him five pesos for it, and forgot about it (Continued on Page 52)

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

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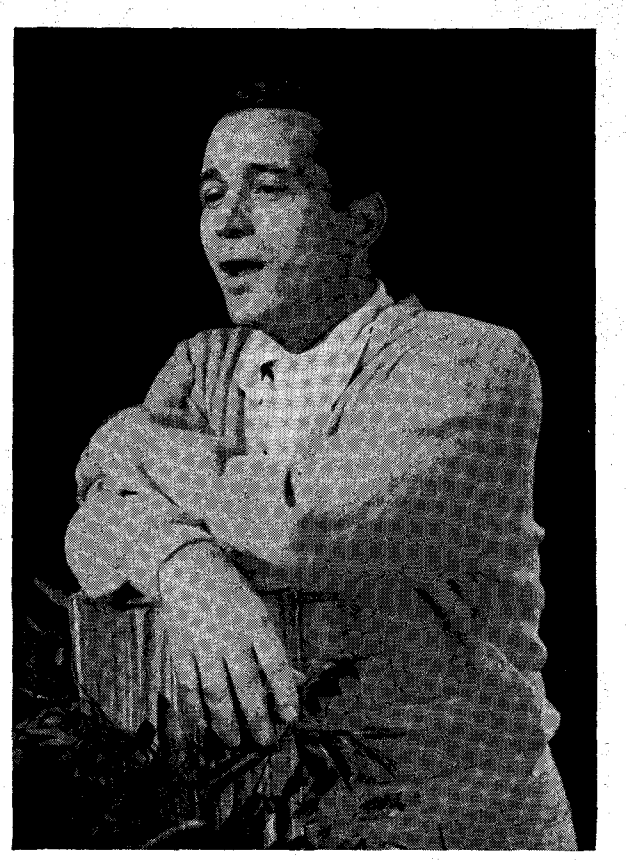
Frank Sinatra's show is new but already Friday's most popular.

Clint Walker, star of Cheyenne, one of the 18 horse operas riding high on the craze for TV Westerns.



The huge audience of The Perry Como Show knocked Jackie Gleason's ratings out from under him.

Television's Desperate Numbers Game

By STANLEY FRANK

Here is why the rating systems inspire such panic among stars and sponsors. But do Trendex, Nielsen, et al. really prove what kind of entertainment you want?

The seething tension that makes the television business man's closest imitation of a volcano in continual eruption boils to a climax around the first and fifteenth of each month. On those dates, research experts who estimate the size of audiences attracted by all programs issue ratings that determine whether shows will survive or perish, and performers will flourish or flop. The public has an equally vital stake in TV's tricky numbers game, for the ratings are the most important factor in dictating what is seen on the nation's forty million sets.

As commercial TV enters its second decade, there is mounting criticism that slavish attention to ratings is chaining it to a low cultural level. Network and advertising executives admit the false emphasis given to figures that never were meant to be used as measures of merit or publicity gimmicks is cluttering the air with mediocre pap. In the next breath they contend that Nielsen, Trendex, A.R.B. and Pulse reports, their favored criteria for gauging the impact of shows, indicate no wide demand for programs of better quality. This argument is the basic issue in the controversy swirling around TV like confetti in a gale and, as we shall see, there is a welter of evidence to support and contradict either side.

The drastic upheaval in programming this season can be traced directly to the enormous influence that ratings exert on sponsors and producers. Comedy has been the most popular element in mass entertainment since the dawn of time, and TV exploited it to the hilt in the early days with Milton Berle, Sid Caesar and Jackie Gleason. Funnymen were the kings of TV for ten years, but at the moment Red Skelton is the only performer starred weekly on the networks in a straight gag comedy show.

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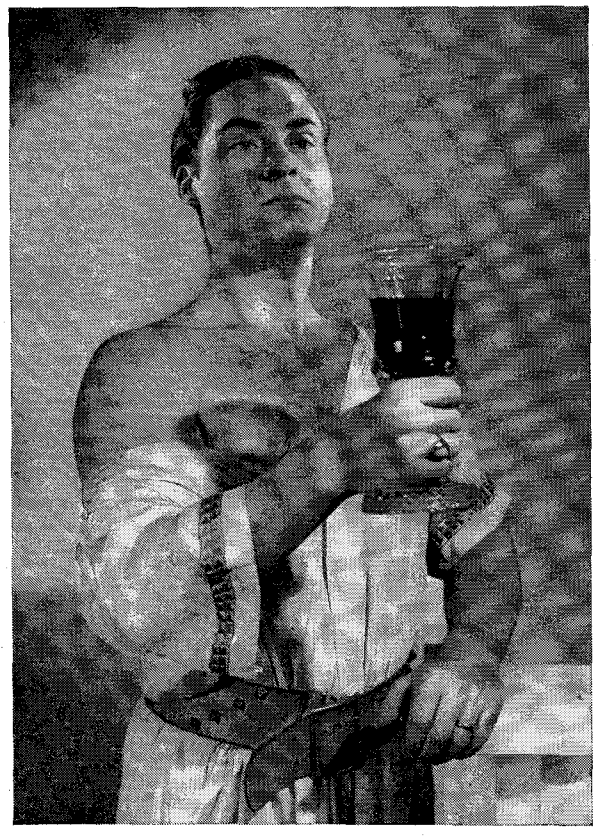
THE COMICS FELL DOWN WITH A THUD



Sid Caesar's show won five Emmys last March, but low ratings cost him his job. He is planning a comeback.

Bad ratings forced comedian Jackie Gleason off the TV screen after years of astronomical success.

Milton Berle (here with Esther Williams): Poor ratings killed his show.

Why have sponsors soured on the belly-laugh ringing clear?

Last year Gleason, while still in the Top Ten occasionally, was outpointed in the ratings by Perry Como. Caesar, a headliner for nine years, was licked decisively by Lawrence Welk. Those reversals following Berle's eclipse in 1956—after eight big years—touched off violent tremors in a jittery industry. By any yardstick, Berle, Caesar and Gleason had phenomenal runs in a medium with an insatiable appetite for fresh material. Everyone had been saying their astronomical ratings couldn't last; a personality begins to die from overexposure as soon as he appears before a camera. Yet when the inevitable happened, TV people went into a tizzy and wrote off gag comedy—as distinguished from situation comedy—as a drug on the market.

"We're so preoccupied with spotting trends that we're inclined to go overboard when one type of show slips in the ratings," says Hugh Beville, director of research and planning at N.B.C. "I think the networks have pulled boners in cutting down on comedy and overloading the schedule with singers and Westerns. We're going to be in trouble this winter when viewers begin to ask, 'When does somebody come on and make me laugh?'"

As every dial flipper well knows, the three major networks are trigger-happy over westerns this year. I asked Don Coyle, vice president of sales development at A.B.C., what started the stampede to the shoot-'em-ups. He pulled from his desk a Nielsen survey made last March comparing the average ratings of programs in ten categories. The figures read: Westerns, 30; situation comedy, 29; quiz and audience participation, 28.1; half-hour variety, 27.8; half-hour drama, 27.5; mystery, 27.4; hour variety, 26.6; hour drama, 26.5; adventure, 23.4; miscellaneous, 18.2.

"The differences were so insignificant they were meaningless," Coyle said. "Anyone with a rudimentary knowledge of statistical techniques is aware there is a probable error of 3 per cent in a rating of thirty. The Nielsen Company specifically pointed that out in the report. Westerns might have had a rating of twenty-nine or thirty-one. They could have been third on the list and quiz shows first, but advertising agencies saw westerns on top and broke their necks to latch onto the front-runner."

During the 1956–57 season the networks carried seven westerns at night. This year eighteen horse operas are riding the air waves.

You see evidence of TV's extreme sensitivity to ratings every time you turn on your set between 7:30 and 10:30 P.M., the prime viewing hours. There has been such a wholesale shifting of network shows that the line-up across the board is (Continued on Page 147)

SOME LONG-TIME CHAMPS SURVIVE

Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball: I Love Lucy got top ratings last season, the fifth year in a row, but even it has weakened this fall.

Ed Sullivan's imperishable variety show is still up front, but Steve Allen is pressing him hard in the battle to see who owns Sunday night.

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The author (left) in 1955, his last year as the Bears' coach. He still owns the team.

CONCLUSION

My Forty Years in Pro Football

By GEORGE S. HALAS

The Forward-Pass Revolution

The modern passing attack permitted some famed receivers to break the game wide open. In this chapter Halas also recalls the far-reaching effect of the first player draft.

When I broke into pro football playing right end for the Hammond Tigers against Jim Thorpe and the Canton Bulldogs in the fall of 1919, I didn't have much trouble learning the offensive signals. By modern standards, our attack was stereotyped and unimaginative. We relied mostly on running plays. My basic job at right end was to help our right tackle block the defensive left tackle. I'd catch a pass only now and then.

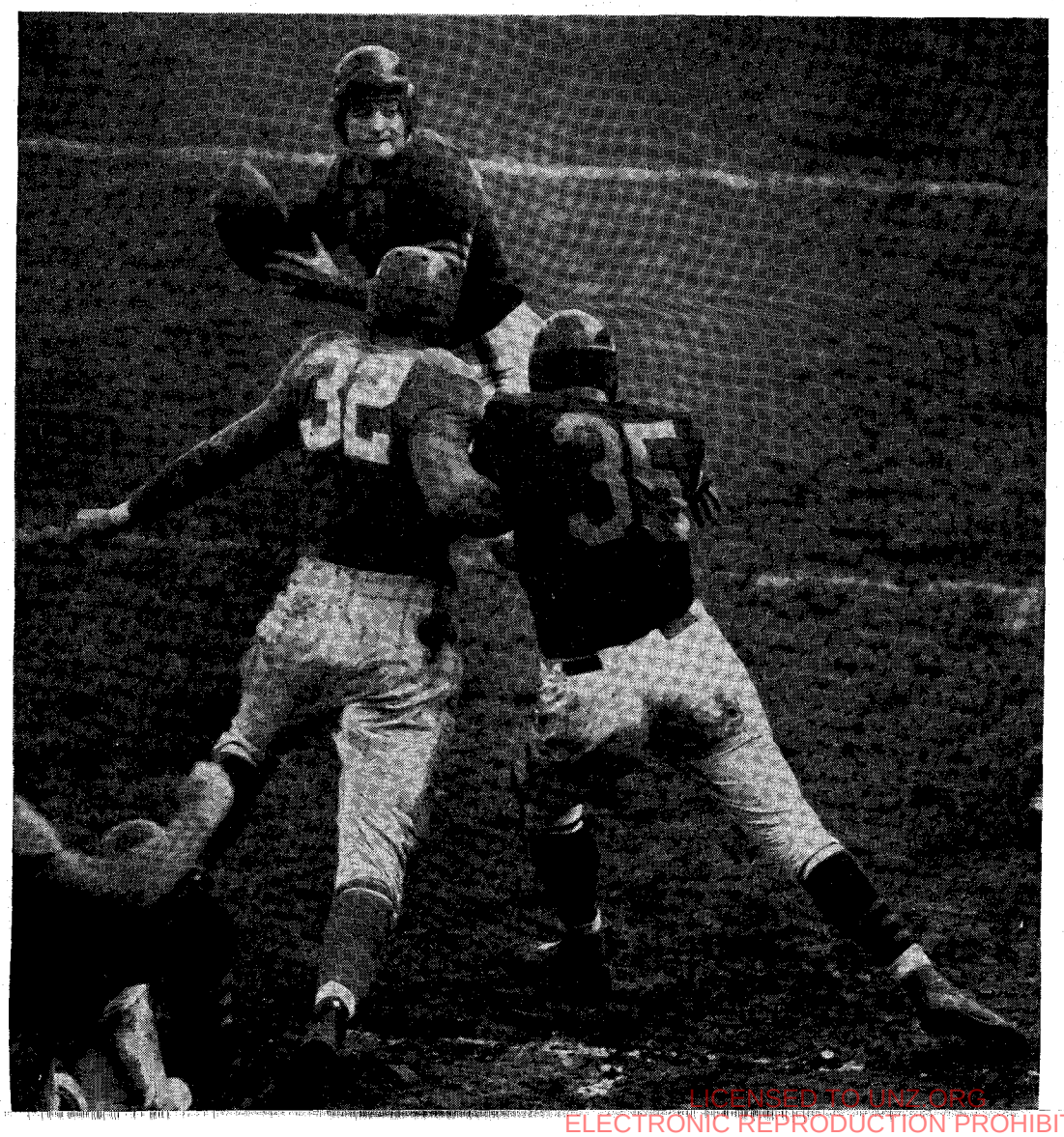
In those days, smart quarterbacks never passed on first down, and seldom on second down. Usually they passed only on third down, and then only if they were in scoring territory and needed more than five yards for a first down.

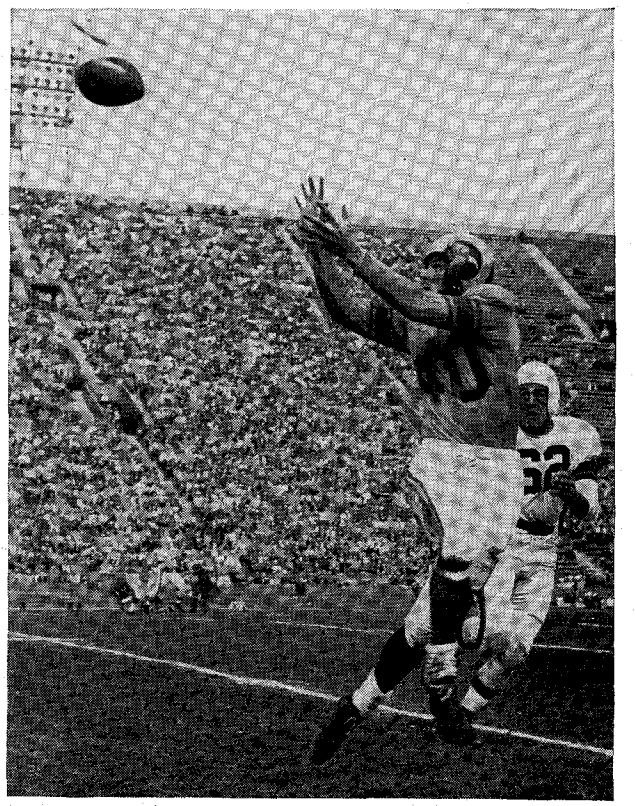
Of course, there were reasons for this reluctance to throw the ball. For one thing, the football in the 1920's measured a plump twenty-two and a half to twenty-three inches around the middle. It wasn't until 1931 that the rules committee started slenderizing the "prolate spheroid," as a ball then was described in the manual. The legislators slimmed the ball by half an inch in '31, and another full inch in '34.

The importance of these changes cannot be overemphasized. The 1934 ball was designed for throwing. The passers in my playing days during the '20's had to palm our bigger cantaloupe-shaped ball. They threw it with a stiff-armed motion which sharply diminished their range and accuracy. In wet weather, that plumper ball was even harder to throw or catch.

We kept all ball handling to minimum—forward passes, lateral passes, underhand tosses, pitchouts. When we wanted to move the ball, we tucked it under an arm and ran with it.

Benny Friedman, the old Michigan All-American, was the first pro quarterback to recognize the potentialities of the pass. Benny starred for (Continued on Page 118)





Elroy "Crazy Legs" Hirsch, the Los Angeles Rams' great end, caught 17 touchdown passes in the 1951 season, and broke the yards-gained-in-the-air record.

Sid Luckman (facing camera): "The finest quarterback the game has known," says the author. Luckman completed 949 passes as a pro.

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STRANGER IN THE SKY

Would anyone ever believe what this young interceptor pilot saw with his own eyes?

By PAT FRANK

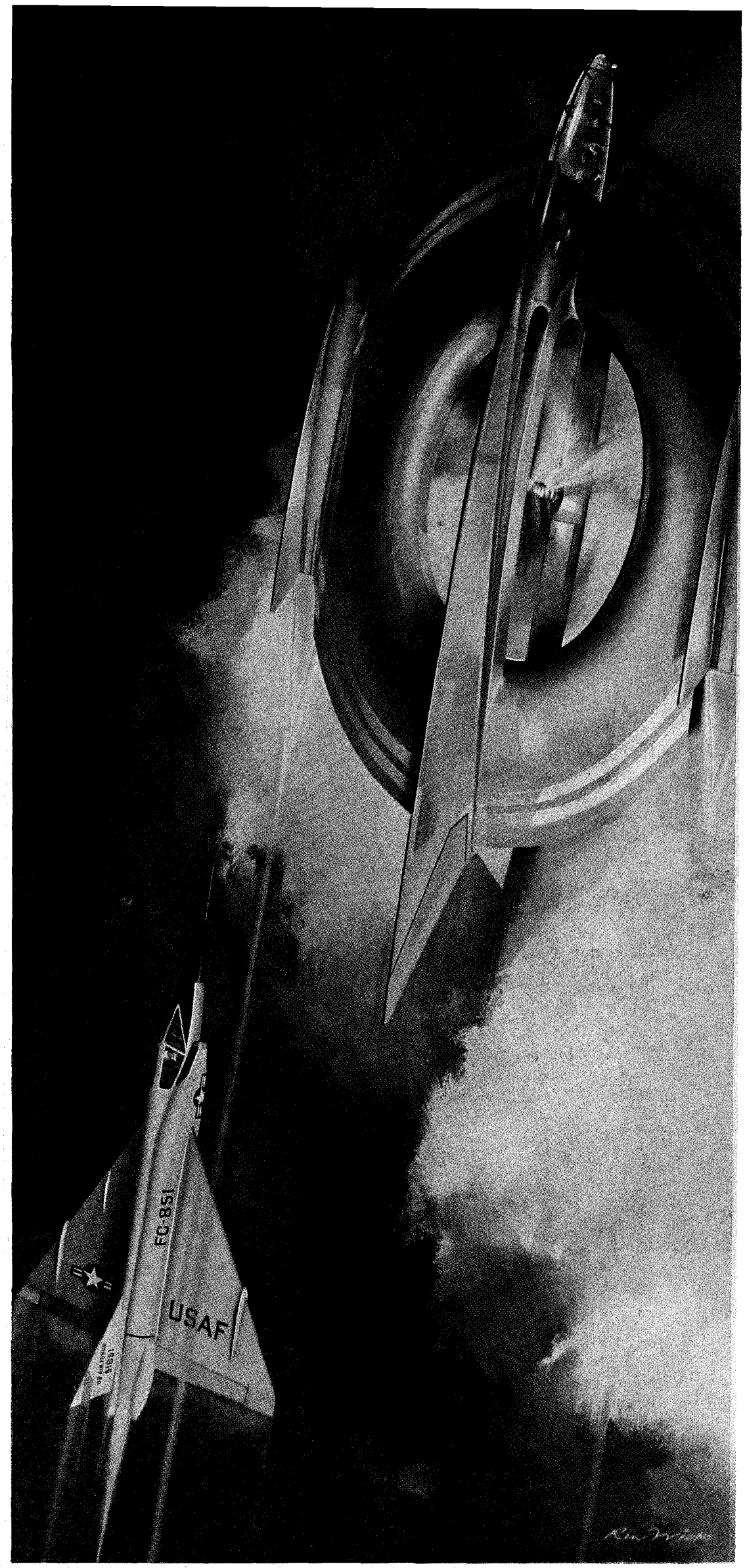
It was a meeting called by the new wing commander, Brig. Gen. Guy Kadane, to review the distressing case of Capt. Kevin Cavanaugh. On three different occasions—so read the charges and depositions—the captain had returned to base with fantastic and unsupported stories of sighting flying saucers in the upper atmosphere. Lieutenant Burch, the wing's information officer, predicted that this poppycock must eventually reach the press. When that happened, the Air Defense Command, and more specifically Sweetwater A.F.B., would be held up to public derision and ridicule.

Additionally, Captain Cavanaugh had been so edgy or sensitive to joshing by his fellow officers that on Saturday night, last, he had engaged in a brawl at the club dance, and punched another fighter pilot in the eye. Cavanaugh, technically in arrest, now waited in the anteroom.

Kadane, a tall, taut, almost gaunt man of thirty-seven who looked ten years younger when he smiled, bent over his unfamiliar, scimitar-shaped steel desk, concentrating on the Cavanaugh staff study. Ringing the desk were other officers concerned. Kadane was not smiling. He had been commander of Sweetwater for exactly forty-eight hours. His predecessor had been rushed to Formosa to meet an emergency, and he, in turn, had been yanked out of the cozy cockpit of an F-100 and uncomplicated training duty in Germany to replace him. Along with fifteen square miles of real estate, several hundred million dollars' worth of facilities and aircraft, and three thousand officers and airmen with dependents and problems, Kadane had inherited this crazy Cavanaugh panic.

He read the last line aloud, "'It is our conclusion that Captain Cavanaugh displayed emotional instability and immaturity unacceptable in a responsible officer, and that he be separated from the service forthwith.'"

Kadane closed the folder. On the evidence, the verdict was sound and fair. From the jargon, he guessed it had been dictated by Major Corelli, the flight surgeon, now sitting at the sharp end of the desk. Yet, as in most legalistic papers, motivation was neglected or obscure. The brigadier noted that his subordinates—except for the antiquated light colonel comfortably sunk into the leather couch—sat erect, expressionless and faintly hostile. This was normal. He was a new (Continued on Page 70)



Cavanaugh tried to close on the strange, doughnut-shaped craft.

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Toyland for Hollywood Kids

By FRANK J. TAYLOR

Well-heeled celebrities and their children flock to this unusual toy store which thrives without charge accounts, delivery service or a Santa Claus.

Movie actor Ernest Borgnine's daughter, Nancy, tries out an imported rocking dog. Behind her is a stuffed baby elephant that sells for $500.

Customers of a gaily decorated mart in Beverly Hills, California, known as Uncle Bernie's Toy Menagerie, have learned to expect just about anything when they walk between the inlaid marble columns, simulating colossal candy sticks, that flank the doors of the store.

The reason for this is Uncle Bernie himself, a fun-loving, horn-rimmed-glasses showman with an overwhelming urge for doing what comes spontaneously. An uninhibited extrovert, Uncle Bernie flinches whenever anyone calls him by his legal moniker, Bernard Sper. Since few people know the fifty-six-year-old merchant's real name, he is "Uncle Bernie" to kids and grownups alike, and even to those who are his seniors.

Sper dotes on gags, games, magic, toys and kids. His idea of a great gag is to slap a Donald Duck cap on his head, as he stands on the dais behind the store's cash register, and give the duck bill of the cap a tweak every time he punches the keys of the register, thus producing a jangle of money sounds and mallard quacks. This antic led one customer to remark that "Uncle Bernie's favorite toy is the cash register," an idea that outrages Sper.

"I bought the Toy Menagerie for a hobby, but it grew into a big business," he apologizes.

His enjoyment of the enterprise seems to be borne out by Uncle Bernie's hankering for life-size stuffed baby elephants, full-grown upholstered tigers and lions, expensive carved musical toys, imported miniature beer trucks, electric trains, dolls with elaborate wardrobes, games at which he can challenge small-fry customers, and tricks of magic. Sper just can't seem to help it if the dollars come tumbling into the till of his cash register.

"I've never tried to see how much money I can make, but how much fun I can have," he maintains. "I can't sell somebody something I don't like myself."

(Continued on Page 130)

Photographs by Sid Avery

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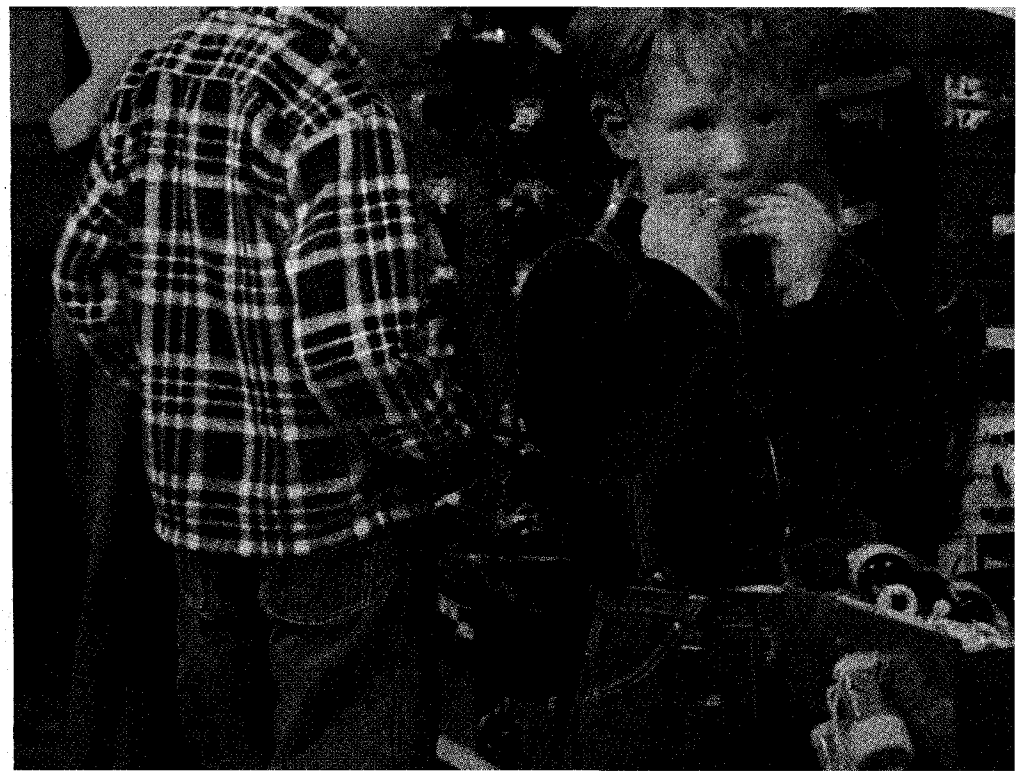
Patricia Cummings, daughter of TV star Robert Cummings, takes a "demonstration drive" in an English-made miniature sports car that carries a $400 price tag.

Toy-shop proprietor "Uncle Bernie" Sper shows actor John Ericson and his wife, Milly, a $500 conversation piece—an intricately carved music box from Germany.



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Wonderful Day

The story of an unusual adventure that turned two children into a man and a woman . . .

By BRIAN CLEEVE

And there were nine hazel trees in that place," said my father, "bending their slender branches over the silver mirror of the pool, like young girls bathing. And the boy, Finn, thought that he had never seen anything so beautiful as that sight, and the wind whispering stories in the branches, of great battles and heroes of the old times."

"Well for him to see those trees, the darling," said my mother. She bent forward over the black iron pot, stirring it, and the shadows crept on the whitewashed wall of the kitchen.

"God give you strength, Paud Raftery," said Cait's father, and the other men and women listening—neighbors from the village who always came in when my father was storytelling—leaned forward, the lamplight and the firelight red and golden on their faces. But where Cait and I were kneeling, at the back of the kitchen, it was dark, and secret and full of shadows. My father cleared his throat and spat sizzling into the turf fire.

"And the nuts from those hazel trees were like brown tears falling into the water ——"

But I wasn't listening to my father any more. I knew the story too well. Of how Finn caught the great salmon of knowledge for the wizard and tasted it first himself, so that he gained all that knowledge that the wizard had coveted: of the language of birds and animals, and of the hearts of women and the valiance of men. I was thinking of another salmon. The one Cait and I had lost that day. And as I was thinking of it, the half door of the cottage creaked and Larry Dooley came sidling into the kitchen, his eyes sliding this way and that like wet stones until he saw me. He smiled then and began edging his way toward me. But I didn't smile back, and for more than the first time I wished that there was another door to the cottage so that I could be away out of it and a mile between me and Larry.

"Do you see who it is?" said Cait, driving her elbow into my ribs. And the way a girl would, she picked the very spot that was sorest after the beating I'd got that day, and I could have yelped aloud with the pain of it.

"Of course I see him," I whispered. "What of it?"

"Are you going to tell him what you said? About going to hell for his five shillings if he wants it?"

"Oh, shut up," I said, because Larry was already in earshot of a whisper, and I didn't like the look in his eye. He was five years older than Cait and I. About twenty, and strong enough to break the pair of us in half if he had a mind to it, which he often enough had. A big, shambling kind of boy with teeth that went every which way in a loose mouth, and black hair like a burned furze bush on a big, ungainly head. But brains enough for two. The rest of the men, like my father and Cait's, worked at the fishing or the fields, winter and summer. But Larry Dooley would be lying abed all winter, with his mother bringing him cans of stout and little nourishing things. And in the summer he'd be over at the big hotel, taking the tourists out for small daunders in a currach, or driving them in a trap up the mountains. And the money he'd coax out of them would furnish a kitchen. While between times he'd be providing a few brace of pheasant or a salmon out of season for Mussoo Charles, the manager at the big hotel. That was where Cait and I came into it. Because while Larry had the tongue to coax a pound note out of a priest's pocket, he hadn't the hands or the heart for catching a fish or a bird.

And I had. I think I was born with it. And I'd taught Cait until she could put her bare arms to the shoulders into a pool before the very eyes of a fish and never frighten him. She was better than a boy could have been helping me. And she might almost have been a boy, except that her dark hair was too long, and the bones of her face too fine for a boy's. But legs that could race like a hare, and a fist as hard as a stone. Although neither her legs nor mine had saved us that day.

We had been lifting a salmon for Larry over at the mouth of Lough Rinn when Con Doyle, the water bailiff, and one of his men had caught us. They hadn't been pleased at all at seeing a thirty-pound salmon stretched on the shingle with a willow wand through his gills, and they'd spent a hard five minutes showing us how displeased they were. Cait, being a girl, had come off a lot better than I had, because they only used a hazel switch on her, instead of a leather belt. But even so, she was no keener than I was to sit down, which was why we were both kneeling.

"A fine man for telling a story," whispered Larry, squatting down beside us. "Where's the salmon?"

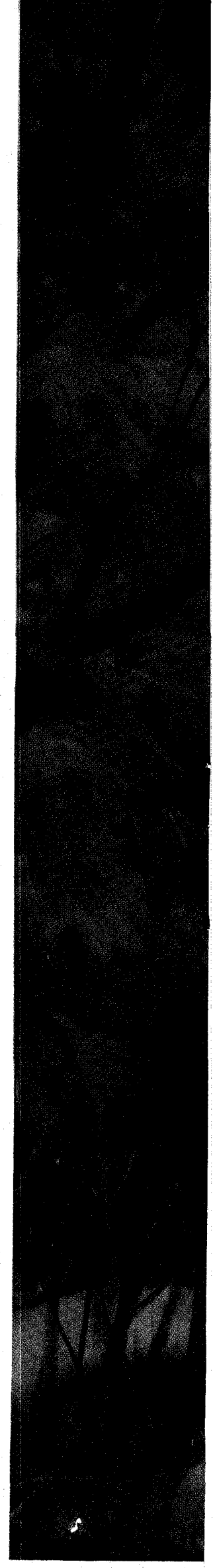
I swallowed. "There's no salmon," I said. "We were caught."

Larry sucked in his breath in a long hiss. "Then I'll have my five shillings back, for a start."

I swallowed again, avoiding Cait's eyes. All the way back from Lough Rinn I'd been telling her what I'd do to Larry about his five shillings if he asked for it back. But now, with his big slab of a hand on my shoulder the words wouldn't come.

"I can't give it you back," I whispered. "My mother has it." She had

(Continued on Page 138)



Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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re was something strange b

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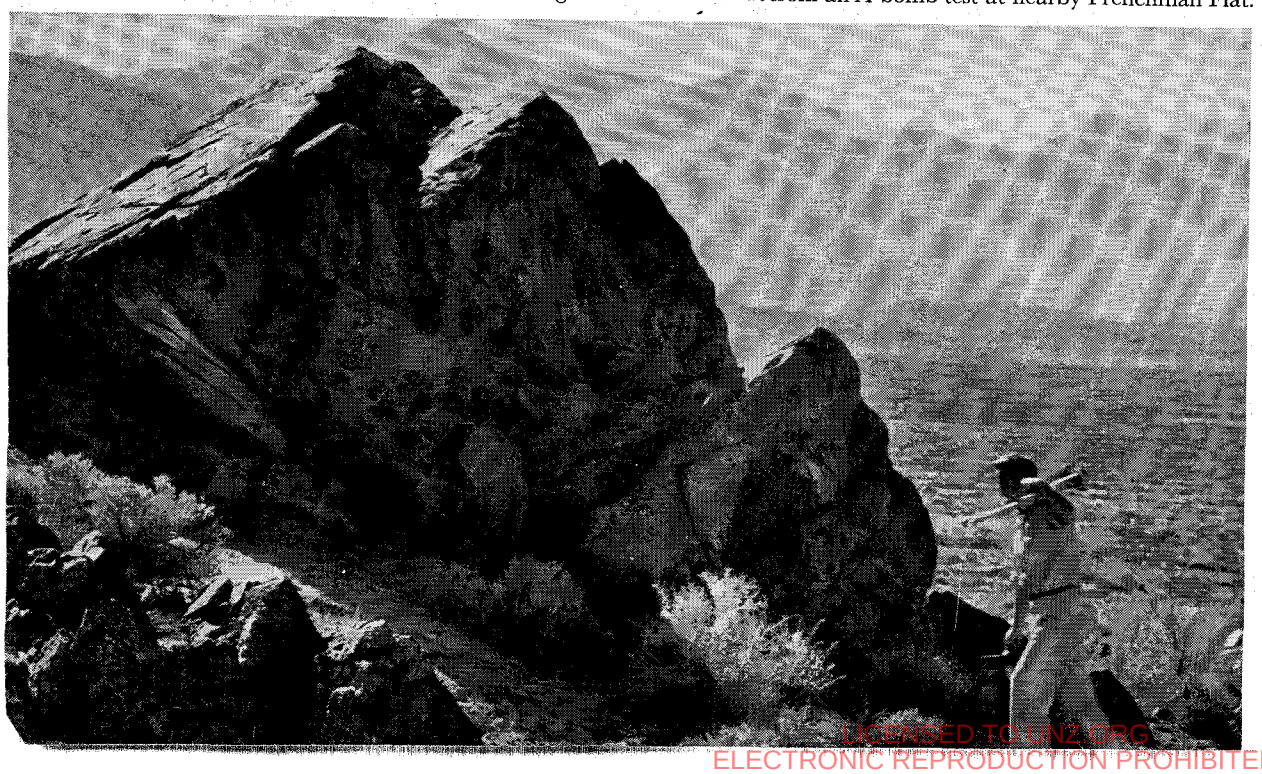
As a field geologist, Ernie doesn't often get to the barbershop, so Sylvia cuts his hair. In exchange, Ernie gives her permanent waves.

The Places I Follow My Husband!

The young wife of a modern "prospector" recites the hazards of trying to keep house on their year-round treasure hunt. Here's her adventuresome lot . . .

By SYLVIA SHEPHERD
as told to John Wesley Noble

In the Nevada desert, Ernie searches for valuable minerals. He frequently has to cope with such things as tarantulas and rattlesnakes. Once he was caught under the fallout from an A-bomb test at nearby Frenchman Flat.



It's hard to say just when I learned what it means to be a geologist's wife. All the thirty-odd months I've been married to R. Ernest Shepherd (B.S., 1952, University of Arizona) have been an education. I've scrambled for housing in remote settlements from the Mexican border to the Oregon line; tucked up my skirts for flash floods, chilled my toes in unseasonal snows, and learned to pack everything we possess on a moment's notice and trek 600 miles to some new outpost.

Not that Ernie didn't warn me. "A geologist travels," he said succinctly. I simply didn't understand that he meant constantly or, on the minerals survey we're doing for the Southern Pacific Railroad, to some of the oddest corners of the West. Our daughter, Melody, was born in a small town on the Mojave Desert, cut her teeth in the Trinity Alps, and got her first baby

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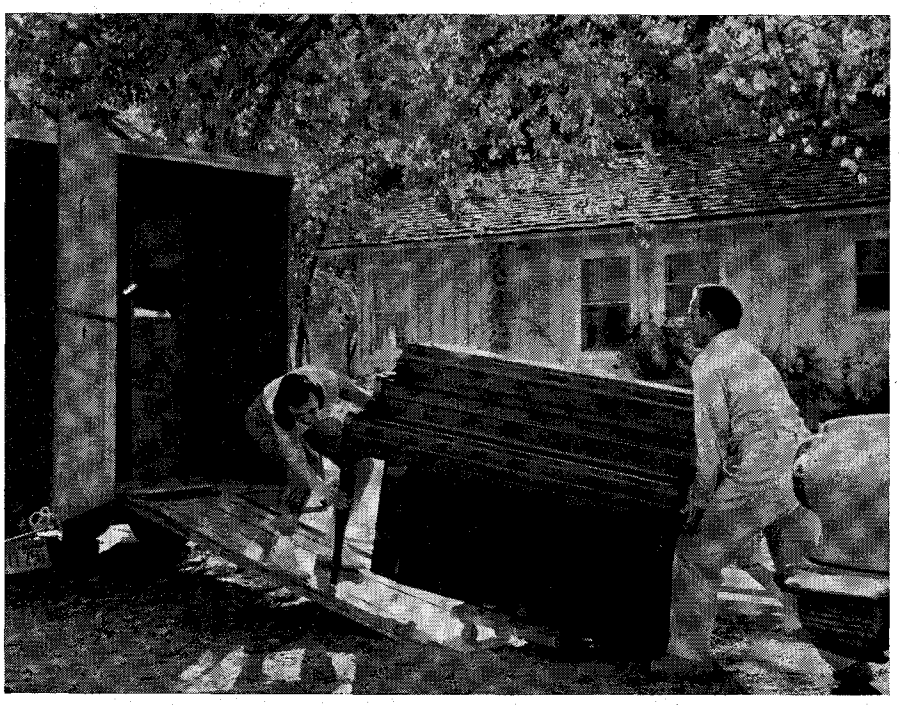
Photographs by Don Ornitz

En route to a new camp, Ernie checks the homemade trailer in which the Shepherds carry everything they own, including a piano and a washer.



At a new home, unpacking Sylvia's treasured piano is the first order of business. "Marry me and you marry my piano," she warned when he proposed. Ernie agreed.

dresses from nine formal gowns I finally discarded to make room for important things, like Ernie's field boots. Not that I haven't enjoyed it. I have. Well, most of it.

There was, for instance, our first move to the Trinities, a spectacular stand of mountain scenery in Northern California. It was night and, as usual, we were traveling caravan style, Ernie leading in a company vehicle. I chugged dutifully behind in the family car with baby and household gear, expecting to overtake him along the way and stop to nurse Melody. Ernie pulled out of sight around a curve in what was surely the loneliest, darkest stretch of road. Suddenly my headlights flickered out. "Ernie!" I cried. "Wait for me!" Of course he couldn't hear me. I tried to toot the horn; it was dead. I felt a sickening surge of panic.

I was, after all, only a city girl on my first safari in the hills. Three college degrees in music and education meant nothing to a sick battery. I didn't dare try backing off the road; a rocky canyon lay there. I remember thinking that if a bear didn't come and get us, some logger driving to town surely would. It was, however, a ferocious-appearing Mexican who arrived first. I blurted that my lights were gone, my husband had disappeared and my baby needed nursing. Understanding not a word of English, he must have thought me crazy or drunk, or both, for he shifted gears and roared away. Melody and I wailed *a cappella*. Much later a young logger came by, and, using his headlights, guided us several miles to Ernie, who had finally stopped when he didn't see my lights.

I know, as I recount this, that other geologist wives are smiling. So am I, now. When you're gypsies of science, experiences are daily fare. My husband is one of nineteen young geologists who are reducing 14,000,000 acres of rugged outlands to pretty little maps. When their work is completed, in about four more years, the railroad will know for the first time what minerals lie under its far-flung lands in California, Nevada and Utah. To accomplish this, the men first must walk or drive over the ground, noting rock slides, plant life, outcrops and all the other little clues that geologists admire.

Being family men, they like to have their kinfolk close by, so our gypsy band includes sixteen wives and twenty children from crib to school age. We follow the sun, from the deserts in winter to the northern ranges in summer, migrating at about four-month intervals. As I write, however, three babies are expected. A word from some small-town obstetrician could stop several survey teams in their tracks.

To comprehend such a state of affairs, you must look back almost a century to the Federal land grants of the 1860's. At that time, railroads were offered vast checkerboards of territory as an inducement to build transcontinental lines. Southern Pacific received some 15,000,000 acres. Since transportation was its chief concern, however, after the rails were laid, it traded or sold off lands, and some of them went very cheap. One six-square-mile parcel, for instance, was sold in 1927 for fifty dollars an acre. This presumably worthless desert tract, as it turned out, contained

Geologists and their wives make their own entertainment. Here they are with Sylvia and her piano.

"We're having the time of our young lives," says the author, here with Ernie and daughter Melody.

the greatest borax deposit in the world, whence would flow the famous Twenty Mule Team products, and now chemicals for rocket fuel and a pep-up additive for gasoline. The firm which bought so cheaply has realized a gross of $15,000,000 to $17,000,000 a year for three decades, with reserves for another 147 years. To W. C. McCulloch, now S.P.'s chief geologist, this was a sad story indeed. A good geologic inventory might well have made Southern Pacific one of the richest companies on earth.

In the fall of 1954, therefore, he went before the board of directors. The meeting was held at the railroad's general office in New York City. McCulloch talked for twenty minutes. He spoke of a Nevada property disposed of for $3.80 an acre, which produced $30,000,000 in (Continued on Page 113)

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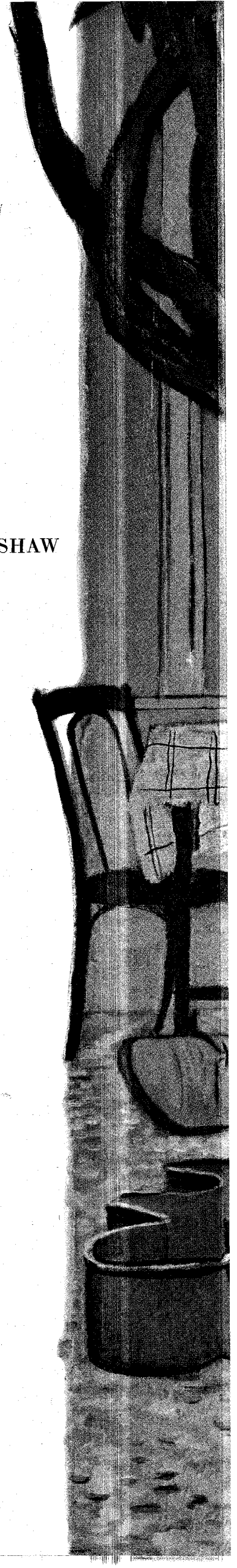
The Phony Venus

By GEORGE BRADSHAW



What happens when a man is thinking love and a girl is thinking swindle?

Under a tree in a garden which looked out onto the Mediterranean, John Marshall sat typing a letter to his father.

"No, sir, you need not feel ignorant," it ran; "until a month ago I had not heard of the Herendeen Museum either. But here I am, entrenched, and in some style too.

"We are down the coast from Nice, about halfway to Antibes on a little spit of land called Cap d'Ivresse. The place was built about fifty years ago by Miss Esther Herendeen as a house. Her money came from Western Pennsylvania; she was a rich and willful old lady, with the megalomania typical of her time, but when she died she did an odd thing. Instead of having the loot sent home, she gave the whole works to France. But with this one proviso: that the director of the museum should be the gift of Princeton. Her brother had gone to Princeton.

"The Republique, however astonished it may have been at the condition, accepted with grace, for I suppose it knew in its sensible heart that there wouldn't be much of a trick in turning the director into a figurehead. There wasn't much of a trick. I, sir, am that figurehead.

"Some weeks ago, when we were still at the diggings in Sicily, it was decided that I should write the catalogue and history of the expedition—a preliminary shot, to be sure, but done while the memory was hot—and as the Herendeen was open, I was given it. It will be, I can see, a good place to work.

"Will be. At present a conspiracy has been formed by the weather, the sea and the neighbors to give me a vacation. Mostly the neighbors. Here on the Cap d'Ivresse, not far from the museum, is the villa of the family Bonnet. In it live Jeanne—she's twenty-four, which will give you the idea; her father; her aunt, who is a rather plain countess; and Edouard, her cousin, the countess' son. I have not seen the father yet, he is in Paris, and the countess doesn't seem to have much use for me, but Edouard and Jeanne are my friends.

"The family business is the Galerie Bonnet, a lesser art-dealing house in Paris, but an old and respected one, so we have something to talk about. Grandpa, though dead, is a constant character in their conversations. I guess the continuity of the French will always be appealing to us.

"But that's by the way. The main concern of Edouard, Jeanne and me is the aqualung. You know it, at least you've seen pictures of it. Here, did you realize, aqualunging has taken the place of le golf, le tennis and le bicycling.

"Jeanne's taught me what I had to know, which wasn't much, but something. Principally what she has done, though, is introduce me to the under ocean.

"She knows the underwater of the Bay of Ivresse like the back of her hand; she has shown me things that—well, I can only grow lyrical and I am not good at that. But as an archaeologist I can tell you I found a fragment of a Greek vase that had lain on the floor of the Mediterranean for two thousand years.

"Jeanne, even with a tube in her mouth and a mask on her face, is a very beautiful girl. However ——"

Here the letter broke off.

(Continued on Page 89)

Illustrated by George Hughes

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he pitched her charm
ry part of the transac-
ught, "must be perfect."

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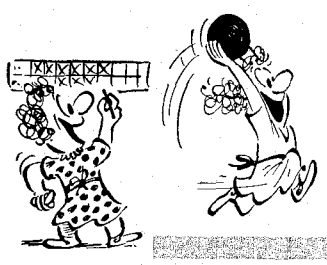


Post Scripts

And Then He Says——

(My favorite movie speeches.)

"O.K., Boss Lady, we're ready to start drilling for oil just as soon as you give us the word."

"Wait a minute, there *is* an inscription on the tomb. Shine your light over this way, Tom."

"Those who live by the gun die by the gun, Billy. I beg you, don't wear your gun to the meeting tonight."

"Harry, I don't know how to say this. Nothing personal, but we've had to drop your act from the new revue. Harry, wait a minute. Let me explain."

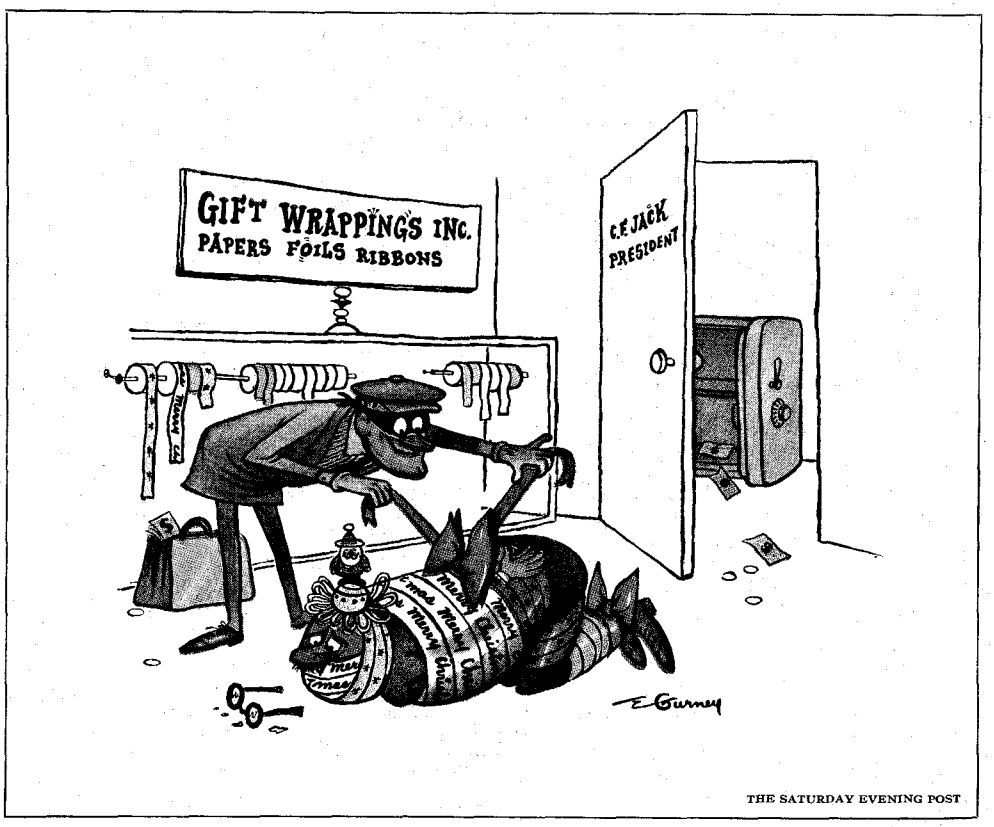
"Professor Nelson, this is amazing! The whole world will applaud your invention. Tell me, what will you call this tiny sliver of steel with a sharp point on one end and a small eye in the other, thus enabling a person to sew for the first time?"

"Well, well! You must be Millicent."

"Jim, I'd like to have you meet my fianc—— Oh, I see you two know each other!"

"Look, Danny, just this one last job and then we'll all go back and help you farm that forty acres in Kansas. What d'ya say?"

PAUL C. LAW



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Heinrich Schnibble Applies for a Job

"Gooten morgen. Meinself ist Heinrich Schnibble."

"Good morning, Mr. Schnibble. May I help you?"

"Ja, ich been tooken das job."

"Which job do you mean, sir? We have several part-time Christmas jobs."

"Das job mit acten der Nicholas."

"Der Nich —— Oh, you mean Santa Claus."

"Ja, das fattenstuffer mit der whitisch bearden."

"Well, you certainly, heh, heh, got the build for it. How's your disposition? Bright, friendly and cheerful?"

"Himmel, ja, donderhead! Ist meinself ein schtunken sourpusser mit snarlen und ——"

"Good gracious, sir! You'll frighten the youngsters out of their wits."

"Ach, nein! Mit der youngischers ich ben chucklen und patten der noggens."

"Well, don't forget der oldisch—the parents. They're important too. After all, they buy the toys."

"Dumkopfs, ja?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Der oldischers ben dumkopfs mit buyen das highcosten junkenstuff."

"Just one minute! Our junken—I mean, our toys don't ben highcosten —— Uh, Mr. Schnibble, I'm rather afraid you aren't right for the ——"

"Ist meinself driven der sleighpullen hattenrackers?"

"Yourself don't —— Driven der what kind of hatracks?"

"Der friskisch Donder und Blitzen und ——"

"Oh, der reindeer! That's a good one, hatracks, heh, heh. No, our Santa just talks to —— Mr. Schnibble, I ben trying to tell you I don't think you can handle the ——"

"Ist meinself climben down insiden der smokenstack?"

"I couldn't care less what yourself ben climben down insiden. Now, if you'll ——"

"Goot! Ich ben haten der climben."

"Confound it, man! Ich ben—I mean, der job ist —— I've got it! I've got it! We've ben already filled der job!"

"Mit meinself, ja?"

"No, no, no! I wouldn't ben—I wouldn't even hire you to shovel snow!"

"Himmel, nein! Ich ben refusen der shovelen!"

"You can't ben refusen der shovelen! Meinself didn't offer ——"

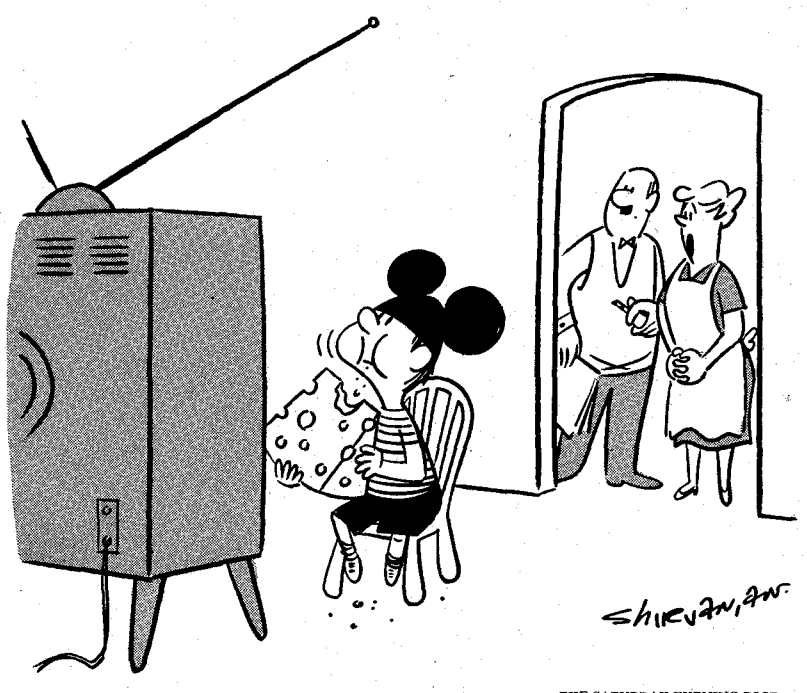
"Ach! Der Nicholas ist ein jollisch cherrysnooter mit ringen der dingledangler. Mitout shovelen!"

"Our Nichol—I mean, our snerryshooten ringle —— Ach! Der fattenclaus only has to sleighpullen der —— Himmel! Tooken das job, Mr. Nicholas! Tooken das job!"

"Mitout shovelen, ja?"

"Mitout even climben down insiden der hattenrack—I mean, der smokenjunkers!"

DAVE MORRAH



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm worried."

Short, Short Story

"Yeah, this speedometer is fast. . . .
Migosh, was that a cop we passed!"

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

At This Point I Softly Hang Up

"Hello, this is the Rock and Roll Dance Studio. We are calling to bring you the news that you are the lucky winner of three free lessons in that new dance craze The Berserk! Now all you have to do is ——"

"Highland 3–2851? Am I speaking to the man of the house? . . . Good. This is the TVWXYZ National Survey. What show are you viewing at the mo——"

"Well, I certainly can't understand this. Highland 3–2852 is listed in the phone book as the Hollister residence and that is exactly the number I have dialed three times. Are you sure this isn't Highland 3–285——"

"Hello, ol' boy, Sharlie Gibson here—wanna apologize for callin' so late—jus' got to thinkin' 'bout that time back in '48 when you un me un 'Swish' Conner and somatha other brothers stole the bronje plaque, Herb, 'member? . . . Thish isn' Herb? Oh, thash too bad, ol' man. Lemme tell ya anyway—ver' funny—there was thish bronje plaque on the wesh wall of Memorial Hall, see, an' ——"

"Hello there, MM. Do you know who this is? Well, guess."

MM PORTERFIELD

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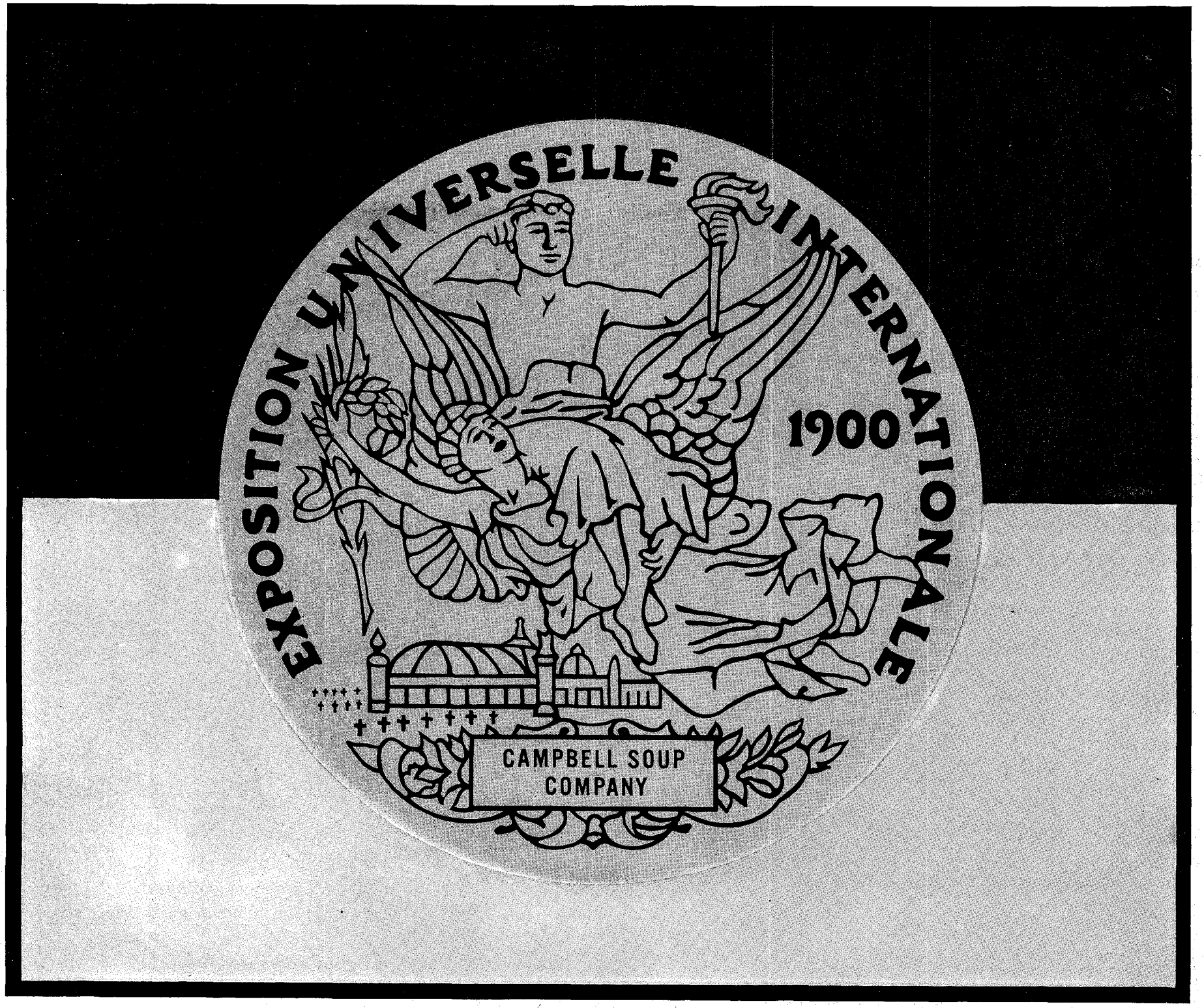
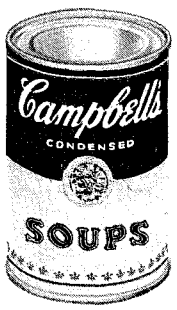
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



The medallion that prods the Campbell conscience

(You've come to take it for granted but we never will)



Next time you pick up a can of Campbell's Soup, please look closely at the label. Right in the center you'll see a reproduction of a medallion we won at the Paris Exposition in 1900.

You might think it's there just to pretty-up our label. But an even more important reason is to remind us of what our cooking has to measure up to.

Consciences at work

For 57 years we've had that little gold bull's-eye on our conscience. And we don't mind admitting that it's kept us hopping.

For example, we go out of our way to find the finest of vegetables. When the best isn't good enough, we develop our own varieties and arrange for top farmers to grow them.

We still trim and sort vegetables by hand. It may seem a little old-fashioned but you can't beat a paring knife when it comes to bringing you the best of every vegetable.

We try out recipes hundreds of times before we're happy. A special staff of food experts, including French chefs, works full time at trying to improve on what already tastes just fine.

Cook's secret

We do many things that no home cook in the world would ever expect us to do. But we don't feel that you'll object. Not when you taste the results. As we say in our cook's creed: "To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

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Lift the Lid—see why this new FRIGIDAIRE Washer

WASHES CLOTHES * UP TO 50% CLEANER!

With Patented 3-Ring Agitator, gets clothes cleanest—with least lint—of all leading washers tested

You'll see why we call this the *Ultra-Clean* Washer the instant you lift the lid. For here, from Frigidaire, is an entirely different kind of agitator washing *that gets clothes up to 50% cleaner* – cleanest of all other automatic washers tested!

Here you'll see 3 dancing rings energize water—deep-flex clothes, whisking out the deep-in dirt that blade agitators miss. Add to that—all-fabric washability—the driest clothes that ever left a laundry tub—and the greatest combined savings ever in hot water, detergent, time, electricity—plus a new built-in SudsWater-Saver for even greater savings!

And all this is yours for only **$229.95**
(Model WS-58). Manufacturer's suggested price

Model WCI-58

***RATED NO. 1** • *for cleanest clothes* • *for lint removal* • *for driest spin*

Tested and verified by **U. S. TESTING COMPANY, INC.**
Largest, most diversified independent test organization of its kind in the world. Founded 1880. In tests of six leading automatic washers under controlled laboratory conditions. Reports #29123 and #29123-A, dated May 2 and 10, 1957.

Now—Automatic Dyeing!

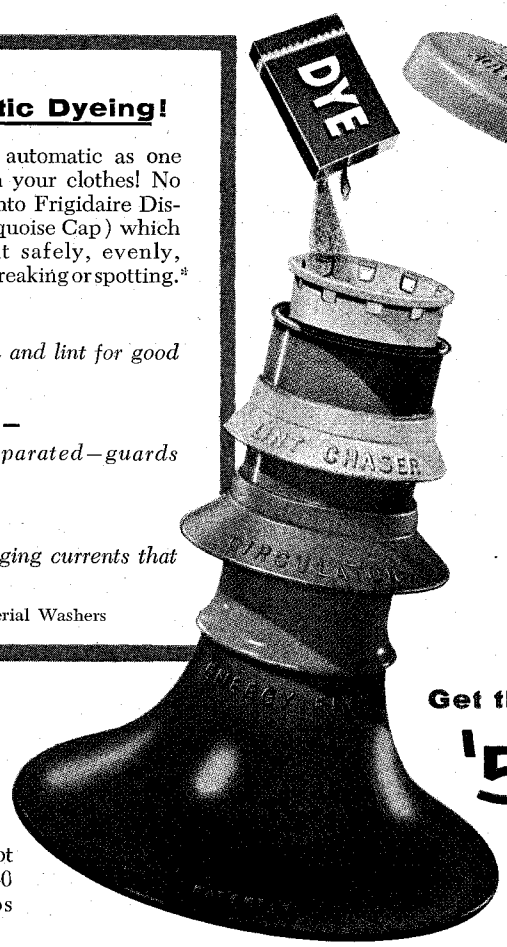
Exclusive! Simple and automatic as one setting of dials to wash your clothes! No boiling. Just pour dye into Frigidaire Dispenser Cup (under Turquoise Cap) which dilutes and releases it safely, evenly, under water to prevent streaking or spotting.*

Lint Chaser Ring—
"sweeps" out dirt, scum and lint for good —through 90 lint exits.

The Circulator Ring—
helps keep clothes separated—guards against tangling.

The Energy Ring—
energizes water into surging currents that get clothes ultra clean.

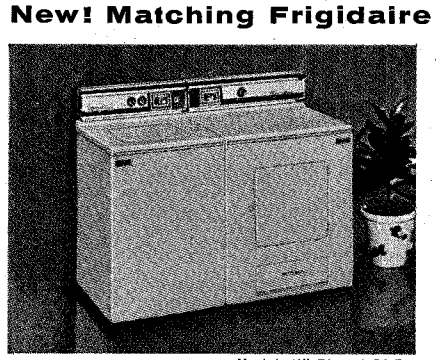
*Custom Imperial and Imperial Washers



Built-in SudsWater-Saver in Every Model! Cut Washday Costs Almost Half!

Save up to 3500 gallons of hot water a year, as many as 40 boxes of detergent. Keeps water hotter, *inside* cabinet.

New! Matching Frigidaire Fabric-Master Dryers with Amazing "Wrinkles-Away"!



Models WI-58 and DI-58

It's like magic—just turn a dial to erase wrinkles from wash 'n' wear fabrics, so smooth that most ironing is a thing of the past. Ends hanger drying.

It's yours in all '58 Frigidaire Fabric-Master Dryers, even the lowest-priced!

Sheer Look styled. Choice of four lovely colors—sold by Frigidaire at no extra cost.

Get the one that's No. 1

'58 FRIGIDAIRE

ULTRA-CLEAN WASHERS with matching Electric Dryers

GM GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY Frigidaire—Built and Backed by General Motors

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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Montana's Galloping Swede

J. Hugo Aronson, the nation's only foreign-born governor, developed a curious approach to politics. He wins elections simply by keeping his mouth shut.

By PAUL F. HEALY

On the steps of the capitol at Helena, Governor Aronson (left) grants an audience to a fellow Republican. "There's more yak-yak and less done in this job than any I've ever had," Aronson grumbles.

Aronson, whose only hobby is running a tractor on his 5000-acre farm, here helps with a repair job.

When the Northern Pacific freight train halted, the gangling, twenty-three-year-old Swede cautiously slid the door open and peered out. He had just taken in the familiar Far West landmarks—two grain elevators and a pair of grazing Indian ponies—when a brakeman surprised him.

"This is Columbus, Montana," the brakeman announced with heavy irony. "Where are you getting off?"

Having ridden boxcars through thirty-eight states for two and a half years, the Swede knew when it was time to hit the dirt. "Columbus," he answered, gathering up the large cowboy handkerchief containing all his worldly goods, and dropping to the ground.

That was July, 1914. The immigrant youth, J. Hugo Aronson, stayed in Montana, and today he is serving his second term as its Republican governor. He is the only governor in Montana history to have started his rise as an itinerant laborer. He went on from there to become an oil-rig builder, trucker, city and state lawmaker, banker, wheat rancher and, all in all, a fast-moving phenomenon known up and down the state as the Galloping Swede.

Foreign-born and of foreign parentage, Aronson ranks as an unusual figure in our modern state governments. The Voice of America has dramatized and broadcast his story in six languages, including Russian, under the title, The Immigrant Who Became Governor. A newspaper account of his life was read aloud in an English class in the McKee Vocational High School on Staten Island, New York, because Aronson seemed to be a living version of the Norwegian pioneer character, Per Hansa, in O. E. Rölvaag's novel, Giants in the Earth.

Aronson may not be a giant, but he is built along viking lines. At sixty-six years old, he stands six feet, three inches, weighs 215 pounds, is broad-shouldered, barrel-chested and ramrod erect. He is almost as rugged-looking as the snow-topped Rockies which he can see from his office in the capitol at Helena. His bald dome slopes fore and aft, and is crowned with a fringe of white hair. He has the face of an old and battered bulldog—craggy, creased, seamed and leathery, with small, deep-set, gray-blue eyes, a strong nose and a wide, obstinate mouth.

Else Strom, a Swedish correspondent, wrote for home consumption after an interview with Aronson: "He might have been born in Sweden, but he has blended into the dynamic landscape of Montana." Indeed, Aronson would have had (Continued on Page 134)

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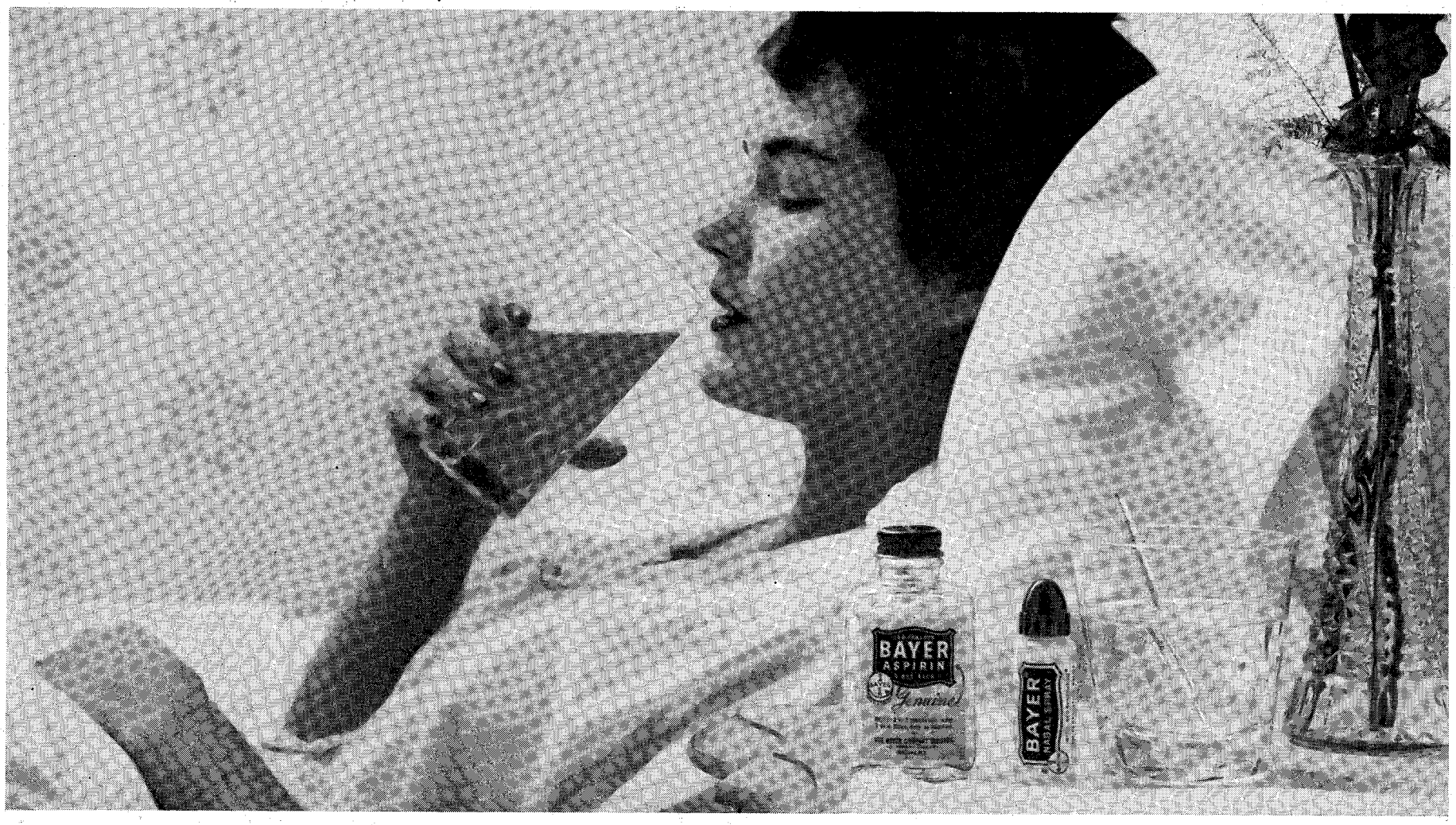
When you're suffering from the fever and pain of

Colds or Asiatic Flu...



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Fever, sore throat, headache, backache, muscular aches and pains—all are characteristics, not only of the common cold, but of highly contagious Asiatic Flu. And at the first indication of any of these symptoms, you should:

1. **Get in touch with your doctor**
2. **Get as much bed rest as possible**
3. **Drink lots of fruit juice**
4. **Take Bayer Aspirin to reduce the fever and relieve the pain**

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Remember—three years of painstaking research confirms that Bayer brings the *fastest* relief ... the *fastest*, most *gentle-to-the-stomach* relief you can get.

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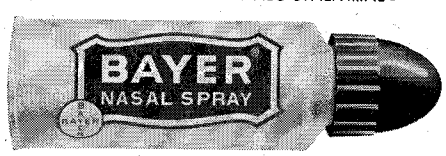

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Sweeps away stuffiness ... dries up runny nose ... relieves head cold miseries ...

Has you breathing freely again—fast!

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MURDER ON MY STREET

The murderer had to silence little Pam forever—and he was getting closer and closer . . .

By EDWIN LANHAM

Get your kid out of town and don't bring her back"—these were the threatening words in the note Bruce Carter handed to his companion, Laura Parker. As the key witness in the murder of Adele Sharp, his ten-year-old daughter, Pam, was in jeopardy. For on an errand to the missing Sylvia King's apartment, across the street from the Carters', the child glimpsed the killer. Police first suspected that the King girl's disappearance and the subsequent death of her cousin were somehow connected with the narcotics traffic. But when Harry Banks, Carter's boss at the New York Express, was found murdered in his office, they tried to link Carter with the case; the two newspapermen were known to be bitter rivals. Earlier that day they quarreled when Carter accused Banks of knowing far more about Sylvia King than he would admit. Now, with himself under suspicion of murder and the life of his daughter in graver danger than ever, Carter faced a grim future alone but for the unshakable loyalty of Laura Parker.

VI

The furnished apartment seemed cold and comfortless, no protective haven in the menacing night. Outside the windows was the haphazard network of dark and crooked streets, inadequately policed, and the squatting brick and brownstone buildings of the area known as Greenwich Village. By night it was a dark back alley of a great and wicked city and now the night seemed to press in against the windows; they all felt its hidden dangers.

Laura was pale, and Molly Conley's cheerful laugh had not been heard at all as they sat in the living room, talking in low voices because Pam had been put to bed in the adjoining bedroom. Lieutenant Digby had arrived a quarter of an hour after Bruce had talked to him on the telephone. He had studied the note, made several telephone calls, and now he sat on the edge of his chair, holding his hat between his knees, and his eyes seemed narrowed and somber.

"This note would indicate that the man has roots here," he said. "Here in this neighborhood. He doesn't want to up-stake and leave. He wants you to take Pam away. That must mean that he not only knows who she is, he knows the odds are good that she might see and recognize him. You'd think he'd clear out until it blew over. The memories of a child fade quickly. They aren't lasting. So he must have deep roots here. He must have important business that prevents his leaving."

"You tell me the inspector won't let me leave town," Bruce said. "You tell me I must keep Pam here. I want to ask you this: if the man who sent that note sees that we don't leave town—and he surely will—what will he do? Do you think that he'll wait and take the risk of her seeing and recognizing him, or will he act first?"

"Our first duty is to protect Pam," Digby said. "He won't get a chance to act, so don't worry."

"What should we do—stay locked up here in this apartment?"

Pam's lower lip trembled as she whispered, "I'm scared, pop."

"At night, yes," Digby said. "And in the daytime naturally she doesn't go out alone or unguarded. Molly will be with Pam and there'll be a twenty-four-hour police guard on the building. I fixed that with the precinct."

"We were planning to spend the day on Long Island Sound tomorrow," Bruce said. "Molly was coming too. What do you think?"

"Fine," Digby said. "It will do Pam good. I think it will do everybody good. Get away from your worries for a day."

"But suppose he follows us out there?"

"The danger is here in the Village, not out on Long Island," Digby said. "Don't get panicky."

"It's pretty hard not to get panicky."

"We're working all-out on this, Bruce," Digby said. "I'm going to get this note down to the lab right away. They'll analyze the paper and the handwriting. We may be able to trace it. Meanwhile, you try not to think about it. Get out on the water tomorrow and relax."

Molly Conley asked, "How do we go out there tomorrow?"

"By cab, I suppose."

"Why don't I finagle a city car? It's in the line of duty, isn't it, Joe?"

"Why not?" Digby said. He paused at the door, hat in hand, and said, "Remember, I said it was somebody who had deep roots here. That's our best lead, Mr. Carter. It could be somebody who runs a business."

"Such as the Revelry Club?"

"She saw Charlie Pearl," Digby said. "She couldn't identify him. But it could be somebody who works there, or it could be the restaurant on the corner, the drugstore, the stationery store, the cleaner's—something that's actually a front for pushing junk. I think he must be a man who comes into contact with the public somehow, and who can't just drop out of sight. We could just take Pam by the hand and ——"

"No!" Bruce said heatedly.

"It would be safe enough. We'd look after her."

"And provoke the man to action?" Bruce said. "No."

"Well, we'll talk about it," Digby said. . . . "Can I give you a lift, Miss Parker? I'll be passing through Tenth Street."

"Now how did you know that?" Laura asked.

"Where you live? Lady, I'm a detective. Shall we go?"

Laura pressed Bruce's hand, and he clung to hers. He needed her; he did not want her to leave. He said (Continued on Page 103)

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The Secret of the Bottle

(Continued from Page 33)

until I found it several years later while I was idling over a mess of dusty souvenirs—sombreros, huaraches, a stuffed baby alligator and other trifles, such as tourists pick up in their wanderings, pay heavily for, and then give away to friends who consign them to some unfrequented part of the house. The straw hats and other plaited objects had deteriorated. The stitches in the ventral part of the little alligator had given way, and the same had happened to the little Caribbean sting ray. But the vessel later to be known as the Oxoxoco Bottle seemed to glow.

I picked it up carelessly, saying to a friend who was spending that evening with me, "Now what this is, I don't know—" when it slipped from between my dusty fingers and broke against the base of a brass lamp.

My friend said, "Some sort of primitive cigar holder, I imagine. See? There's still a cigar inside it. Or is it a stick of cinnamon?"

"What would they be doing with cinnamon in Mexico?" I asked, picking up this pale brown cylinder. It had a slightly oily texture and retained a certain aromatic odor. "What would you make of a thing like that?"

He took it from me and rustled it at his ear between thumb and forefinger much in the manner of a would-be connoisseur "listening to" the condition of a cigar. An outer leaf curled back. The interior was pale yellow. He cried, "Bless my heart, man, it's paper—thin paper—and written on, too, unless my eyes deceive me."

So we took the pieces of the bottle and that panatella-shaped scroll to the British Museum. Professor Mayhew, of Ceramics, took charge of the broken bottle. Doctor Wills, of Ancient Manuscripts, went to work on the scroll with all the frenzied patience characteristic of such men, who will hunch their backs and go blind working twenty years on a fragment of a Dead Sea scroll.

Oddly enough, he had this paper cigar unrolled and separated into leaves within six weeks, when he communicated with me, saying, "This is not an ancient manuscript. It is scarcely fifty years old. It was written in pencil, upon faint-ruled paper torn out of some reporter's notebook not later than 1914. This is not my pigeon. So I gave it to Brownlow, of Modern Manuscripts. Excuse me." And he disappeared through a book-lined door in the library.

Doctor Brownlow had the papers on his table, covered with a heavy sheet of plate glass. He said to me in a dry voice, "If this is a hoax, Mr. Kersh, I could recommend more profitable ways of expending the museum's time and your own. If it is not a hoax, then it is one of the literary discoveries of the century. The Americans would be especially interested in it. They could afford to buy it, being millionaires. We could not. But it is curious—most curious."

"What is it?" I asked.

He took his time, in the maddening manner of such men, and said, "Considering the advanced age of the putative author of this narrative, there are certain discrepancies in the handwriting. The purported author of this must have been an old man in about 1914, at which I place the date of its writing. Furthermore, he suffered with asthma and rheumatism. Yet I don't know. If you will allow me to make certain inquiries, and keep this holograph a few days more ——"

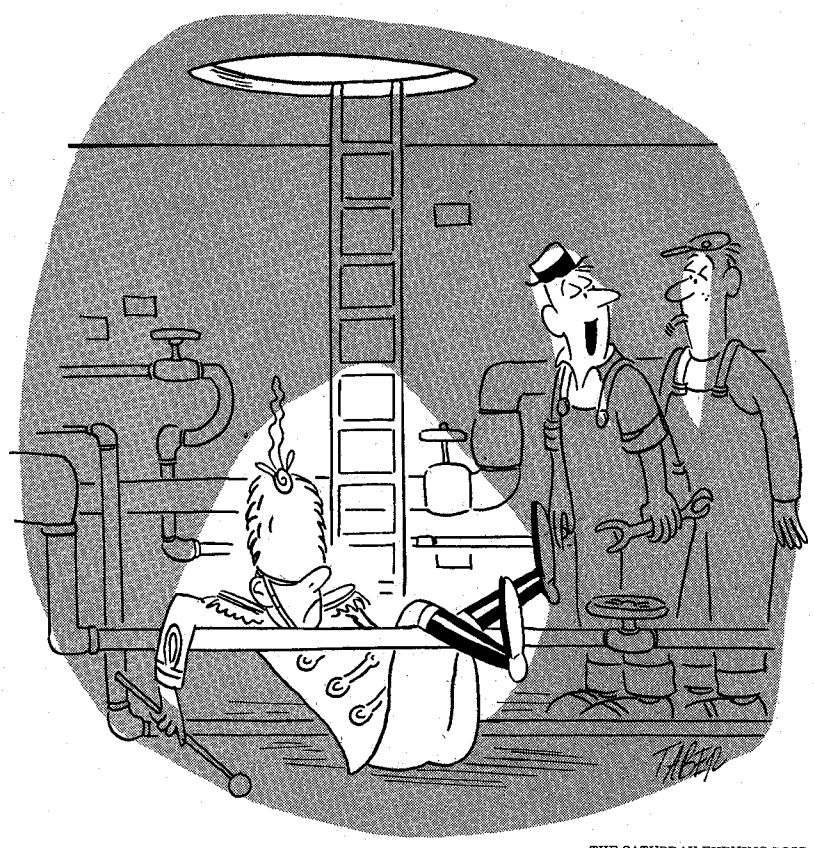
I demanded, "What man? What rheumatism? What do you mean?"

He said, "Beg pardon, I thought you knew. This"—and he tapped the plate glass—"pretends to be the last written work of the American author Ambrose Bierce. I have taken the liberty of having it photographed for your benefit. If we may keep this until next Monday or so for further investigation?"

"Do that," I said, and took from him a packet of photographs, considerably enlarged from the narrow notebook sheets.

"He was a great writer!" I said. "One of America's greatest."

The Modern Manuscripts man shrugged. "Well, well. (*Continued on Page 57*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I *thought* I heard music."

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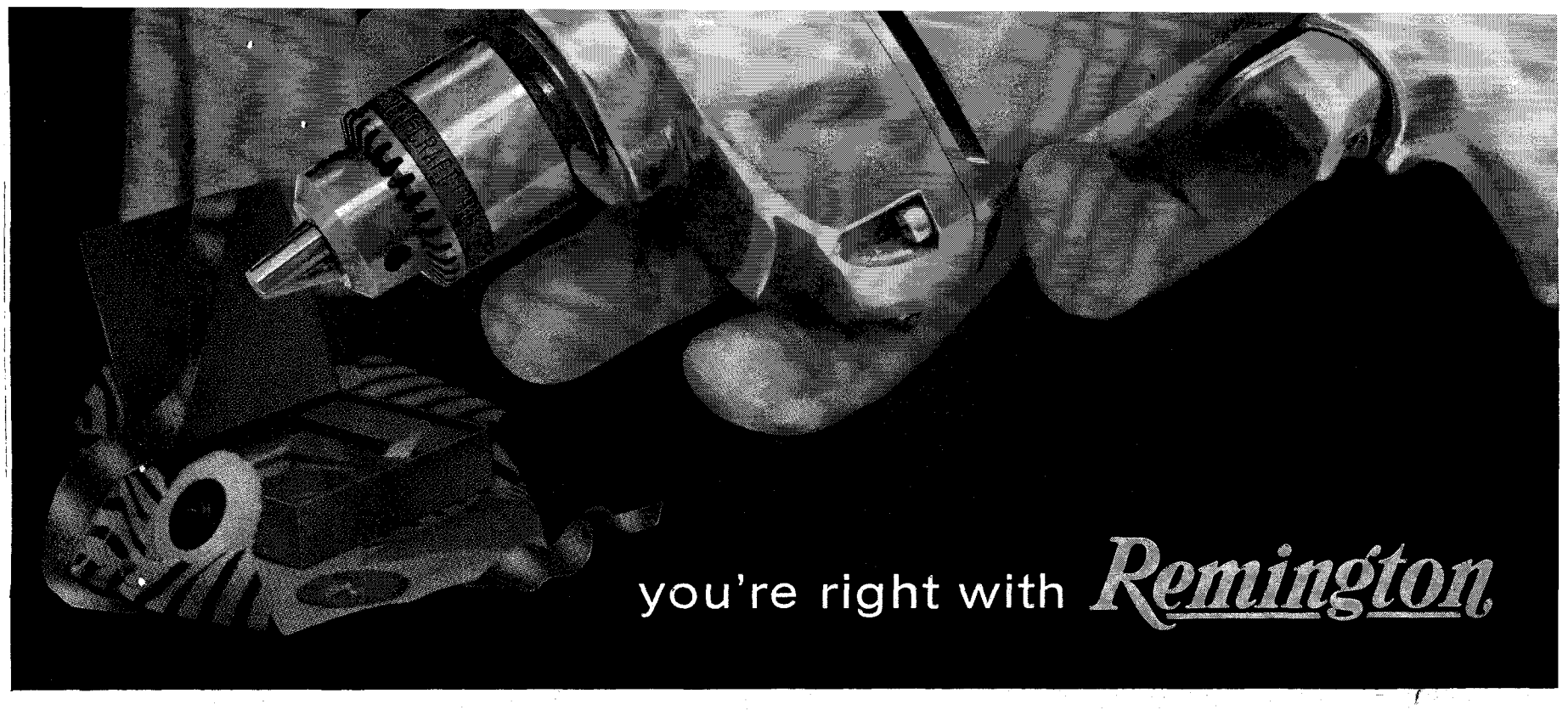

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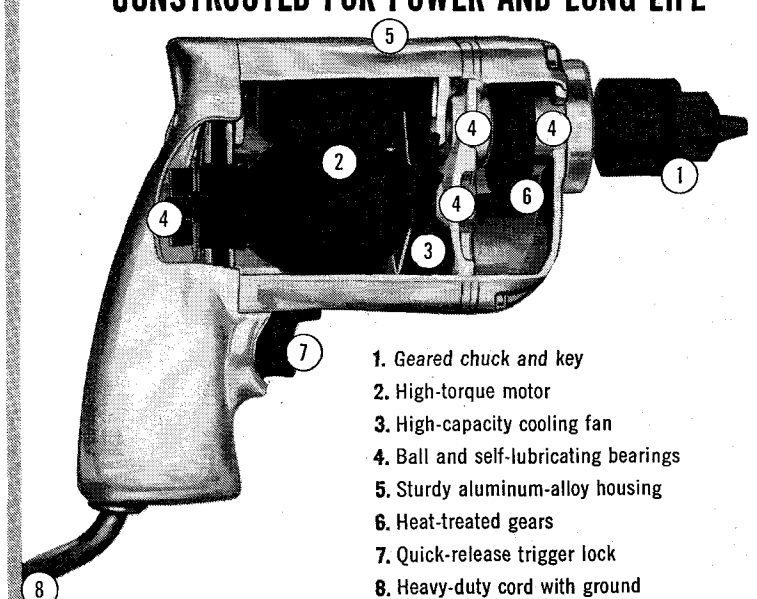

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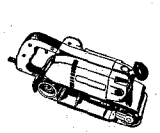

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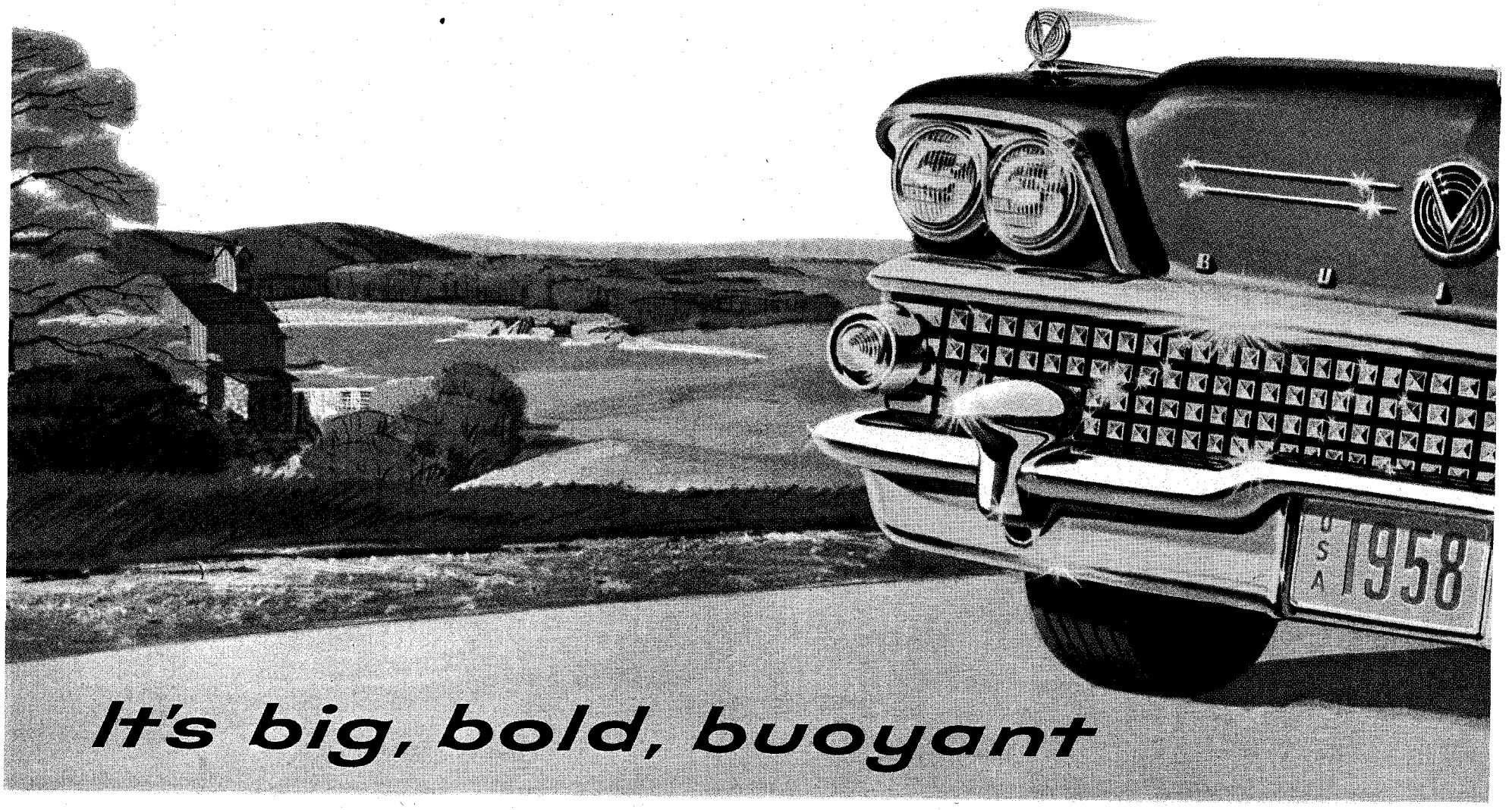

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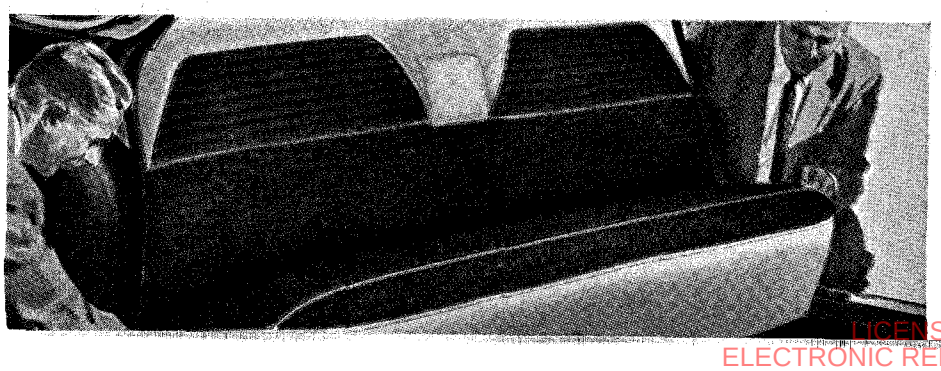

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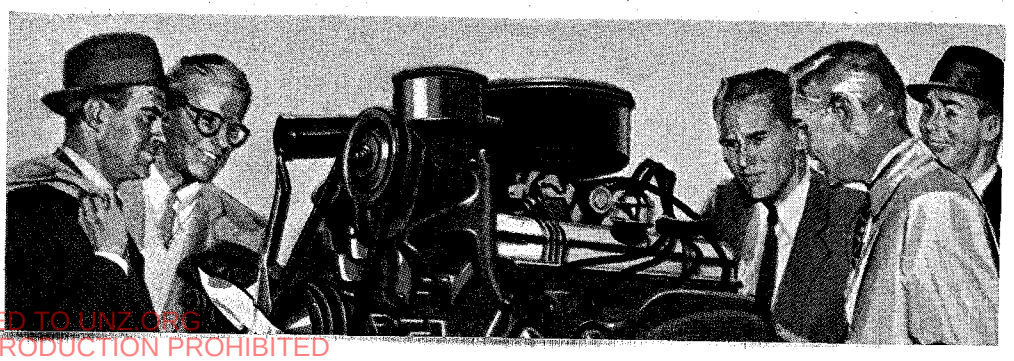

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Picture a big and spacious automobile with the heart and soul, the sparkle and spirit, the control, obedience, response and maneuverability of the sportiest sports car ever.

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For here in this straight-from-tomorrow Buick you boss a B-12000 engine as modern as the look of the car itself.

Here, behind this fresh face of fashion, you pilot a Flight Pitch Dynaflow* literally born of aircraft design.

Here, in this fabulous B-58 Buick you glide, soar, float—with a Miracle Ride plus Buick's Air-Poise Suspension.*

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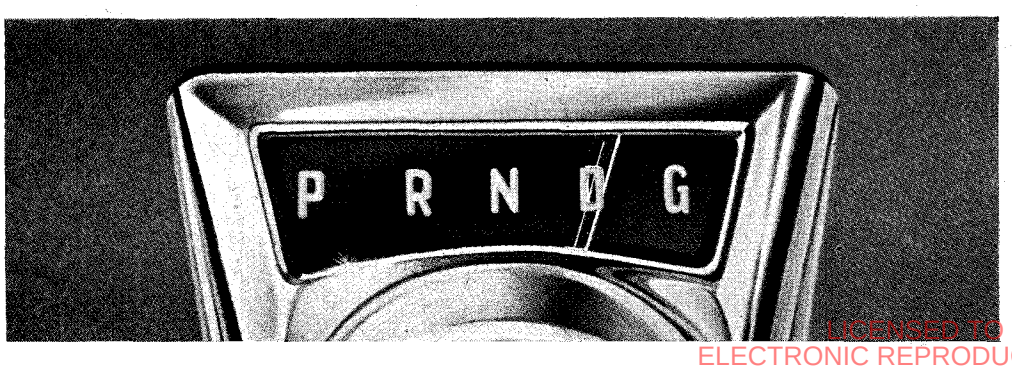
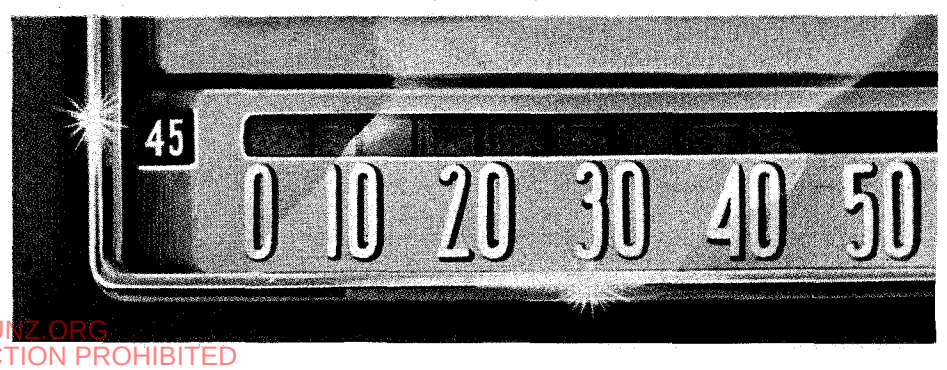


ENJOY IT ALL TO THE HILT with the one and only Buick Safety-Buzzer.* Decide on a safe, sane miles-per-hour. Roll that figure to view in the "window." If you exceed that pace—buzz-zz-z! Drop below it and the buzzing stops.



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Energy gets a brand new taste!

New Radiant-Crisp Wheaties! An exciting *new* "Breakfast of Champions" —with a tantalizing new *naturally* sweet goodness unlike anything you've ever tasted!

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All the grown-in nutrition value that only *complete* whole wheat can deliver. New Wheaties gives you *all* the good of *all* the wheat—wheat bran, wheat germ, wheat energy!

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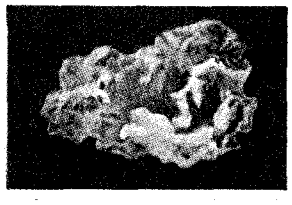
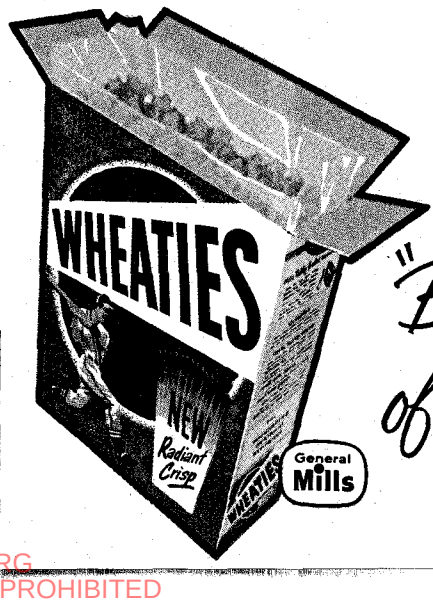
Crispness that *lasts* right to the bottom of the bowl! Here's proof that milk won't wilt New Wheaties: photo at right shows a new Radiant-Crisp Wheaties flake after soaking in milk. Still temptingly crisp and crinkly!





NEW "Breakfast of Champions"

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(*Continued from Page 52*) He was in London from 1872 until 1876. A newspaperman—a newspaperman. They used to call him 'Bitter' Bierce. When he went back to America he worked—if my memory does not deceive me—mainly in San Francisco; wrote for such publications as The Examiner, the American, Cosmopolitan and suchlike. Famous for his bitter tongue and his ghostly stories. He had merit. Academic circles in the United States will give you anything you like for this—if it is genuine. If —— Now I beg you to excuse me." Before we parted, he added, with a little smile, "I hope it is genuine, for your sake and ours, because that would certainly clear up what is getting to be a warm dispute among our fellows in the Broken Crockery Department."

And here is the manuscript found in the Oxoxoco Bottle:

Mount Popocatepetl looms over little Oxoxoco, which, at first glance, is a charming and picturesque village, in the Mexican sense of the term. In this respect it closely resembles its human counterparts. Oxoxoco is picturesque and interesting, indeed; at a suitable distance, and beyond the range of one's nostrils. Having become acquainted with it, the disillusioned traveler looks to the snowy peak of the volcano for a glimpse of cool beauty in this lazy, bandit-haunted, burnt-up land. But if he is a man of sensibility, he almost hopes that the vapors on the peak may give place to some stupendous eructation of burning gas, and a consequent eruption of molten lava which, hissing down into the valley, may cauterize this ulcer of a place from the surface of the tormented earth, covering all traces of it with a neat poultice of pumice stone and a barber's dusting of the finest white ashes.

They used to call me a good hater. This used to be so. I despised my contemporaries, I detested my wife—a feeling she reciprocated—and had an impatient contempt for my sons, and for their grandfather, my father. London appalled me, New York disgusted me and California nauseated me. I almost believe that I came to Mexico for something fresh to hate. Oxco, Taxco, Cuernavaca—they were all equally distasteful to me, and I knew that I should feel similarly about the—from a distance enchanting—village of Oxoxoco. But I was sick and tired, hunted and alone, and I needed repose, because every bone in my body, at every movement, raised its sepulchral protest. But there was to be no rest for me in Oxoxoco.

Once the traveler sets foot in this village, he is affronted by filth and lethargy. The men squat, chin on knee, smoking or sleeping. There is a curious lifelessness about the place as it clings, a conglomeration of hovels, to the upland slope. There is only one half-solid building in Oxoxoco, which is the church. My views on religion are tolerably well known, but I made my way to this edifice to be away from the heat, the flies and the vultures which are the street cleaners of Oxoxoco. In this respect it is not unlike certain other cities I have visited, only in Oxoxoco the vultures have wings and no politics. The church was comparatively cool. Resting, I looked at the painted murals. They simply christen the old bloody Aztec gods and goddesses—give them the names of saints—and go on worshiping in the old savage style.

A priest came out to greet me. He radiated benevolence when he saw that I was wearing a complete suit of clothes, a watch chain and boots, however down at heel. In reply to his polite inquiry as to what he could do for me, I said, "Why, padre, you can direct me out of this charming village of yours, if you will." Knowing that nothing is to be got without ready cash, I gave him half a dollar, saying, "For the poor of your parish, if there are any poor in so delightful a place. If not, burn a few candles for those who have recently died of want. Meanwhile, if you will be so good as to direct me to some place where I can find something to eat and drink, I shall be infinitely obliged."

"Diego's widow is clean and obliging," said he, looking at my coin. Then, "You are an American."

"I have that honor."

"Then you will, indeed, be well advised to move away from here as soon as you have refreshed yourself, because there is a rumor that Zapata is coming—or it may be Villa. What do I know?"

"Presumably, the secrets of the Infinite, padre, judging by your cassock. Certainly," I said, "the secrets of Oxoxoco. Now, may I eat and drink and go on my way?"

"I will take you to Diego's widow," said he, with a sigh. "Up there," said he, pointing to the mountain slope, "you will certainly be safe from Villa, Zapata and any other man in these parts. No one will go where I am pointing, señor—not the bravest of the brave. They are a superstitious people, my people."

"Not being superstitious yourself, padre, no doubt you have traveled that path yourself?"

Crossing himself, he said, "Heaven forbid!" and hastily added, "But you cannot go on foot, señor?"

"I'd rather not, padre. But how else should I go?"

His eyes grew bright as he replied, "As luck will have it, Diego's widow has a burro to sell, and he knows the way anywhere. Come with me and I will take you to Diego's widow. She is a virtuous woman and lives two paces from here."

The sun seemed to flare like oil, and at every step we were beset by clouds of flies, which appeared not to bother the good priest, who seemed inordinately concerned with my welfare. His "two paces" were more like a thousand, and all the way he catechized me, only partly inspired, I believe, by personal curiosity.

"Señor, why do you want to go up there? True, you will be safe from bad men. But there are other dangers, of which man is the least."

"If you mean snakes or what not ——" I began.

"Oh, no," said he; "up there is too high for the reptiles and the cats. I see, in any case, that you carry a pistol and a rifle. Oh, you will see enough snakes and cats when you pass through the Oxoxoco jungle on your way. That, too, is dangerous; it is unfit for human habitation."

"Padre," said I, "I have lived in London."

Without getting the gist or the point of this, he persisted, "It is my duty to warn you, señor: it is very bad jungle."

"Padre, I come from San Francisco."

"But, señor! It is not so much the wild beasts as the insects that creep into the eyes, señor, into the ears. They suck blood, they breed fever, they drive men mad ——"

"Padre, padre, I have been connected with contributors to the popular press!"

"Beyond the second bend in the river there are still surviving, unbaptized, certain Indians. They murder strangers slowly, over a slow fire, inch by inch."

"Enough, padre; I have been married and have had a family."

His pace lagged as we approached the house of Diego's widow, and he asked me, "Do you understand the nature of a burro, a donkey?"

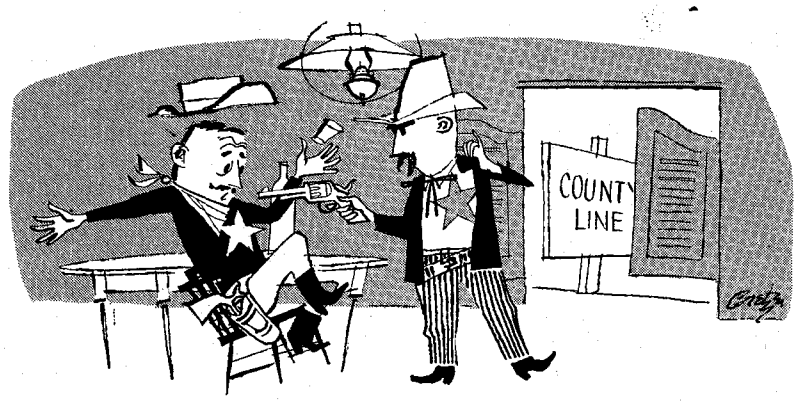
"Padre, I attended the Kentucky Military Institute."

"I do not grasp your meaning, but they are perverse animals, bless them. Tell them to advance, and they halt. Urge them forward, they go sideways."

"Padre, I was drummer boy with the Ninth Indiana Infantry."

"Ah, well, you will have your way. Here is Diego's widow's house. She is a good woman." And so he led me into a most malodorous darkness, redolent of pigs with an undertone of goat.

The widow of Diego, as the padre had said, was unquestionably a good woman, and a virtuous one. With her looks, how could she have been other than virtuous? She had only three teeth and was prematurely aged, like all the women hereabout. As for her cleanliness, no doubt she was



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Sheriff Bill trailed Killer Pete across the county line and into a barroom. Before Bill could arrest Pete, however, the local sheriff stepped up and arrested Bill for toting a gun illegally in that county.

"Sheriffs are supposed to carry guns," Bill protested on trial. "Or has all this antigun legislation been carried to the point where we are expected to capture killers with our bare hands?"

"In my county," the local sheriff retorted, "Bill isn't a sheriff. We'll catch our criminals with our own guns, thank you."

If you were the judge, would you jail Bill?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Bill went free. The court said it is the frequent practice of law officers to go beyond their territorial limits in searching out criminals, and that they are entitled under Kentucky law to carry arms in doing so.

Based upon a 1956 Kentucky decision.

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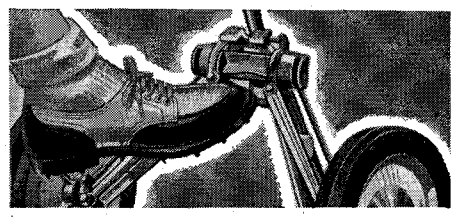

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as clean as it is possible to be in Oxoxoco. A little pig ran between us as we entered. The padre dismissed it with a blessing and a hard kick, and said, "Here is a gentleman, my daughter, who requires refreshment and wants a burro. He is, of course, willing to pay."

"There is no need of that," said the widow of Diego, holding out a cupped hand. When I put a few small pieces of money into her palm, she made them disappear like a prestidigitator, all the while protesting, "I could not possibly accept," et cetera, and led me to a pallet of rawhide strips, where I sat nursing my aching head.

Soon she brought me a dish of enchiladas and a little bottle of some spirits these people distill, at a certain season, from the cactus. I ate, although I knew that the hot red pepper could not agree with my asthma; and drank a little, although I was aware that this stuff might be the worst thing in the world for my rheumatism. The flies were so numerous and the air so dense and hot that I felt as one might feel who has been baked in an immense currant bun, without the spice.

She gave me a gourd of goat's milk and as I drank it, asked me, "The señor wants a burro? I have a burro."

"So the reverend father told me," said I, "and I hear no good of him."

"I have never seen such a burro," said she. "He is big and beautiful—you will see for yourself—almost as big as a mule, and all white. You can have him for next to nothing. Five silver dollars."

"Come now," said I. "What's wrong with this animal that has all the virtues in the world and goes for next to nothing? I have lived a very long time in all parts of the world, señora, and one thing I have learned—never trust a bargain. Speak up. What's the matter with the beast? Is he vicious?"

"No, señor, he is not vicious, but the good people in Oxoxoco are afraid of him and nobody will buy him. They called him a ghost burro, because his hair is white, his eyes and nose red."

"In other words, an albino donkey," I remarked.

At the unfamiliar word she crossed herself and continued, "And what need have I for a burro, señor? A few goats, a pig or two, a little corn—what more do I want? Come, *caballero*, you may have him for four dollars, with a halter and a blanket thrown in."

"Well, let me see this famous burro, widow. I have ridden many a ghost in my time and have been ridden by them in my turn."

So she led me to a shady place nearby where stood a large white donkey, or burro as they call them, haltered, still and seemingly contemplative.

"Where did you get him?" I asked.

The question seemed to embarrass her, but she replied, "He strayed from up there"—pointing to the mountain—"and since no one has claimed him in three years, I have the right to call him mine."

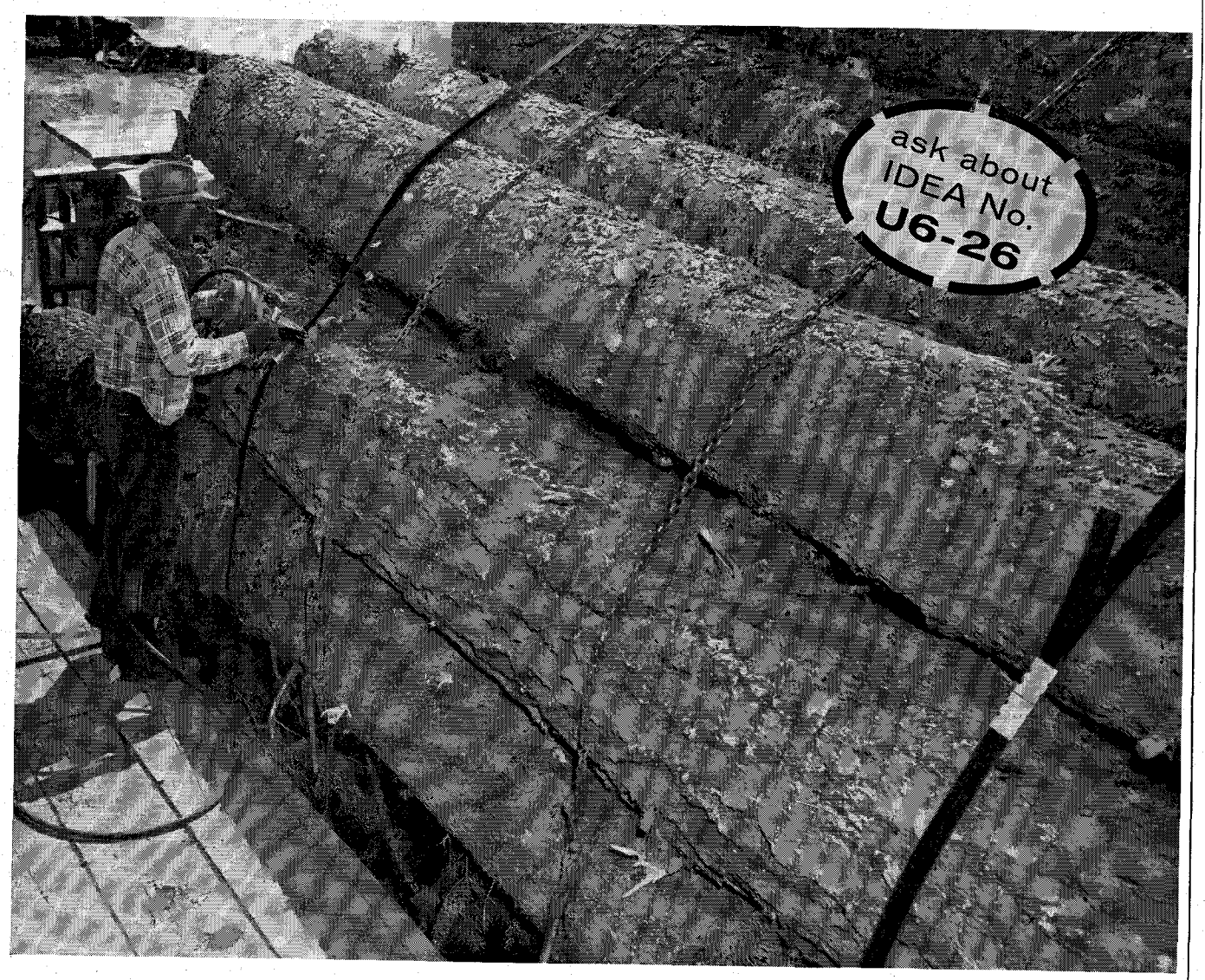
"Well," said I, "I am going up there. No doubt someone will recognize him and claim him, and I'll be short one donkey. But give me the blanket and the halter, and I will give you three dollars for the lot."

Diego's widow agreed readily. I could see what was passing in her mind: the burro was economically valueless, and if Villa broke through, which seemed likely, his commissariat would take the donkey away to carry ammunition or, perhaps, to eat. She could not hide a donkey, but she could hide three dollars. Hence, she produced an old Indian blanket and a rawhide halter. Also, she filled my canteen with water and offered me a stirrup cup of mescal, and pressed into my pockets some cakes wrapped in leaves. "Go with God, stranger," she said. "When you pass the bend in the river and find yourself in the jungle, look to your rifle. But where the path forks, where the trees get thin, turn left, not right." Then she threw over my head a little silver chain, attached to which was a small silver crucifix. I felt somewhat like the man in young Bram Stoker's Dracula—which might have been an excellent novel if he could have kept up to the quality of the first three or four chapters—but I thanked her and offered her another dollar, which she refused. Perhaps, after all, she really was a good woman, as the priest had said.

The inhabitants of Oxoxoco came out of their divers lethargies to cross themselves as I passed, mounted on the white burro. But soon I was in the jungle, following a barely perceptible path up the mountain.

I detest the indiscriminately growing, perpetually breeding, constantly rotting, useless and diseased life of the jungle. It reminds me too much of life in the poorer quarters of such great cities as London and New York. Jungles—whether vegetable or of brick and mortar—are to hide in, not to live in. Where there is too much life there is too much death and decay. The Oxoxoco jungle was full of useless forms of life. The trees grew to an immense height, racing neck and neck to the sunlight; meeting overhead and grappling with one another, branch to branch, locked in a stranglehold, careless of the murderous vines that were twining themselves about their trunks and sucking their life sap while they struggled.

There was no light, but there was no shade; only a kind of evil steam. In



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places I thought I would have to cut my way with my machete, but the donkey seemed to know his way through what, to me, seemed hopelessly impenetrable places. He paused, sometimes, to drink out of some little pool or puddle that had dripped from the foliage above. But he went on very bravely. I never spent three dollars on a better bargain, and wished now that I had not haggled with Diego's widow, who, I was by now convinced, was not merely a virtuous woman but a generous one. Or a fool. And I had reason to bless her forethought in filling my canteen with water and my pocket with cakes because three laborious days passed before the air became sweeter and the vegetation more sparse.

But long before we got out of the jungle I heard myself talking to myself, saying, "So you old fool, you have got what you deserve. Live alone, die alone." There being no unlicked journalists to puncture with my tongue, I turned it against myself; and I believe that at last I met my match in piercing acrimony, because I was tongue-tied against my own onslaughts.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Of Course Not!

Black cat, cross my path,
for I
Fear not old Superstition's
lie—
But, just the same, I'm glad
I saw
Two white toes on your left
front paw!

Grace Clyde Andrews

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Then, having drunk the last drop of my water—which immediately sprang out again through the pores of my skin—I gave myself up for lost and started to become delirious. I thought that I was back in the log cabin in which I was born in Meigs County, Ohio, with my poor crazy father and my eight brothers and sisters, and I had made up my mind to run away.

Then, miraculously, there were no more trees, and the air was clean and cold. The white burro broke into a gallop, then a trot, then a walk, and so came to a halt. I raised my drooping head and saw, standing in our path, a tall, lean man, dressed all in white, holding up a hand in an imperious gesture.

He said, in a sonorous voice, "So, you bad burro, you have come home? Well, I will forgive your going astray since you have brought us a guest." Then, to me, in pure Castilian, "Allow me to help you to dismount, señor. I fear you are exhausted, and your face is badly scratched by the thorns."

I managed to croak, in English, "For heaven's sake, water!"

Mine was the semi-imbecile astonishment of the helplessly played-out man when I heard him reply in perfect English, "Of course, sir. I am extremely thoughtless." I suppose he made some gesture, because two men lifted me very gently and put me in a shady place, while the gentleman in white held to my lips a vessel—not a gourd, but a metal vessel—of pure ice-cold water, admonishing me to drink it slowly.

It revived me wonderfully, and I said, "Sir, you have saved my life, and I am grateful to you—not for that, but for the most delicious drink I have ever tasted." Then my eyes fell upon the cup from which I had drunk. The outside was frosted, like a julep cup, but the inside was not. Then I noticed the color and the weight of it. It was solid gold.

A servant refilled it from a golden ewer and I drained it again. The gentleman in the white suit said, "Yes, it is very good water. It comes unadulterated from the snows, which are unpolluted. But your voice is familiar to me."

I was traveling incognito, but in courtesy I had to give my host some name to call me by, so I said, "My name is Mark Harte"—borrowing from two of my literary contemporaries the Christian name of one and the surname of the other. Then I fainted, but before I quite lost consciousness I heard the gentleman in the white suit utter some words in a strange language and felt myself, as it were, floating away. I know that somebody put to my lips a cup of some bitter-tasting effervescent liquid. Then, curiously happy, I fell into oblivion as lightly as a snowflake falls upon black velvet.

It was one of those sleeps that might last an hour or ten thousand years. When I awoke I was lying on a bed of the most exquisite softness, in a cool and spacious chamber simply but luxuriously furnished in a style with which I was unacquainted. There was a kind of dressing table near the window, upon which stood a row of crystal bottles with gold stoppers containing what I presumed to be perfumes and lotions. A series of garments had been laid out for me, and I put them on.

Above the dressing table hung a large beveled mirror in a golden frame, wonderfully wrought in designs which seemed at once (*Continued on Page 61*)

Drive beside enchantment on the roads of scenic Florida

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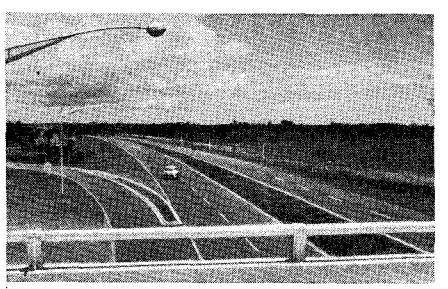

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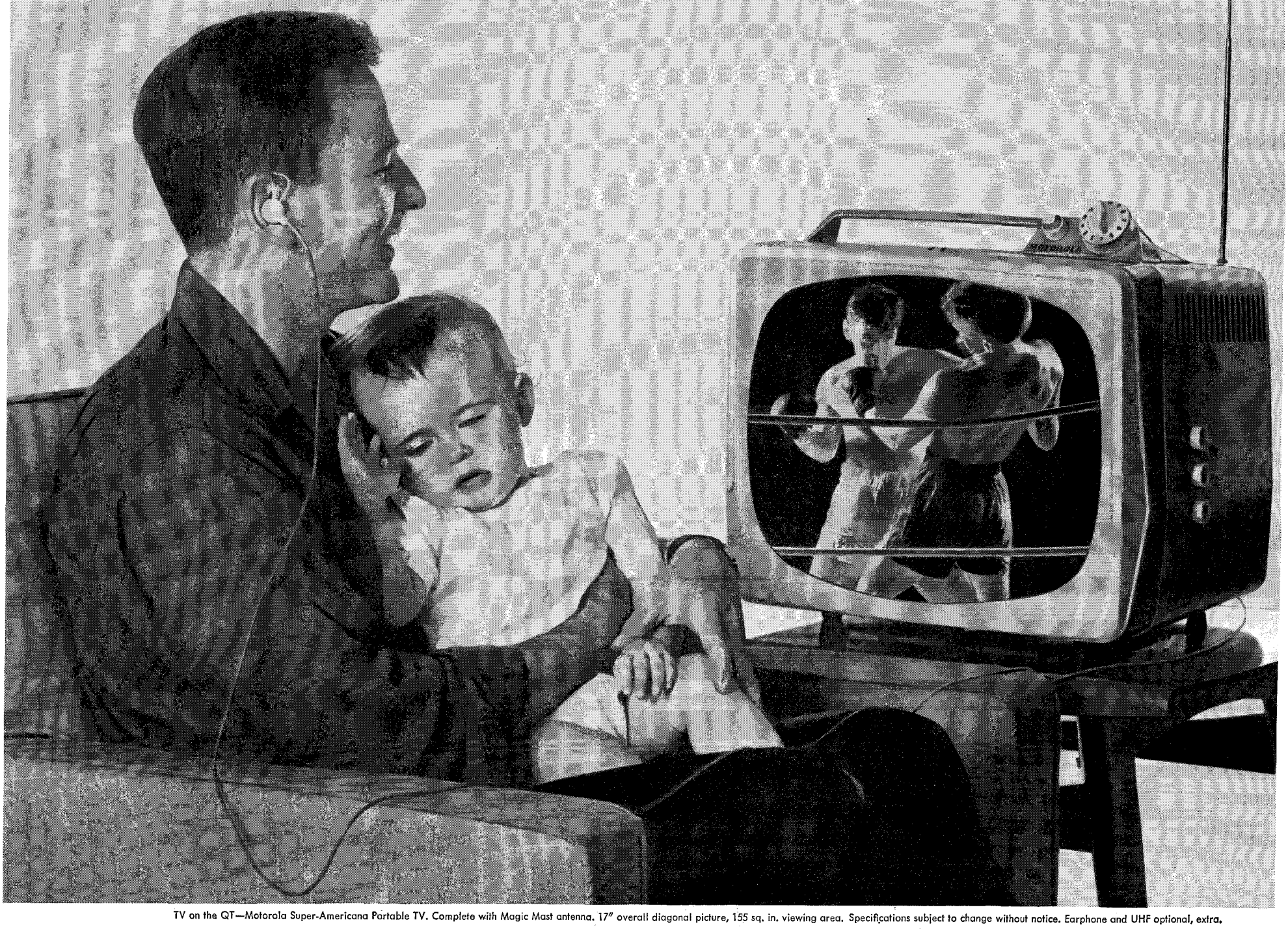

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Motorola TV

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(*Continued from Page 59*) strange and familiar. My face, in the mirror, was miserably familiar. But my month-old beard was gone. Only my mustache remained, and my hair had been trimmed and dressed exactly as it was before I left San Francisco and came to Mexico to die. There were bookshelves, also, well filled with a variety of volumes. With a shock of surprise, almost of dismay, I recognized some works of my own. Upon a low table near the bed stood a golden ewer and cup, and a little golden bell. This last named I picked up and rang.

The door opened and two servants came in, carrying between them a table covered with a damask cloth and laid with a variety of dishes, every dish of gold with a gold cover. One of them placed a chair. Another unfolded a snowy napkin, which he laid across my knees as I sat. Then he proceeded to lift the covers, while the other brought in a wine cooler of some rich dark wood curiously inlaid in gold with designs similar to those in the frame of the mirror. Everything but the wineglasses was of massive gold, and these were of crystal, that beautiful Mexican rock crystal. I picked up a champagne glass and observed that it had been carved out of one piece, as had the hock glass, claret glass, port-wine glass and liqueur glass, et cetera. Many months of patient, untiring and wonderfully skillful craftsmanship must have gone into the making of every piece. Gold never meant much to me, except when I needed it; and such a profusion of it tended even more to debase that metal in my currency. But those wineglasses, carved and ground out of the living crystal, they fascinated me.

While I was admiring them, I touched a goblet with a tentative fingernail and was enjoying its melodious vibrations when the *sommelier*, the wine waiter, went out on tiptoe and returned, wheeling a three-tiered wagon, upon every shelf of which was ranged a number of rare wines of the choicest vintages. It seems that I had touched a sherry glass; in any case, he filled the glass I had touched from an old squat bottle.

"Hold hard, my friend," I said in Spanish. But he only bowed low and made a graceful gesture toward the glass. I believe that that sherry was in the hogshead before Napoleon came to handgrips with the Duke of Wellington at Badajoz. Sherry is the worst thing in the world for rheumatism, and I meant to take no more than one sip. But that one sip filled me so full of sunlight that I felt myself responding to it as if to Spanish music, and my appetite came roaring back.

I ate as I had never eaten before. With each course came an appropriate wine. At last I was served with coffee and brandy. The table was removed. In its place they brought in a low round table, inlaid like the wine cooler, and upon a great gold tray crystal glasses, a decanter and all that goes with a Sèvres coffeepot.

Now my host came in, and I had an opportunity to observe him more closely. "I trust that you have refreshed yourself, Mr. Harte," said he.

I replied, "My dear sir, it is you who have refreshed me. Never have I, in my wildest dreams, imagined such Heliogabalian hospitality. I do not know how to thank you."

He replied, "You thank me by your presence. You reward me, Mr. Mark Harte. Let us take coffee and cognac together. I hope you slept well. I thought that it might please you, when you awoke, to find yourself looking a little more like the gentleman whose conversation I—inadvertently, but with vast pleasure—happened to overhear in the Imperial Café in London, in the spring of 1873; and later at the Ambassador, not many years ago. But do taste this brandy. It was distilled, I think, about the time when Napoleon was a cadet:

'Napoleon with his stockings half down
Is in love with Giannaconnetta.'

You heard the jingle? Yes, Mr. Harte, the wine merchants speak of Napoleon Brandy, but I possess the last few dozen authentic bottles in the world."

"You have been so kind to me," said I, "that I feel bound to tell you. My name is not Mark Harte."

"Oh, but I knew that two days ago—yes, you slept forty-eight hours—and I was quite aware that you were neither Mark Twain nor Bret Harte, nor any imaginable combination of the two. You are Mr. Ambrose Bierce and, to be frank with you, I would rather have you under my roof than the other two put together."

Always of an irritable turn, though somewhat mellowed by deep rest, good food and fine wine, I repeated what I must have said elsewhere a thousand times before: that Bret Harte was a cheap, slangy upstart who had wheedled his way; and that Sam Clemens—Mark Twain—was better, but not much, or he would never have written such a puerile work as Huckleberry Finn.

I drew a deep breath, whereupon one of my asthmatic attacks took hold of me. An asthmatic should know better than to draw a deep breath too suddenly, even when he is about to launch a diatribe against his rivals. A certain mockery pervades such occasions. You need at least two good lungfuls of air to blow up the epigram, which is, of course, the most brilliant thing that ever came to the tip of your tongue. Then your respiratory tract closes as surely as if a Turk had a bowstring about your throat, and the air you have inhaled refuses to come out. Suddenly you develop the chest of a blacksmith and the complexion of a general. It is at once the most ridiculous and the most wretched of maladies, torturing as it does sufferer and bystander alike. My host rang the little golden bell and in a moment a woman came in.

He said to her three or four words in that unknown tongue which I had heard before, and she darted away to return with a most curious bottle with three necks, a small gallipot and a vessel of boiling water. The contents of the gallipot she poured into a hole in the body of the bottle and added what I presume to be boiling water. Then, inserting two of the necks of the bottle into my nostrils and the longest neck between my lips, she applied her own lips to the hole in the body of the bottle and steadily blew. I was first aware of something disagreeably pungent. Then the pungency became pleasurable. She withdrew the bottle and I found myself breathing with a most charming sense of peace.

But my witticisms had been completely driven out of my mind.

"It is only asthma," my host said, in his powerful but gentle voice. "We can cure you of that, Mr. Bierce."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," I said. I was about to add that, with such a formula, he might make his fortune in the north, but I remembered that profusion of pure gold and said, instead, "It was that, that drove me here—that and rheumatism. I thought that the hot, high, dry air ——"

My host said, in his gentle voice, "Indeed, yes, Mr. Ambrose Bierce. You are right, as usual—and, as usual, somewhat wrong. Remember your story entitled The Damned Thing, in which you indicate that there are sounds inaudible to the human ear and colors invisible to the human eye? If my memory does not deceive me, you concluded with the words, 'God help me, the Damned Thing is of such a color!' Correct me if I am wrong. Listen, Mr. Bierce. Up here we can hear the high and the low, the squeak of the bat and the rumblings under the earth; and we know—believe me, we know." His eyes were like coals, but his face was bland as he said, "What do you know, Mr. Ambrose Bierce? Let us change the subject. Tell me of your experiences in the Oxoxoco jungle. Were you troubled?"

"Excepting hunger and thirst," I said, "not a bit. Once or twice I thought I saw some red-brown faces peering at me, but then they disappeared almost as if they were afraid of me."

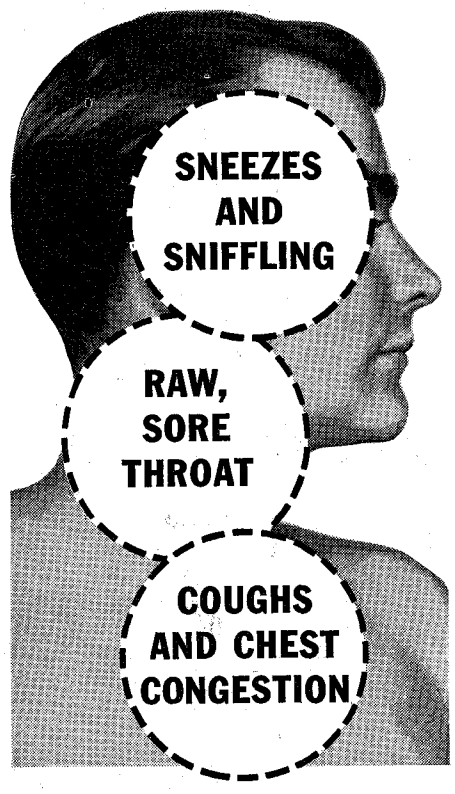
My host laughed, and said, "Do forgive me, Mr. Bierce. Those savages were

"Oh, hello, Paul—I was just thinking of you!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

STOP NEGLECTING

3 FLU OR COLD ZONES



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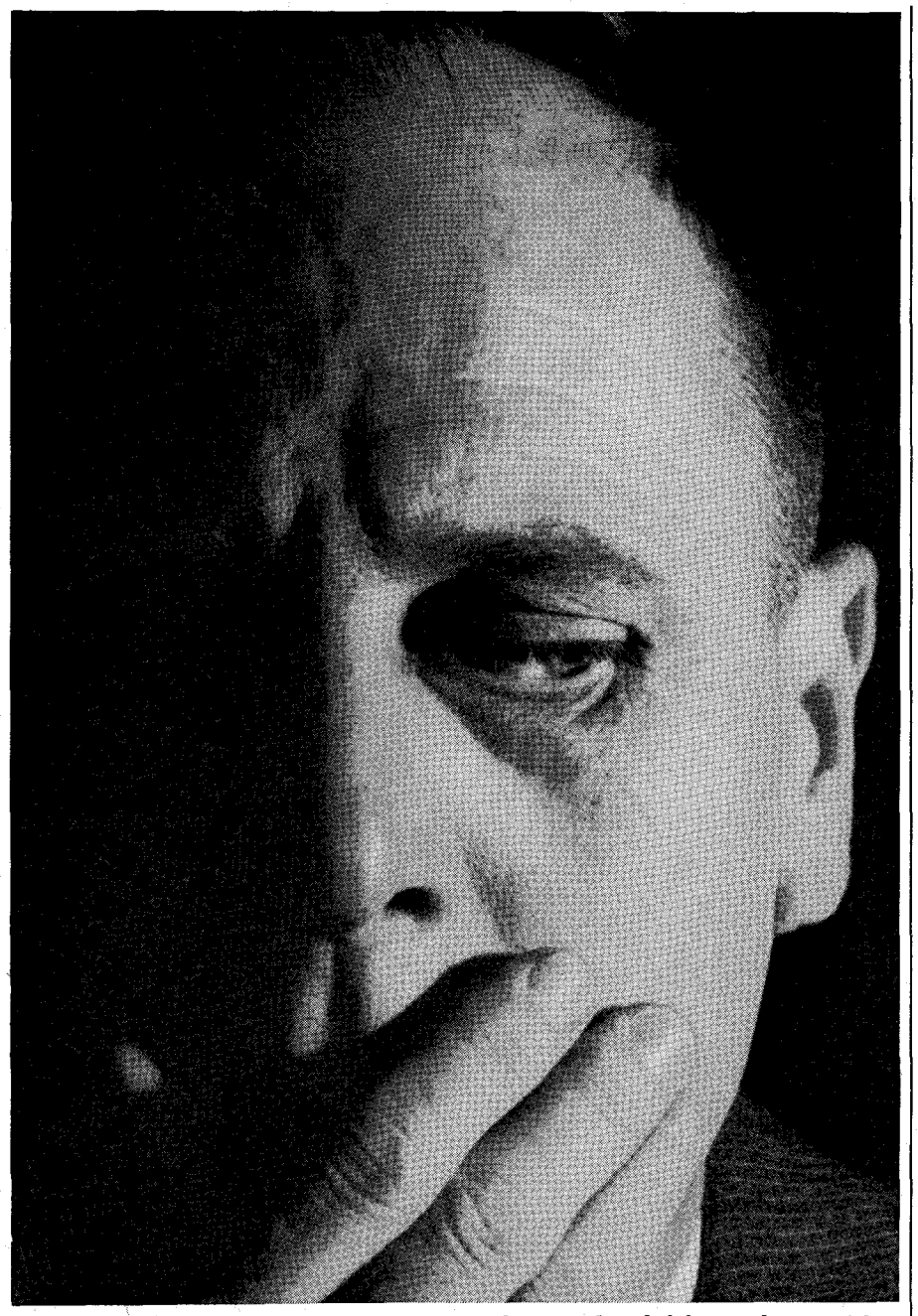

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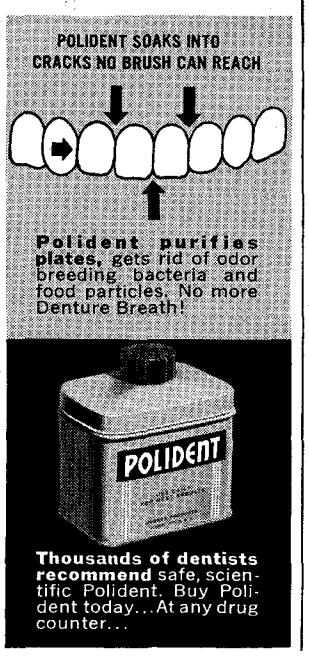
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not afraid of you; they were afraid of Tonto."

"I thought it might be my guns that frightened them, sir. But who is Tonto?"

"Tonto is a Spanish word meaning silly, irresponsible, stupid. It is the name of the burro upon which you rode here—and for bringing you, I will forgive all that perverse donkey's sins. Allow me to assure you, however, that if you had been riding any ordinary ass, both you and it, by now, would have been butchered, eaten and forgotten. Thank Tonto. When those jungle beasts see one of my white burros—and they know them, the dogs—they hide their heads." Then he mused, "Tonto was always a curiously rebellious animal. That is why we call him Tonto. Cross-grained. A donkey is not called a donkey without reason, sir." He laughed. "It would be no use beating him, even if I were so disposed. One must earn the affection of a donkey or a mule; otherwise they will stand and be beaten to death rather than take an order. Not that I have ever beaten beast or man. We are humane here, sir, and loathe violence. Mr. Bierce, sir, let it be quite plain that you do here as you will."

"I like that donkey, or burro," said I. "Somehow I find him sympathetic."

"Then he is yours," said my host.

After some interchange of courtesies, I said, "Here is something I do not understand, sir: you live here in the wilds, near a jungle inhabited by savages. Yet you live in a magnificent stone house, attended by servants who would be worth their weight in gold even in Mexico City. I speak of gold—you eat off gold platters, drink out of gold cups or glasses of pure rock crystal. You are an accomplished man; you speak several languages with remarkable purity. This I do not understand."

"Mr. Bierce, I am the head of a very ancient family, indeed—possibly the most ancient family extant upon the face of the earth. No, wait! I see springing to your lips an inquiry unworthy of you, which would not do justice to me. Did I come over with the Conquistadores? Were my predecessors with Cortes? The answer is, no. Then you will ask whether my forebears, the ancient Aztecs, came up here to escape from the Spaniards and their horses. Sir, you may believe me when I tell you that the Aztecs were mere upstarts by my family reckoning. The very house in which I have the honor of sheltering you is almost as old as the pyramids in Yucatán. Do not speak to me, sir, of the Aztecs—without entering into the detail, they were a foolish people, though numerous. My people were kings, sir, before the Aztecs crept out of the jungle. The little they knew of architecture, carving, and so forth, they derived from us. You have seen the Yucatán pyramids? Have you ever seen anything so crude? The Aztec carvings? Put your fingers in the corners of your mouth, pull, and roll your eyes. They are out of drawing, too, if you observe the limbs.

"Now, this house is made of volcanic rock—fused by the fires that die not—cut in cubes, mathematically precise, each side of the cube as long as my stride, which is about thirty-two inches. No baking, no plastering. It is not a house—humble though it may seem to you—it is an ancient jewel. The pyramids of Egypt themselves would, on analysis, look foolish beside this little house. Now you will ask me about gold, et cetera. Mr. Bierce, we have almost inexhaustible funds of gold, and take it for granted. In effect, we of the Old People scarcely regard it except as a medium of exchange, and for certain other purposes. Personally, for utility, I prefer silver. Silver, I find, is lighter and more agreeable. And while I drink out of crystal—my men grind it to its proper proportions with wet sand, as the Chinese shape jade—I prefer a mixture of silver, gold and copper for my dishes. This is firmer than tedious gold. I would like to make an admixture with tin, which might be a very good thing. But I bore you."

"I assure you, not in the least, sir," I said. "I was only about to remark that you seem to have traveled greatly. You say that you have seen me in London, in San Francisco, and so forth."

"Why not, Mr. Bierce? Necessarily so, sir. You may have observed that we live, here, in something of a civilized way. You took—and I hope you enjoyed it—champagne, for example, with your meal. Where does it come from? Necessarily, France. How do I get it? Very simple. I exchange gold, of which I have an immense supply. There you have it."

THE MEMORY LINGERS ON

A jolly good way to remember your friends and relatives this Christmas is to send gift subscriptions to The Saturday Evening Post. They are easy to order. They keep on reminding. You can buy a full year of pleasure for only six dollars—and each gift will be announced in your name with a cheery card, timed to arrive in the Christmas mail.

A handy order form is in nearly every copy of this issue.

Order now and we'll bill you later on.

"But, my dear sir, you are a man of the world. It seems to me," said I, "that you speak every language fluently, even including languages I have never heard spoken."

"Oh, I move here and there as necessity dictates. But this is my home. Not only do I speak languages, Mr. Bierce, I speak accents and dialects." Then he made a chewing motion with his jaws, let the right-hand side of his mouth droop loosely, and spoke in the accents of a Calaveras prospector, and pretended to spit as he said, "Mr. Ambrose Bierce, sir! Me and my folks sure would admire to have you for supper!"

I replied, in the same intonation, "Yes, sir, you bet!"

We shook hands in the California style. His handshake was exploratory; he seemed to be feeling my hand, joint by joint. Said he, "But we were speaking of rheumatism. We can first alleviate, then cure that. Nothing simpler, if you overcome your modesty."

"My modesty apart," said I, "what is your process?"

My host said, "There are two processes. The preliminary process is a form of massage. You have been massaged, no doubt, by shampooers in Turkish baths and Hummums in various cities. But only by ten fingers. Now, my masseuses have seventy fingers. That is to say, there are seven of them. (*Continued on Page 64*)

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(*Continued from Page 62*) Each takes a joint, a muscle or a place where certain nerves cross. The seven women—I am sorry, but only women can do it—work at the same time, in perfect co-ordination. They were trained from childhood, bred to the business. They will prepare you for the second treatment, which is sonic."

"Sonic? That, sir, should pertain to sound."

"Just so, Mr. Bierce. My masseuses will prepare you for the sound treatment that will take away the crystals that come between certain joints and fibers, and make you uncomfortable. With all your perspicacity you do not understand? Here, I'll demonstrate."

This extraordinary man now picked up a crystal water glass and threw it down. It bounced—while I winced—and rocked itself still, undamaged. He picked it up and set it on the low table, saying, "To all intents and purposes, Mr. Bierce, apart from a sudden shock this crystal is indestructible. But observe me closely."

While I watched, he rang the glass with a fingernail. It gave out a gloriously melodious note, somewhere in the scale of D major. He listened intently; then, filling his lungs, which were the enormous lungs of the man who lives in the rarefied air of the uplands, he sang into the glass precisely the same note as it had sounded. Only that one note, and he sang it with tremendous volume and power. The glass quivered, appeared to dance; then suddenly burst asunder, fell to pieces.

He said, "One must take into consideration the natural cohesion of particles. The particles, or atoms, of all matter, living or dead, are obedient to certain natural laws of cohesion. They respond to their own vibrations, Mr. Bierce. By means of sound, and sound alone, I could, for example, have made that glass very light or very heavy. And when you are relaxed, almost inert, I will find the right vibration and, by the proper application of sound, I will break the tiny nodules and disperse the antagonistic acids that cause you so much pain—with your permission, let it be understood—not without your permission."

"If you can rid me, sir, of these aches and pains as you have rid me of this asthmatic attack, you have my permission to do anything."

He rang the little golden bell. A manservant came in immediately, to whom he gave an order in that tantalizingly familiar yet utterly foreign tongue of the household. Then he said to me, in his impeccable English, "I must ask you, if you will be so kind, to remove your robe. I may say, by the bye, that the clothes in which you came have been cleaned and mended, so that they are as good as new; your boots likewise. They are in the cupboard by the door, together with your rifle, your revolver and your machete. Understand me; it is my desire that you be perfectly content. You have only to express a wish and it will be granted. You may think this odd, Mr. Bierce?"

"Delightfully so," I said.

"Yes, by common standards it is. But I am of the Old People, and we live by the spirit of the great. I have sent out messages, north, south, east and west, to my scattered family. They will assemble here in a month, and then ——"

But then eight women came into the room. An anthropologist would have been hard put to it to define their race. Presumably their heads had been bound at birth, because their skulls were curiously conical. Their faces were of the neutral color of weak coffee, and quite expressionless. While I lay on the bed, seven of them took positions around me. The eighth carried a golden bowl of some kind of aromatic oil, which she offered to the others, who steeped their hands in it.

Then began the massage as my host had explained it—inch by inch, line by line, nerve by nerve and muscle by muscle—seventy skilled fingers working in perfect co-ordination. There used to be a masseur with a red beard in the Turkish bath at Covent Garden whom I regarded as a master of his profession. He could take away indigestion, muscular pains or a headache simply by the application of his supple and intelligent hands. His name was Jim. Any one of these seven women was worth ten Jims. I had been tolerably comfortable before they went to work. But they brought to me a sense of tranquillity of which I should never have thought myself capable.

I fell asleep while they were still working. How long they worked I do not know, but the sun was setting when I awoke, and I was hungry and thirsty again. I rang my little bell, and the two men who had previously attended me came in again—this time with a larger table, which they set for two. Now my host dined with me, anticipating my every want.

"With this meal," he explained, "you may eat only white meats—merely poultry of various sorts, unborn veal, fish, et cetera. Hence, only white wine. Because, after an hour for digestion and a good cigar, you must come with me and we will complete the treatment. There will be no more rheumatism, no more arthritis, no more gout. Believe me, Mr. Bierce, we live by the spirit here, and once purged of pain and hate, relieved of the necessity to earn a living, yours is the greatest spirit of the age, and I want you to become one of us. We will make you perfect."

It was in my heart to say that I did not want to be perfect; that perfection is for saints and gods, and I had no ambition in that direction; for they used to call me "Bitter" Bierce, not without reason. Certain souls thrive on bitter fruit; only fools love sugar, only madmen hope for perfection. But I was too comfortable to argue the point, and my host had been somewhat more than kind to me. I may have been born a farmer's boy, but I have some of the instincts of a gentleman.

"A cigar, if you will, but no brandy until later. Then, anything you like. Later nothing will hurt you, Mr. Bierce. I have had a steer killed, and the filet hung; likewise a five-year-old sheep, well fed, well penned, well killed. We shall eat the saddle."

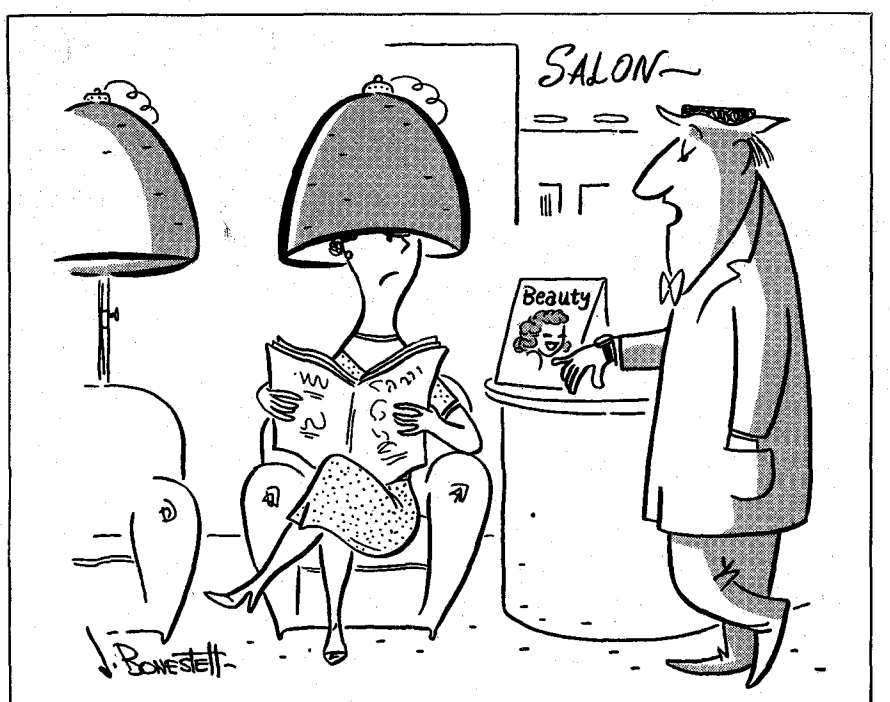
So, eventually, having dressed me in a suit similar to his own, he led me through a labyrinth of corridors, down and down from door to door, into the bowels of the mountain, and there we came into a great cave. One might put St. Paul's dome in London, entire, into the dome of St. Peter's in Rome, but St. Peter's itself might have been lost in the vastness of that cave. It was occupied by something, the sight of which impelled me to ask, "Is this an organ, sir?"

"An organ of a kind," said my host, "But of such a kind that I venture to say that it's like will never be seen again. I suppose you know that the Indians in Yucatán, et cetera, have what they call 'water pipes.' These are a series of pottery jars of varying sizes, to the tops of which are attached a certain kind of whistle. By means of a primitive sort of spigot, they regulate a flow of water into the largest jar, first of all. The water, rising, compresses the air, which, being forced out through the whistle, makes a certain sound—what time the water, having reached a certain level, pours into the next jar, and so on, until the air is full of mysterious music. It must be," he mused, "a race memory. Crude, yes; primitive, unquestionably. But derived from the Old People, who used sound in its proper application before Atlantis sank into the sea. Now these things which seem to you to be the pipes of some colossal organ are water pipes. They are gray only with the incrustations of age, but they are mostly of pure gold. The largest one, which is about the size of five hogsheads, is of massive gold. The next is of silver. The following five are of gold and bronze. There are ninety-three in all. You yourself, Mr. Bierce, have written of colors the human eye cannot see, and sounds the human ear cannot hear. You cannot hear the great pipe because it is too deep; and you cannot hear the ninety-third pipe, which is thinner than a pencil, because its note is higher than the squeak of a bat. Now you must take off your clothes and lie down on this pallet. Shut your eyes, open your mouth and wait while I control the flow."

I asked, "What happens now?"

"There are sounds which it is not vouchsafed to man to hear, Mr. Bierce. You won't hear them; you will scarcely feel them. Breathe deeply, and let us have done with discussion. Listen and tell me what you hear."

"I hear," I said, "a pouring of water. A tinkling of water conjoined to something strangely (*Continued on Page 66*)



"What time do you blast off?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Du Pont answers your questions about "Wash 'n' Wear"

Q. *What is a wash and wear shirt?*

A. Just this: a shirt which can be washed, hung dripping wet to dry and worn again right off the hanger with little or no ironing required. It keeps its neat appearance during wear, resists wrinkles even in muggy weather. A shirt properly made with 65% or more "Dacron"* polyester fiber has wash and wear convenience and neatness-retention for the life of garment.

Q. *Is it easy to wash these shirts?*

A. Yes, by hand or machine. Avoid wringing or twisting the shirts unnecessarily. When washing by machine, remove shirts before the spin-dry cycle. Then, just hang them dripping wet to dry on non-staining wood or plastic hangers. Smooth out collars, cuffs and seams while dripping wet.

Q. *Do wash and wear shirts need ironing?*

A. Little or none. If you wish, occasional touch-up ironing is fast and easy with a steam or dry iron at low setting.

Q. *Do wash and wear shirts need starching?*

A. No. Because wash and wear shirts made with 65% "Dacron" are so resilient, they stay neat without stiffening starches. This means extra comfort in this very comfortable shirt.

Q. *Can wash and wear shirts be sent to a commercial laundry?*

A. Yes. As in most fine garments, the fabric content should be called to the attention of the laundry in order that it may handle these shirts according to prescribed methods.

Q. *Do all clothes made with Du Pont fibers have these wash and wear advantages?*

A. No. The fiber content is only one of several factors required for wash and wear performance. Du Pont fibers are often used to make fabrics that give you easy-care advantages but are not wash-wear. Your best bet is to look for the label marked 65% "Dacron", 35% cotton in shirts made and sold by quality manufacturers or stores.

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabric or shirt shown here.

DRESS RIGHT...you can't afford not to!
MEMBER: AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR, INC.

DU PONT
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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THIS CHRISTMAS give every man on your gift list these luxurious shirts of 65% "Dacron" polyester fiber blended with 35% cotton. You can choose from a wide variety of handsome colors in smart collar styles. You'll find comfortable, wash and wear shirts made of "Dacron" blended with cotton featured at fine stores all over the country.

Great gift for men...luxurious, long-wearing wash 'n' wear shirts of "Dacron" and cotton

This year, give him a really special shirt, one he'll wear with pride. Give him the shirt that stays remarkably fresh and wrinkle-free all day long . . . the shirt that's superbly comfortable and rich in appearance . . . the shirt that has the new convenience of wash and wear. Little or no ironing is needed. You give him these special advantages and more when you give him shirts of 65% "Dacron"* polyester fiber and 35% fine cotton. Get them now at his favorite store.

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or shirt shown here.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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(*Continued from Page 64*) compounded of melody and thunder."

"Aha! The great pipe fills. Now wait."

My host held to my lips that bitter, effervescent drink which I so clearly remembered and then, as it were through a veil, I sensed an agreeable numbness while, from basso to alto, the pipes made their music. I felt them rather than heard them. The first sensation was in the back of my head, in my cerebellum; then it was in my wrists and my elbows, my hips and knees and ankles. Soon this fabulous vibration, controlled as it was by my host, as it seemed, took hold of the front of my throat. If I had the will of ten men I could not have resisted this spell. It is not that I swooned—I very gently became unconscious.

It is common knowledge that I am a man of a certain strength of will. I held onto my senses as long as I could; was aware of strange vibrations in all my joints; and finally floated out of the world in a black sleep. The last thing I remember in this gigantic cave was the intolerably thin whistle of the smallest pipe, queerly compounded with the dull thunder of the great pipe. It was as if I were melting.

"We only want your spirit," said my host.

I could not speak, but I remember saying within myself, "I hope you may get it."

Soon the music died. All I could hear was a sound of water running away. Somebody wrapped me in a soft blanket and I was carried away again, back through those labyrinthine passages, to my bedroom, where I fell into a profound slumber.

I did not awaken until about noon next day. One of my silent attendants led me to a bath of warm water delicately perfumed with something like sandalwood. Again they had shaved me while I slept. He had laid out a fresh white suit, a fine silk shirt and a black cravat. Studs, cuff buttons and scarf pin were of matched pearls. He was setting the table again, so that I had my choice of a dozen dishes. My host came in when I was dressed.

"Now, Mr. Bierce," said he, "confess that our treatment is efficacious."

"I never felt so well in all my life," I said.

"I dare say not. And you will feel better yet. We shall not need to repeat yesterday's treatment. Only, after you have taken luncheon and rested a little, I might advise the use of the bottle again. Two or three repetitions, and there will be an end to your asthma. Your rheumatism, sir, you may regard as cured forever, but if you will allow me, I shall have the Seven Sisters repeat the massage every night before you retire, to make you plump and supple. Repose, repose—refresh, refresh! Pray be seated with a good appetite. Will you take a glass of sherry with me? Aha—here, I see, is this saddle of mutton. You must try it. It is of Welsh breed. Do you prefer capers or red currant jelly? You must eat, Mr. Bierce, and relax and be happy. Soon my family—what is left of it—will be here, and then we shall have a real feast, and you shall be one with us. Allow me to serve you."

After we had drunk each other's health, he left me. The mutton was excellent. I also ate something which, if it was not real Stilton cheese matured with port wine, was remarkably like it. I opened the cupboard by the door and there, indeed, were my old clothes, rejuvenated. Only they had thrown away my old straw sombrero and replaced it with a magnificent Panama lined with green silk. There was my rifle, cleaned and oiled, and my revolver too; both fully loaded. My machete stood in its scabbard, but they had burnished the leather with a bone, as soldiers in England burnish their bayonet scabbards, so that it shone like glass. For my convenience, my host had placed next to it a walking stick of some rare jungle vine with a handle of pure gold in the form of a lizard with emeralds for eyes. So I put on my hat and picked up the stick and prepared to go for a walk.

An attendant conducted me into the open. The air was keen and refreshing. Far below lay the dense and fetid jungle, but up here everything was sweet and fresh. I saw that the house, although it was only one story high, covered an immense area. Some distance away there stood a smaller, somewhat humbler house, which, as I guessed, was for the servants. Beyond, there were erected other buildings, all of that ancient, diamond-hard volcanic stone. From one of these buildings came the braying of an ass. I strolled over. There were horses and mules, all white; and, segregated, a number of white burros, all beautifully clean and well fed. I called, "Hello there, Tonto!"

Sure enough, my old friend that I had bought for three dollars, blanket and halter and all, came running toward me to be stroked. I spoke to him with affection. "Well, Tonto, old friend," said I, "I believe I owe you a debt of gratitude, little burro, because you certainly did me a good turn when you brought me here. Yes, Tonto, you and I must have something in common. A restlessness, eh? Eh, Tonto? A misanthropy? Which, I wonder, is the donkeyest donkey of us two? You must be an ass, you know, to run away from a cozy crib like this to go to Oxoxoco—however virtuous Diego's widow may be. So long, my friend; so long, Tonto." Then I went slowly back to the house, twirling my stick.

But I was aware of a vague disquiet, which I could not define. My host was waiting for me. He too, was wearing a Panama hat, but the handle of his walking stick was of a translucent, glowing red.

He saw my curious glance and said, "It is cut out of a solid ruby. In Paris, say, a ruby like this would be worth a fortune. Here, its value is merely symbolical. Here, let us exchange walking sticks. Carry it in good health, I beg." He took away my gold-headed stick and pressed into my hand the ruby-headed one. I have seen rubies one-twentieth of the size that were valued at ten thousand dollars. Then, with many compliments, he, followed by the two attendants, conducted me to my room, saying, "You must rest. Yesterday's treatment shakes the very fabric of one's being. You have lived in England. Have you acquired the English habit of taking afternoon tea? In any case, it shall be sent up, with buttered toast and cinnamon buns. I want to see you plump and hearty, Mr. Bierce, solid and vital, bursting with life. You must not overexert yourself."

"I was not, sir. I was only making my courtesies to the burro that brought me here."

"Ah, little Tonto? He is an unpredictable burro, that one; temperamental, spasmodically seized with an itch to travel. Please rest, and if there is anything at all that you desire, you have only to ring the bell. But before you lie down"—he beckoned and an attendant brought a cup of that bitter, effervescent stuff—"drink this. It relaxes the nerves, it is good for the blood and improves the appetite. In a manner of speaking, it loosens and clarifies the spirit."

I drank it and lay down. But even as the soporific effect of that draught took hold, disquietude came back. I was on the verge of sleep when I sat up and snapped my fingers, having hit upon the cause of it. Simply, I was too contented—a condition to which I was unaccustomed, and which aroused in me the direst suspicions. Maddeningly incomplete yet indescribably sinister thoughts passed through my mind. In spite of the comforts with which I was surrounded and the charming courtesy and respect with which I was treated, I felt that something, somewhere, was wrong—wrong in a mad, unearthly way.

However, I slept very peacefully and awoke only when the seven masseuses and their cupbearer came in. Again, when I was massaged and dressed, the attendants brought the table and my host came in, smiling.

"I will wager," said he, "that you feel as you look—thirty years younger. I am delighted to see you looking so well, and I hope that you will do justice to the filet. My little herd is of interesting stock, part Hereford, part Scottish. I keep it only for my table, of course."

"I have the appetite of an ostrich," said I, "and his digestion too. I am sure that I am getting fat."

"By the time the rest of my family are gathered here you will be in perfect condition, Mr. Bierce. Then we will have a true banquet"—he stopped himself abruptly and added—"of the spirit—of the spirit." He looked at me with curious intensity and begged me to try an avocado pear with a particularly rich and savory stuffing.

In spite of my nameless misgivings, I ate like a fifteen-year-old boy. My host dined with me, but tonight he seemed to be beset with a kind of neurasthenic lassitude. He said, "I am in low spirits this evening. Yes, I am in need of spiritual refreshment. Ah, well, it will not be long now." And he poured me a glass of that superlative cognac, saying, "I will take one glass with you, and then I must sleep. You must rest too. In a little while they will bring you your draught, and so good night and pleasant dreams to you."

But I did not drink my draught that night. I say, I was weary of idleness and contentment, and wanted to think. I drowsed a little, however, and should eventually have slept, but then a frightful thought occurred to me, which jerked me like a hooked fish, cold and wet with panic, into bright consciousness. I remembered what my host had said when he had imitated the accents of the California squatter: "Me and my folks sure would admire to have you for supper," and the peculiar expression of veiled mockery that flashed across his face when he said it. Then, I remembered all his talk about the banquet, the impending "feast of the spirit," and I recalled again certain cannibalistic practices of some ancient races, who believe that partaking of a portion of the flesh of a dead friend or enemy, they absorb some of his spiritual and intellectual attributes. And now I began to understand the deadly terror in which the people up here were regarded. Also I perceived for the first time the nature of the pleasant-smelling oil with which I had been so carefully shampooed; I detected in its odor thyme, sage, basil, marjoram, hyssop and mint—herbs, in fact, which belong not to the art of healing but to the art of cookery. This was enough ——

So, to clear my thoughts and to pass the time, I wrote the above in my notebook. I propose, in case I am caught and searched, to roll these thin pages into a tight little scroll and put it where no one will ever think of looking for it—into one of the necks of the inhaler bottle which stands on my dressing table. Then I will put on my own clothes, take up my old arms, go to the stable and call the burro, Tonto. He found his way to Oxoxoco once; he may do so again. One thing is certain: no savage will touch me while I am mounted on his back. And once in the jungle, given a three hours' start, I shall have nothing but thirst to fear. I am reluctant to leave the stick with the ruby head, but, although I was born an Ohio farmer's boy, nevertheless I trust I have the instincts of a gentleman. In any case, with my other equipment, I shall find it inconvenient to carry. The moon is setting. Rifle, revolver, machete, canteen; and then, to horse.

(Signed) AMBROSE BIERCE.
May (?) 1914.

And that is the manuscript that was found in the Oxoxoco Bottle. The authorities have been reluctant to publicize it, for fear of a hoax. The farce of the Piltdown skull still rankles in many academic minds. But, in my opinion, it is genuine. The holograph is undoubtedly in Ambrose Bierce's writing. The fact that it is no longer the writing of an old man may be attributed to the circumstances that he was relieved of his rheumatism up there, when the man in the white suit was making him "perfect" for the ghoulish "spiritual supper."

But exactly how one of the greatest American writers of his time died we still do not know. It may be—I hope not—that they pursued him and led him and Tonto back. It may be that he died in the jungle. It may be that he reached Oxoxoco and there—as is generally believed—was shot by Pancho Villa. One thing is certain, and that is that the gentleman in the white suit, his house, his riches and his tribe were wiped out when there was an earthquake some years later, and now are covered by an unknown depth of hard volcanic rock, so that no solution is to be looked for there.

Still I am convinced that this is the only authentic account of the last days of "Bitter" Ambrose Bierce. THE END

... ...

Tucking Him In

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

So, too, I think, did Mary
late at night
Stop for a moment on her
way to bed
To put a small boy's tumbled
blankets right
And smooth the crumpled
pillow at His head;
Then stand a while as I
have often done
To look upon a moonlight-
haloed face
With loving awe, and ask
herself, "Whose son
Was ever half so fair or full
of grace?"
For though in almost twice
a thousand years
Much in our world has
changed for good or ill,
Proud mothers, no whit
wiser for the tears
Their kind has always shed,
and always will,
Have altered not at all from
what they were
When these same stars shone
down on Him and her!

... ...

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

17 in. (diagonal measurement)—154 sq. inches of picture area. Comes in Blue and Mist Gray, Mahogany and Tan, Sea and Mist Green, Anniversary Gold and Ivory. Model 17P1331 shown.

The gift they'll take to their hearts...and everywhere!

General Electric Big-Screen Portable — the portable that — when tested — pulled in a sharp picture 62½ miles from the station.

Here's the most exciting—and most practical—gift you can put under your family's tree! *Here's a television set that works wherever a console will, yet goes where a console won't.*

It's only 30 pounds (the lightest of big-screen portables). Yet in actual tests in New Jersey, it brought in a sharp, clear picture 62½ miles from the station, using its own built-in, telescoping antenna.

We do not claim this performance in every locality — it depends on local conditions. At any rate, it works wherever a console will, because the new tetrode tuner gives greater picture power than before.

It's got General Electric's new 110° aluminized picture tube, too. This gives it the new Slim Silhouette—a mere shelf-deep 15 inches. Yet the picture's 11 sq. inches larger than before. The controls are on top—out of the way; the handle's retractable.

Stop in and see it at your dealer's now—you'll settle all your Christmas shopping.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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Retail prices will include Federal excise tax, one-year warranty on picture tube, 90 days on parts. UHF at small additional cost. Prices subject to change without notice. General Electric Company, Television Receiver Dept., Syracuse, New York.

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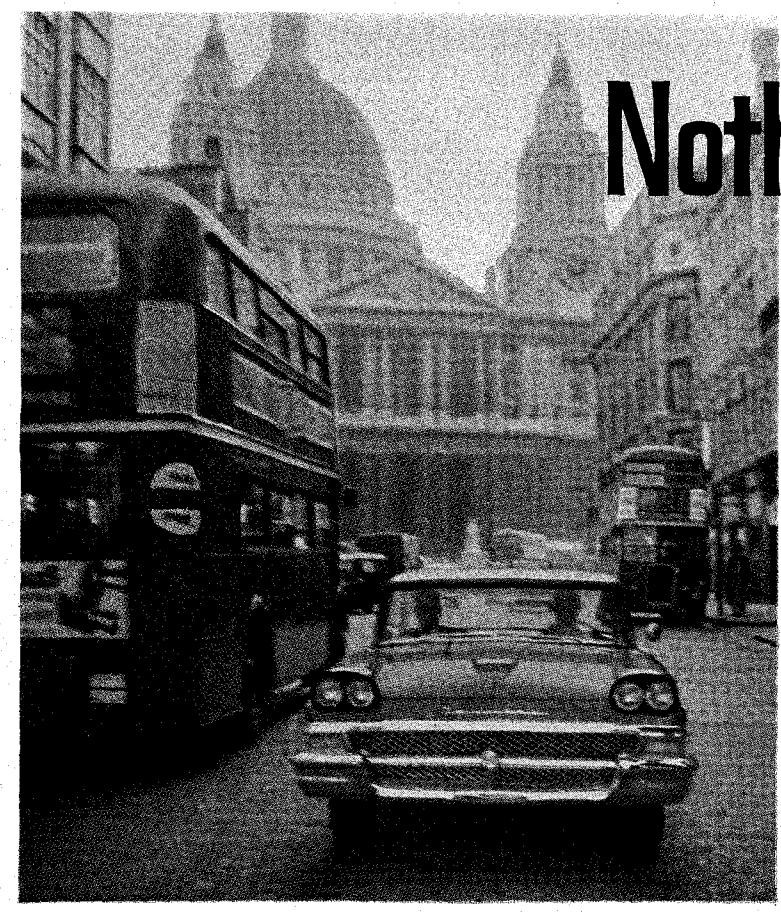
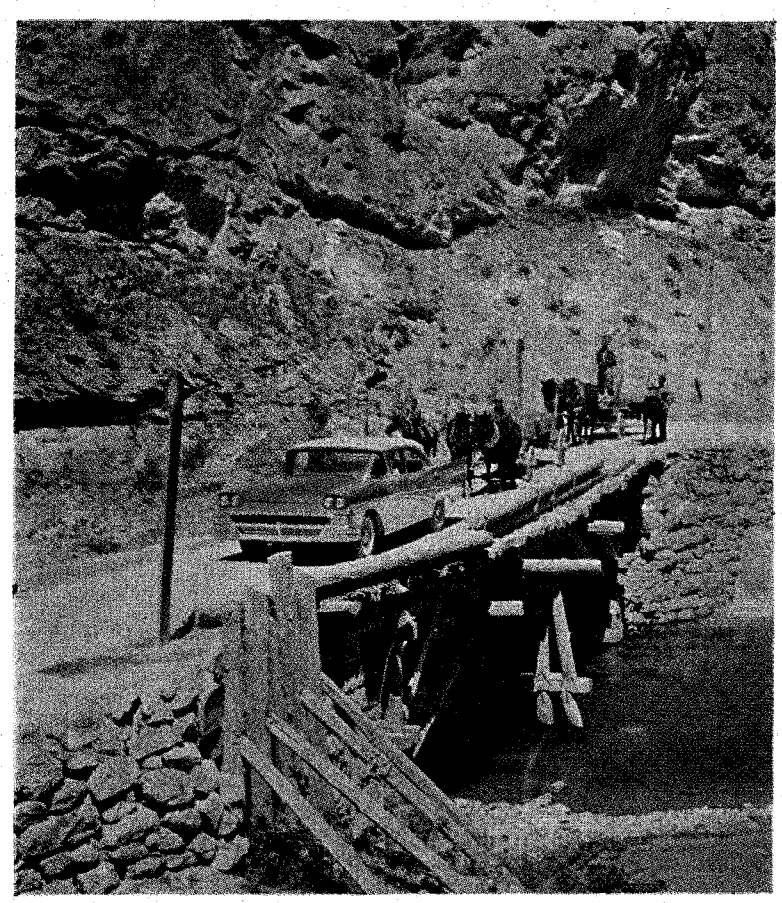
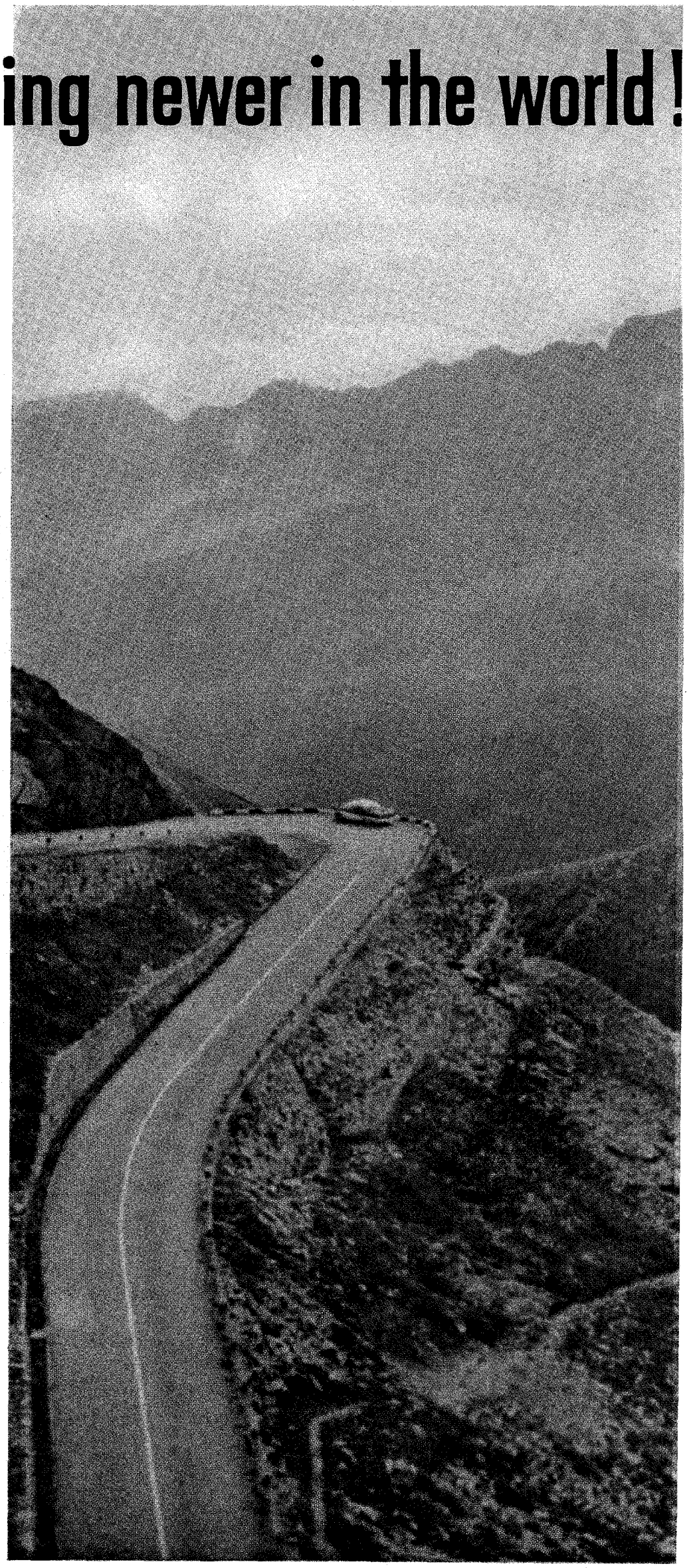
Nothing newer in the world!



A lively leader in London traffic. Take-offs were crisp; praise was enthusiastic on the 58 Ford's triumphal world trip. Cruise-O-Matic's nimbleness cut traffic down to size. Even the most reserved Londoners agreed Cruise-O-Matic driving was a *smooth* cup o' tea!



A honey to handle on Yugoslavia trails. They never knew what to expect, but there was never a doubt in the world that the 58 Ford could handle it! Cruise-O-Matic's *extra* driving range really "tracked" on loose footing. New Magic-Circle Steering was easy as pointing. New Safety Twin headlights made night driving safer.



Powerful climber in the Swiss Alps. Ford's new Interceptor V-8 breathed easy even in the thin mountain air—the supreme test of Precision Fuel Induction, Ford's new carburetion, manifolding and combustion system.

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CRUISE-O-MATIC DRIVE

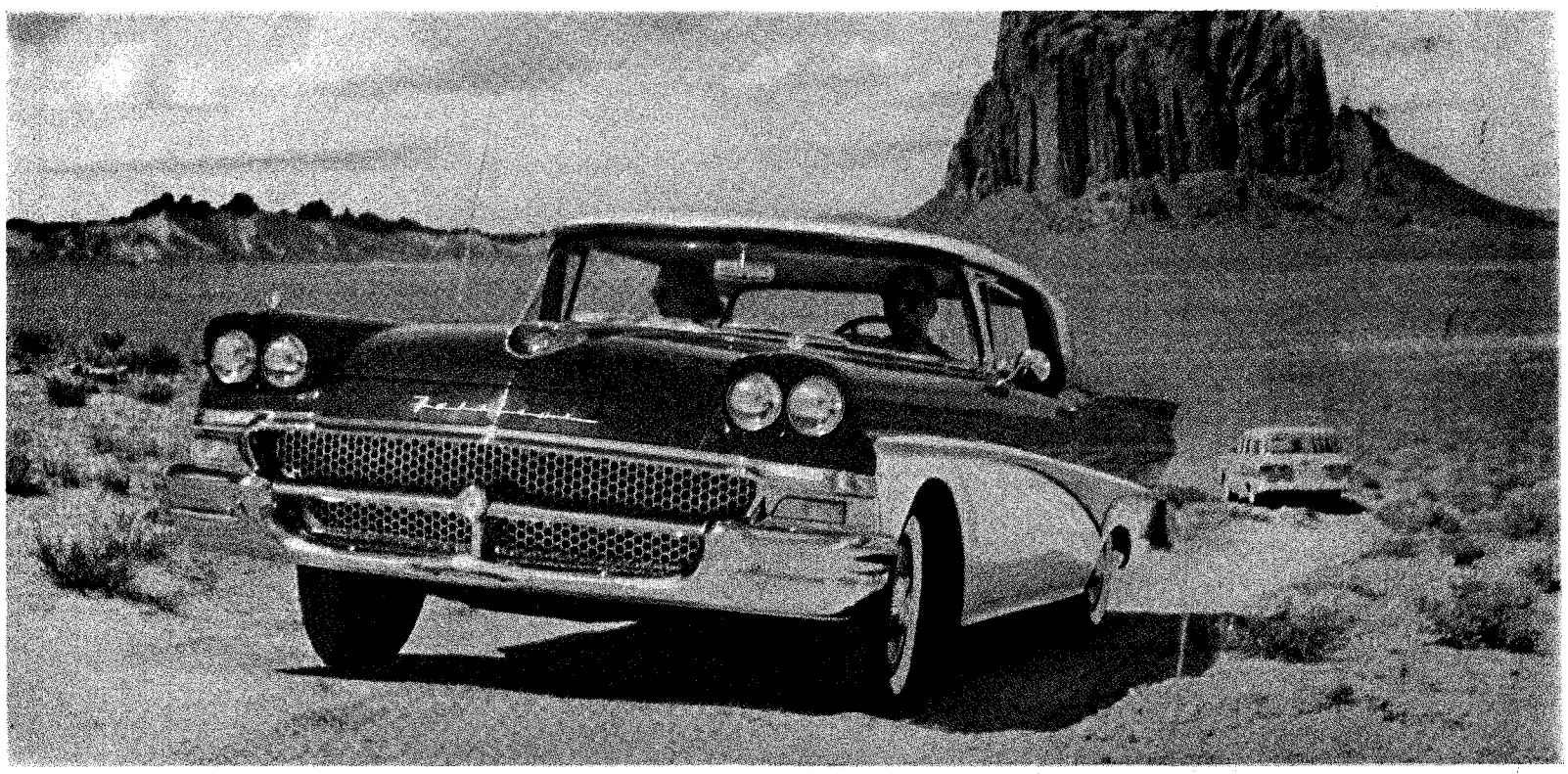
Style-approved in Paris. *Voilà!* From the new Ford's Power-Flow hood to its sculptured rear deck, the fashion-conscious Parisians agreed there is nothing newer, nothing finer.

Proved around the world... Ford's new automatic drive teamed with the great new Interceptor V-8 gives up to 15% more gas savings

In all the world there never was a trip like this. But, then there never was a car like the 58 Ford with Cruise-O-Matic Drive! Automagically you can go from crisp, clean starts to turnpike cruising speeds as smooth as Italian silk. Or, step out smartly from a standing start on ice, gravel or snow that would slow a Swiss mountain goat.

There's "built-in" overdrive economy, too. Teamed with Ford's new Interceptor V-8, Cruise-O-Matic utilizes a new low axle ratio . . . saves up to 15% more on fuel!

Want more proof of Cruise-O-Matic's versatility? Take a ride at your Ford Dealer's! There's nothing newer!



And back home on the American road, there's nothing newer in the world! Drive the new 58 Ford over the roughest back-country roads . . . or through the heaviest hometown traffic . . . and you'll find there's nothing newer in good looks, performance, ride, or handling ease. With Ford's new 4-Way Swept-Back Ball-Joint Front Suspension and new Even-Keel Rear Suspension you ride smoother and softer than ever before . . . you enjoy steady, sure-footed cornering for all-passenger comfort. Try it at your Ford Dealer's—check those *low*, *low* prices!

PROVED AND APPROVED AROUND THE WORLD

58 FORD

The first car ever to use the whole world as a test track

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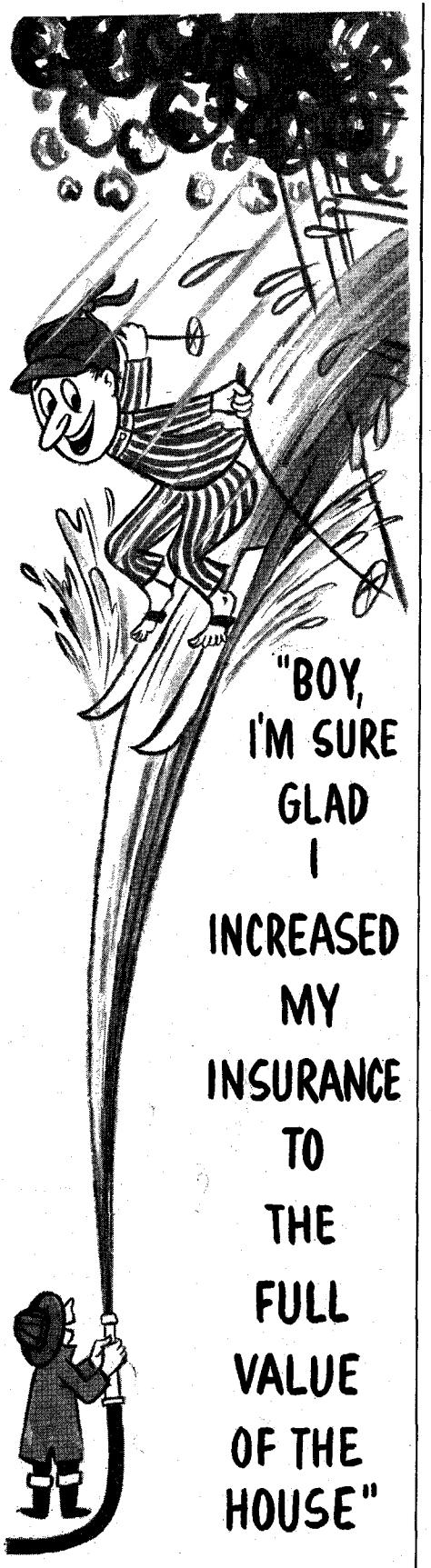

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Reliance Insurance Co. of Canada

WHEN YOU BUY INSURANCE BUY INTEGRITY

Stranger in the Sky (Continued from Page 37)

and unpredictable force come into their lives, sure to affect their futures. For the light colonel there was no future.

"Relax, gentlemen," Kadane said, "and let's get this over as quickly as possible. I know you all have other work to do. I have more to do than any of you." They would know he referred to his inexperience in flying a desk, although an ace in two wars. It was a bid for their support.

They remained stiff on the edge of their chairs, like plebes at The Point. Colonel Vachel, the wing operations officer, silver chickens on his shoulders freshly minted, spoke formally. "Sir, I don't believe we skipped any of the facts. Cavanaugh's getting off easy with what amounts to a medical discharge. He could have stood court-martial."

"I don't doubt it, colonel. But I'm the guy who has to put his chop on this document, and I've got some questions to ask."

Colonel Vachel squirmed and flushed. "General, that's the most complete report ever put together. He's had all of us in a flap for a month. Every time we finish a staff study, he sees another saucer and we have to do it all over again. Then on Saturday night he slugged Bob Hurlburt. More charges, more statements, more writing. Even the typists are going nuts."

"I realize a base can't operate without an operations officer," Kadane said, "and I know, colonel, that your time is valuable. But this boy is valuable too. A first-class fighter pilot with combat experience, capable of flying the century series, has cost Uncle about a quarter million bucks. I'd like to salvage that. If we have to save Hanford or Seattle, or stop a strike headed for the SAC fields inland, or down the coast to San Fran and L.A., he's worth more."

Major Corelli smiled. "The only thing that can salvage Cavanaugh, so far as I am concerned, is a flying saucer with yellow markings coming through that window." He nodded at the fine, long picture window, thoughtfully designed to give Sweetwater's commanding general an unobstructed view of his runways and flight line. "He's a psychopathic personality with paranoid overtones, if I ever heard of one."

Lt. Col. Ira Collins, aloof on the couch, raised his distinguished white head and spoke, softly but distinctly. "That, too, can happen."

"What can happen?" asked Kadane, annoyed and puzzled. From his first hour at Sweetwater he had known that Collins, his A-2, would be a problem. He was familiar with the type. When a man is in his mid-fifties, and wears a Silver Star with cluster, Purple Heart and D.F.C., American and British, and he is still only a light colonel, then something is radically wrong. Somewhere in his past is an ineradicable black stain, and he is in the Air Force only to wear the uniform and draw the pay.

"Anything can happen," Collins said. "Now, when I was in Italy, back in Forty-four ——"

Lieutenant Burch, brash and bold beyond his years and rank, since he had the promise of a nine-thousand-dollar publicity job when his enlistment was up, six months hence, laughed and said, "General, you slay me! Always in Italy!"

For an instant, Kadane thought Burch was being insolent, and then he realized that "General" was Collins' nickname. Indeed, Collins looked like a general, pre-Hiroshima type, with his splendid carriage, white mane and brows, eyes matching the faultless blue uniform, five rows of ribbons across his chest and some foreign sunburst blossoming over his liver. But Sweetwater's T.O. called for only one general, and Kadane was going to find himself a new and younger intelligence officer.

"Colonel," he said to Collins, "I notice that you didn't sign this staff study. Why not?"

"I was in hospital when most of it happened," Collins said, "and in addition —— Well, I have to start at the beginning ——"

"Since you have no direct knowledge of the case, I'm not interested," Kadane interrupted.

"Very well, sir," Collins said, leaning back and feeling for his pipe.

Kadane looked at the faces across the desk. They were all strangers, their capabilities, temperaments and prejudices unknown to him. Yet—at least in these critical first weeks—he would have to depend on them.

"I want to go over this briefly," he said, "just to be sure the facts are clear in my mind. First incident was on two October. A Canadian radar station, up in Vancouver on the Pine Tree Line, reported a bogey eighty miles off the coast. Cavanaugh was in the alert shack and he was sent up to intercept. He claimed contact with a flying saucer. Why was he sent up alone?"

Colonel Vachel spoke. "It wasn't exactly a bogey, sir. It was more of a spook, according to the Canadians. It appeared for only a few moments, and then faded away. You never know about a spook. Usually, a spook is just a reflection bouncing off the ionosphere. With a spook, we only send up one plane."

Kadane nodded. "Second incident, nine October. Cavanaugh peeled off from his squadron on a sweep out at sea. Again he claimed he saw a saucer. . . . Now what happened there, Major Schumacher?"

Schumacher was Cavanaugh's squadron commander. Until that moment, he hadn't spoken. He was a slope-shouldered man so massively constructed that his six feet appeared squat. His jaw looked dark even when he shaved before every meal, and black curly hair covered his thick wrists. Schumacher was a leader and fighter, not a talker. When he spoke now, with an Oklahoma drawl, he spent each phrase deliberately, like a cautious poker player edging blue chips into the middle of the table. "Well, sir, we were two hundred miles out, at forty-six thousand, returning to base, tracking one-twenty degrees for our check point, Cape Disappointment. Speed, about seven hundred knots. Kevin was flying Tailend Charley, up another four thousand. All of a sudden he told me, on frequency, 'Muscle Leader, I see something way above me.'"

"He was already at fifty thousand?" Kadane asked, incredulous.

"Yes, sir. Fifty. I always hang a reliable man up there, over the ocean, so he can watch the formation and pinpoint the splash if anybody goes in. I said, 'Muscle Red Five, stay away from them swingin' saucers!' You see, general, we'd kidded him a lot about the first one. But he didn't stay away. Next thing I heard was, 'Muscle Leader, I've got joy.'"

"His gunsight radar was locked on?"

"So he says. Then I heard, 'No joy. It just took off. It was a saucer.'"

Kadane asked, "Anybody else see it?"

"No, sir. By then, of course, he was behind us and up another five thousand or so."

"Was it reported by offshore patrol?" Kadane asked. The Navy kept picket ships and blimps and super-Connies bulging with radomes, nicknamed pregnant geese, out there.

This was out of Schumacher's province. He looked to the operations officer for help.

"No confirmation from the Navy," Vachel said, "that day or any other. No bogeys, no spooks."

"Thank you, colonel," Kadane said, and turned back to Schumacher. "What did you tell Cavanaugh when he got back home?"

Schumacher's jaw pushed forward an extra half inch. "I told him that if he ever left my formation or disobeyed orders again, I was going to beat hell out of him. Then I had to tell about it in debriefing, and make an oral report to Colonel Vachel, here, and then I had to sit down and write a statement longer than the Articles of War, and I've been writing statements ever since." Schumacher blew out an enormous breath. "Sir, there is just one thing I would like to get off my chest."

"Go ahead, major," Kadane said. He was glad Schumacher was on the home team. If you told Schumacher to intercept and shoot down the moon, he would try.

Schumacher said, "It's just—I hate to see the man get hurt, especially right now. Even with what he did, he was—he is a good guy. And as a pilot, he's loaded. He's got the feel." Schumacher balanced his powerful hands in the air gracefully to show what (*Continued on Page 74*)

"I don't know where I'd be today if it weren't for my early scout training."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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December 7, 1957

A new idea in smoking!

Salem refreshes your taste

★menthol fresh

Salem brings a wholly new quality to smoking . . . Springtime-softness in every puff. Salem refreshes your taste the way a Spring morning refreshes you.

★rich tobacco taste

Smoking was never like this before! You taste that rich tobacco . . . then, surprise! . . . there's an unexpected softness that gives smoking new comfort and ease.

★modern filter, too

Through Salem's pure-white, modern filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. You smoke refreshed, pack after pack, when you buy Salems by the carton.

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

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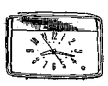
You'll find the perfect gift for practically everyone on your Christmas list right here—no matter what you wish to spend.

Look over these beautifully practical appliances, radios and clocks, and see them at your General Electric dealer's. You'll be convinced—this Christmas "General Electric" spells the most exciting gifts!

General Electric Company, Housewares & Radio Receiver Div., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

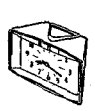
SEE YOUR DEALER FOR FESTIVE HOLIDAY WRAPPING!

UNDER $10



General Electric-Telechron Lite-Time Clock—Illuminated kitchen or bathroom clock. Bulb-lighted dial serves as night light. Stands or hangs. White, red or turquoise. Accurate to-the-minute. **$9.98***

Portable Steam and Dry Iron . . . It's compact, lightweight: only 1¾ pounds. (Remove bulb and it's a dry iron!) Handle folds down. Works on AC or DC. Ideal for travel or home use. **$9.95***

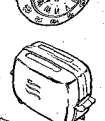


General Electric-Telechron Royal Snooz-Alarm† Clock—New kind of alarm—wakes you, lets you snooze, wakes you again. Modern case in smart beige. Luminous dial. Never needs winding. **$9.98***

†Snooz-Alarm is a trade-mark of General Electric Company.
*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price—plus applicable taxes on clocks. Clock-Radio price slightly higher West and South.

$10 TO $20

General Electric-Telechron Universe Clock—Zodiac figures on convex dial make this solid brass beauty a decorator's delight. **$19.95***



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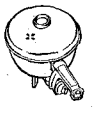
Spray, Steam & Dry Iron—Sprinkles as you iron. It's a steam and dry iron, too. Gives just the right amount of steam and perfect heat for *any* fabric. Lightweight. Handy cord-lift. **$19.95***



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Automatic Blanket. You're never cold, never too warm . . . all you feel is *comfort*. Luxurious fabric; custom-tailored corners; 6 decorator colors. From **$29.95***

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G-E Telechron Shining Hours Clock—Distinctive sunburst motif, with gold color dial blending into sparkling clear, ebony or gold color lucite rays. **$29.95***

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"Roll-Easy" Vacuum Cleaner—Rolls anywhere — "Double-Action" Cleaning Unit cleans both carpets and floors . . . picks up stubborn lint and threads. **$59.95***

All-Transistor Pocket Radio plays up to 10,000 hours on rechargeable batteries! Ends battery change! With leather recharger-travel case—**$69.95*** Radio alone. **$49.95***

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Mary Margaret McBride performs "miracle in a teacup"

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. . . THE SECOND YOU POUR ON BOILING WATER

"No more drippy tea bags for me," says radio's famous first lady. "From now on I'm using Instant Tender Leaf Tea. It gives me all of the flavor with none of the fuss. And, you know—Tender Leaf Brand is the *only* Instant that's *all pure tea*. No fillers or carbohydrates to dilute the flavor! It's so delicious and so easy that I've switched over for good."

Makes about as much tea as 75 tea bags at only half the cost

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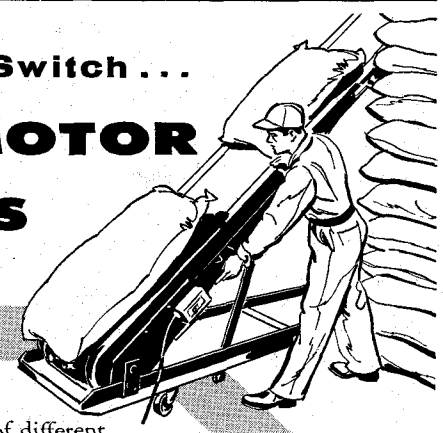
Small Motor Starting Switch . . .

PREVENTS MOTOR BURNOUTS



Bulletin 600 starting switch in general purpose enclosure.

Small motors—1 hp or less—serve thousands of different industrial applications. Though relatively low in cost, your small motors deserve the low cost protection provided by Allen-Bradley's Bulletin 600 which combines a starting switch and overload breaker in one compact unit. The breaker automatically opens the circuit on dangerous motor overloads.

All Allen-Bradley distributors have these starters in stock—they are the "Motor Control Headquarters" in your area.

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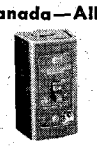
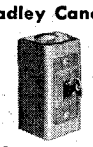


Starting switch with neon lamp to indicate switch is "ON."



Starting switch with removable key to prevent unauthorized use.

Starting switch with pilot light in waterproof enclosure.

A-B QUALITY

ALLEN-BRADLEY QUALITY

MOTOR CONTROL

(*Continued from Page 70*)

he meant. "Kevin was bucking for major because he needed the dough because he was going to get married. And I was ready to put him in for major, even after the second saucer. He's still going to get married, I hear. That girl believes in him, if nobody else does."

"What girl?" Kadane asked. The Cavanaugh folder was two inches thick, but there was nothing in it about a girl.

"His girl, Marge Snedeker. She drives in from Seattle. That little blond girl. He calls her his vest-pocket Venus."

Kadane asked a sudden question, "Do you still trust him, major? Would you still want him in your squadron?"

Schumacher was silent a moment, and then painfully linked words to his flow of thought, "He was in the squadron seven months without ever fouling up. He never got out of line. Never drank much. Three was his limit. After that he went to sleep. He always flew right until he started chasing those saucers. I'll tell you the truth, general. I wouldn't have signed this staff study except for that third saucer. When he disobeyed my direct orders and got an airplane for an unauthorized mission, and then went kiting out over the ocean, solo, that finished me. No, sir, I wouldn't want him in my squadron."

That third time, Cavanaugh had conned Base Ops and flight-line maintenance into fueling and servicing his F-102G, although he had no mission scheduled. He had given no logical excuse for this except that he hoped to spot another saucer. It was a Wednesday, and he had seen the two others on Wednesdays.

"When he came back from the third one," Kadane said, "he was placed in arrest, right?"

"I had the Air Police waiting for him on the hardstand," Vachel said. "I was waiting for him too. So was Schumacher."

"What'd he say when he got out of the plane?"

"All he said was that he'd seen another flying saucer. This one had men in it. Two men. We had to hold the major off him."

Kadane turned to Corelli. "Doctor, you examined Cavanaugh. Your statement said his behavior was bizarre."

"Yes. He seemed elated and excited to the point of being manic. Perhaps the diagnosis should be manic-depressive overtones as well as paranoic. These psychotic states often overlap. It's hard to explain to a layman."

A pompous little medic, Kadane thought, but probably sharp in his own profession. But if he was so smart, why was he so tubby?

He said quietly, "Doctor, wouldn't you be excited if you saw a flying saucer?"

"But he didn't see one," Corelli said, exasperated. "He either had hallucinations and thought he saw one, or he is a compulsive liar."

"Tell me," Kadane requested, "how you reconcile Cavanaugh's previous good record with the bizarre behavior of the last month?" Kadane glanced at his own notes from Cavanaugh's 201 file: Age, 27. Home, Umatilla, Florida. Graduated from Rollins College, June, '51, and joined Air Force same month. In top 10 per cent of his class at flight school. Checked out in F-86's and sent to Korea in '52. One and one-half kills to his credit. To Kadane, the half victory meant more than the whole. It indicated combat teamwork.

Major Corelli touched his plump fingers together over his stomach and answered the question. "A person may seem well adjusted for years, but suffer from a masked psychosis and go to pieces under unusual stress."

"If he was going to pieces, looks to me like it would've been in Korea. Lots of stress in Korea."

"Perhaps not the same kind, general. I speak of internal conflicts. Perhaps it had something to do with this girl, whom he never mentioned to me. Perhaps he felt inferior, and compensated by showing off, in the manner of small boys. Pretending to see flying saucers made him the center of attention, and thus he thought he gained stature in her eyes. It could be simpler than that. Hallucinations. Pathological liar. Interesting case, though sad."

Kadane touched an intercom key and spoke, "You can send in Captain Cavanaugh now." It looked open and shut, but before he endorsed the recommendation, he had to give the boy a chance to speak his piece.

Cavanaugh entered the wing commander's office, saluted and stood at the proper distance from Kadane's desk. He was of medium height, and thin, but wiry rather than spindly, with copper-colored hair closely cropped. His ribbons were very respectable—Bronze Star, Air Medal and Korea. He seemed composed, except that his face was very white, so that his freckles were unnaturally conspicuous.

"If you've got anything to say, captain," said Kadane, "now is the time."

The woman who wears nothing to speak of is insulted if no one mentions it.

MARY ALKUS

"Sir, all I have to say is that I did see three flying saucers." His voice was high and uneven, not so composed as his face.

"There is no evidence that you did any such thing. But before we go into that, there are a couple of things that puzzle me." Kadane tapped the folder on his desk. "There's no clear account here of what happened last Saturday night. Why did you slug Hurlburt?"

"He made some remarks."

"Were you two alone at the time?"

"No, sir."

"Who was with you?"

"Miss Snedeker. Captain Hurlburt was sitting at our table. He told Miss Snedeker that she was a fool if she married me, because I was going to get booted out with a psychiatric discharge and I'd never get another job."

"Is that why you hit him?"

"No, sir. I hit him because Marge—Miss Snedeker—said, 'Hit him, Kevin.'"

From the far side of the room, where Lieutenant Colonel Collins sat at ease, like an occupant of a royal box at a private performance, came one loud guffaw, instantly muffled.

Kadane pretended not to have heard. "Do you always do what Miss Snedeker tells you to do?"

"Yes, sir. Always."

"She didn't tell you to go out and hunt flying saucers, against direct orders from Major Schumacher, did she?"

"No, sir. I went out on my own. But I would like to point out, sir, that the first time I was ordered out to make an interception because of a radar contact. I wish I hadn't found it that first time."

Kadane realized that the boy wasn't talking like a madman. Yet he had heard these psychopaths were very clever. He changed direction. "Tell me, captain, did all three flying saucers look alike?"

"They were identical, sir."

"Describe them."

"I wouldn't exactly call them saucers. They were (*Continued on Page 78*)

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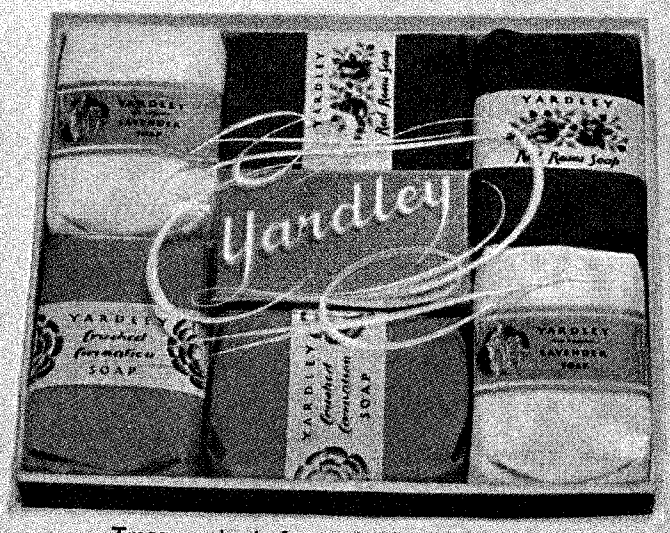

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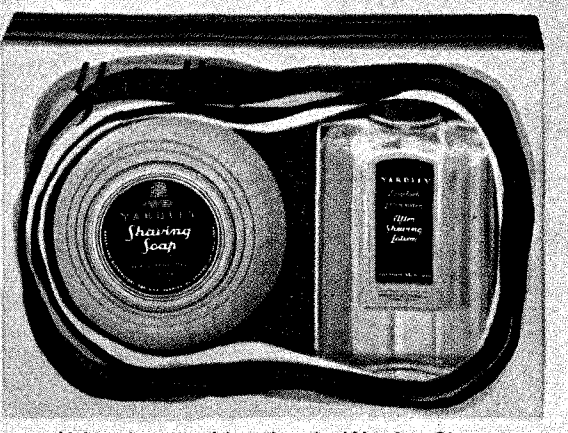

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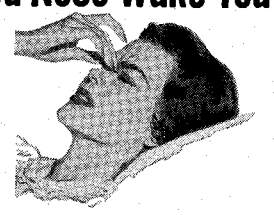

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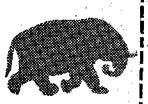

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(*Continued from Page 74*)

more like doughnuts, with a hole in the center. Because you see, these were vertijets, sir. When that second one left me, it went straight up. Their diameter was forty to forty-five feet. They were aluminum or some other silvery metal, except for two broad yellow stripes that ran completely ——"

"Wait a minute!" Kadane broke in, leaning forward across the desk. "How can you be so sure of the diameter?"

"I closed on both the second and third ones. That's what showed on the ring in my radar gunsight—closer to forty than forty-five feet."

That answer was pausible. "How fast are these—er—doughnuts?" Kadane inquired.

"I should say better than two Mach. I chased that third one hard because that time I had plenty of fuel. When those two guys saw me and lit out, it was like I was going backwards. They must've been doing better than fourteen hundred knots."

It was not impossible. The B-58, it was said, was capable of Mach Two, and a saucer airfoil would be more efficient. "These two men, what did they look like?"

"I couldn't tell. They wore helmets. Their cockpit was faired almost level into the upper rim. When I pulled alongside and they saw me, one of them waved."

"There is nothing in your first statement about one of them waving," Kadane said, skeptically.

Collins, the very senior A-2, rose from the couch. "May I say something, sir?" he broke in.

"Not until later!" Kadane snapped, and Collins subsided.

Cavanaugh wet his lips. One corner of his mouth twitched. "Sir, I didn't say anything about the pilot waving because it would sound too ridiculous. It sounded ridiculous enough already."

Kadane had one more question to ask. "Captain, why did you go out that third time? I want the real reason."

The trembling around Cavanaugh's mouth was more apparent now. "I had to," he said.

"A compulsion?" Kadane put the words gently.

"I guess you could call it that, sir. You see, after that second one everybody was beginning to think I was crazy. They thought I was seeing things—having hallucinations. I began to doubt that I had seen the first two myself. I had to find one more saucer to prove to myself that I was sane."

Kadane leaned back and looked at the ceiling and locked his hands behind his head. "I guess that will be all, captain." He didn't want to look at Cavanaugh's face.

Cavanaugh saluted and left.

It was disconcerting, the brigadier thought. In England and France and Germany, and later Japan and Korea, he had listened to the stories of hundreds of fighter pilots returned from missions, and he thought he knew the clear ring of truth when he heard it, and this story had the ring. And yet, it was impossible. The offshore warning system was too tight, too good. The picket ring was alert and could not be penetrated. A large beetle couldn't buzz around out there without being picked up on radar. It was an impossibility—his whole staff agreed that it was an impossibility. He came forward, brought the staff study out of the folder and reached for the pen.

"General, I am going to say what I have to say now!"

It was Collins again, standing over the desk. Collins looked entirely different and his voice was different. The lines in his face were deeper, and the eyes like pale blue ice. Incredibly, he looked hard and tough, like a commander, and his voice was the voice of command.

"All right, colonel. Talk."

"When I was in Italy, in 'Forty-four ——"

Lieutenant Burch doubled up and banged his thigh with his fist and giggled.

Collins turned on him. "Shut up, you stupid little huckster!"

Burch, shocked, shut up.

Collins went on, unperturbed, his voice clipped and certain, "What I have to say may be pertinent, not only to Cavanaugh's career but to yours, general. In November, 'Forty-four, we were using P-Thirty-eights for photo reconnaissance in Italy. Stripped of armament, they flew very high and very fast. One day a Thirty-eight was coming back from a look at Austria when another aircraft pulled alongside. Our pilot took one look at it and almost swallowed his oxygen tube. It not only had German markings but it had no prop. Planes didn't fly without props, not in those days. The German grinned and waved at him, and shot off at fancy speed.

"When that pilot got back to Foggia and told his story, nobody would believe it. Especially the wing commander wouldn't believe him. Everybody thought the pilot was crazy, and they sent him to hospital in Rome."

Kadane was aware that his office was quieter than any office with so many men in it should be.

"Two weeks later," Collins went on, "the first German operational jets shot down three of those reconnaissance Thirty-eights, and also some heavies from Fifteenth Air Force. What that reccy pilot had seen, of course, was an unarmed test prototype of the ME-One-six-three."

Kadane automatically dropped the pen back into its holder. "You don't think," he said, "that the Russkies have got saucers floating around out there?"

"No," Collins said. "I don't think that. If they ever hit us, it won't be with a single saucer, but with pots, pans and the kitchen sink. I thought of the Air Force test center, down at Edwards Base, in California, but if they were using any new stuff out at sea, we'd have been notified, because they'd have to come back through our radar screen."

"What's that leave us?" Kadane said. "Mars?"

"Leaves us the Navy," said Collins. "It has to be the Navy. The Navy runs the picket ships, and naturally they're not going to report their own secret equipment. What they're doing is running carrier trials for these vertijet saucers way off the coast. They've probably given their pilots orders not to come within range of land radar, but one of them—that spook picked up off Vancouver—did."

Kadane smiled for the first time that day. "How will we find out?" he asked.

Collins pointed to the red-line phone. "That's your scrambler line, sir. It's secure. Just pick it up and tell the operator in Colorado Springs that you want to speak to the admiral commanding Navy Air in San Diego. I think it's safe for us to go out of channels on this one."

An hour later Kadane was still cleaning up the mess.

The admiral in Dago at first had been apoplectic. If the Air Force wanted to know about Navy equipment, there were proper channels in Washington. Kadane said that if these saucers didn't belong to the Navy, then obviously they must be enemy, and he would send out his wing armed with rockets that could catch them and shoot everything out of the skies. The admiral told Kadane not to be hasty; he would talk to another admiral. A few minutes later Kadane was advised that the saucers belonged to the Navy and that carrier tests were continuing.

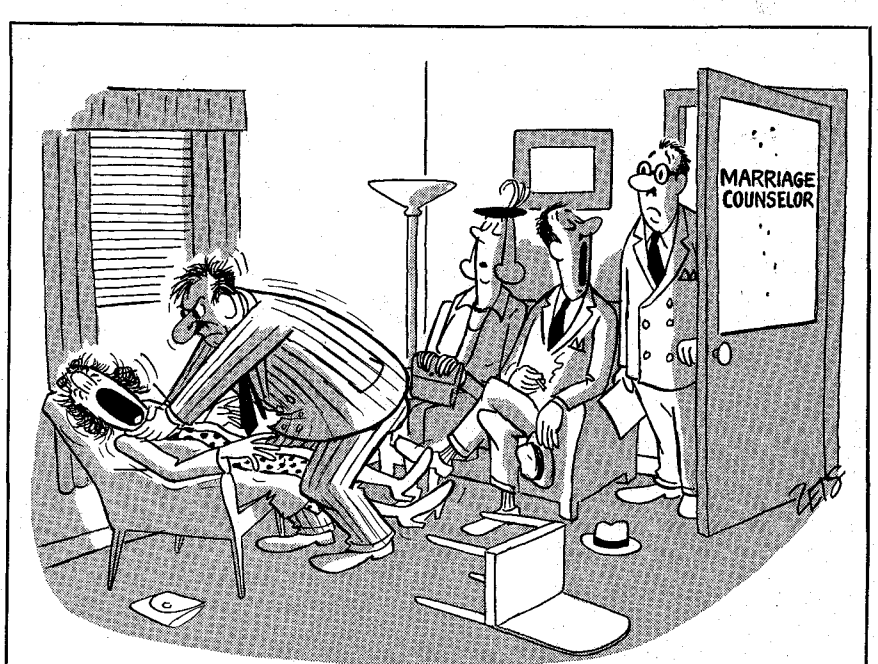
Kadane called in Major Corelli and advised him to ask for another assignment, preferably postgraduate schooling in psychology. He talked to Schumacher privately. They agreed that Cavanaugh could go back to the squadron, but not immediately. After all, violation of orders was a serious business. They would ground him for a month. This would cost him some flying pay, but give him time for a honeymoon.

He told Burch that if and when the press called, Burch could refer the questions to the Navy.

And finally he was alone with Collins. He said, "You know, you're a real intelligent intelligence officer. What made you think of that business in Italy?"

"I think of it every day," Collins said. "I never stop thinking of it. You see, sir, I was commander of that reconnaissance wing. I was a brigadier general. When those German jets—those planes without props—began shooting down our aircraft, I was relieved of command. I was reduced to my permanent rank and I have been there ever since."

Kadane touched him on the shoulder, where the star had been. "I see," he said. "And thanks, General." THE END



"I believe they were here before us."

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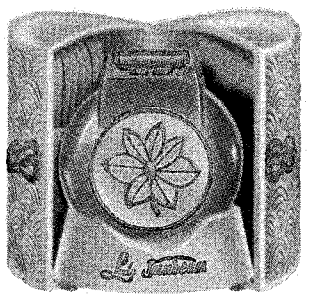

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How I Trapped My Fellow Cops

(Continued from Page 26)

commendation. Maybe he just had a part-time job in mind. I decided to forget the whole thing.

If I hadn't happened to meet Prather on the headquarters parking lot the next day, I probably would have. George was a gabby know-it-all recently promoted from patrolman to probationary detective in the Thirteenth Precinct, next to Monroe's. I didn't care much for him. Besides, in a numbers raid in his precinct a couple of years before, we had found an "ice list" with his name on it. That's not conclusive proof he was being paid off, of course. It doesn't cost a gambler anything to write a policeman's name on a piece of paper. Prather wormed out of that situation, but I recalled it as he walked up to my car and asked if Monroe had spoken to me. I nodded. "O.K.," he said; "I'll call you at home in the morning."

I was sure then it was a fix. Monroe didn't need Prather to tell me about a part-time job. Yet what did I have to go on? Two casual conversations. If I reported them and they denied everything, it was just my word against theirs. Although Saturday was my day off, I drove to the office next morning and puttered around. But when I got home for lunch, my wife, Rose, told me someone had called several times. Sure enough, before I could sit down to the table, Prather called again. He insisted he had something very important to tell me, and I finally agreed to meet him at three o'clock.

That's where any hope I had of ignoring the whole business flew out the window. Prather was waiting when I reached the meeting place, the parking lot of a burned-down barbecue stand just beyond the District of Columbia line, in Maryland. He got into my car, pulled a sheaf of bills from his pocket and threw them into my lap.

"Here's four hundred dollars for the first month," he said; "two hundred apiece from Wally Beach and Pat Hoagland."

I'd never seen Beach, but knew he'd been convicted on gambling charges several times. Hoagland was rumored to have taken over Emmitt Warring's dice and numbers games when Warring was in jail. But I had just expected Prather to talk things over. The $400 threw me off.

"What am I supposed to do for this?" I said. He gave me four addresses. "All they want," he said, "is ten minutes' notice of a raid on any of those counting houses. Never mind the outside men. They'll have to watch out for themselves."

He climbed out of my car, got into his and drove off. And there I was with three $100 and two $50 bills burning a hole in my pocket.

That weekend was the most miserable I ever spent. I had to turn in the money. You can ignore conversation, but not $400. Double-crossing the gamblers wouldn't bother me. I'd consider that as my contribution toward restoring the morale of the force, which wasn't too good since the Senate committee had blasted former Police Chief Robert J. Barrett, several of his key officers and the M.P.D. in general for lax law enforcement. There wasn't enough evidence to send any big shots to jail. But the consensus was, to put it mildly, that some of them had been paid off. A bribery conviction now would show the new administration was on the level.

But once I'd reported the $400, I'd have to tell how I got it. I didn't worry about Prather, but bringing in Monroe would really hurt. He and I were rookies together, back in 1929. We worked in the same precinct for ten years, pounding our beats, listening to each other's gripes and family troubles. I broke in on the gambling-and-vice squad under him. He taught me a lot. Well, that $400 took it out of my hands.

At 8:30 on Monday morning, I was in the office. Capt. John Layton, who had succeeded Monroe, wasn't around, so I went in to see Deputy Chief Clarence H. Lutz, head of the morals division, which includes the narcotics and liquor squads as well. "Here's the evidence that gamblers are paying off police officers," I said, tossing the $400 on his desk.

The deputy is a big man and all 260 pounds of him was mad when I told him what had happened. He grabbed the money and told me to come along to the chief's office. When I'd repeated my story to Chief Robert V. Murray, he thought a few minutes, tapping his pencil on the table.

"All we have so far," he said, "is hearsay evidence. The money was even passed in Maryland, outside our legal jurisdiction. We could raid these places in Washington and make pretty good gambling cases. But if there's bribery going on around here, I want to prove it in court. We'd better see the district attorney."

I knew what was running through his mind. Inspector Albert I. Bullock, telling the Senate committee he couldn't recall how he got $15,000 he'd deposited in cash in his bank account. And Inspector Beverly C. Beach—unrelated to Wally Beach—just as vague about $20,000 accumulated in three years on $100-a-week take-home pay. And Chief Barrett himself, taking the Fifth Amendment when the committee asked him about $17,000 he'd spent, but couldn't remember receiving. Beach is dead now, but Barrett and Bullock were retired and are still drawing pensions. I understood what Chief Murray meant when he said "prove it in court."

Ten minutes later I was telling my story, for the third time, to District Attorney Leo A. Rover and his first assistant, Oliver Gasch. Before what turned out to be a two-hour meeting was over, I didn't like the way things were developing. Prosecuting attorneys are all alike about evidence—never satisfied. They want a talking picture of a crime. This time they were willing to waive the picture, but I was to be wired for sound to get the dialogue.

What Mr. Rover wanted was a recording of conversations between me and everybody involved in the fix. Especially Monroe and Prather, who were doubtless getting a cut before the bribe got to me. But it's one thing to report a bribe. Spying to spring a trap on your fellow officers is another. I didn't like it and said so. All that my protests got me was a lecture from Mr. Rover on the pitfalls of entrapment.

Briefly, when a policeman suggests that a person commit a crime and then arrests the person for taking his advice, that's entrapment. It's a legal defense that will get a defendant off quicker than a wink. So far, we were all right. Monroe, Prather and the two gamblers—if Prather was telling the truth—had approached me first. But under no circumstances, Mr. Rover emphasized, was I to make any overtures to Monroe, Prather or any gamblers about bribes. I was not to ask anyone for money. I had to wait for them to come to me, and then make a recording of the dirty work.

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Deputy Lutz had heard of a new miniature recorder that was small enough to carry under your coat without making a bulge. Chief Murray sent out and bought five—at $250 apiece—so I could have one at home, one at the office, one in my car and two spares. I still didn't like it, but when Chief Murray asked me who else could do the job, I didn't have an answer. I was stuck.

I've stood for hours in the rain to get enough evidence on a gambling joint to swear out a search warrant. But getting the evidence under the ground rules Mr. Rover laid down was a long-time project, I soon found out. Around Thanksgiving, Monroe passed me in the hall at headquarters and handed me a package of matches. Folded up inside was a list of addresses. I recognized several as suspected numbers drops and bookie joints, and one marked as a main office—where the receipts were counted—was in Monroe's precinct. But I wasn't wearing Minnie, as I called my recorder, when I met Monroe in the hall. Besides, all he said was, "Prather sent you these."

When Prather made a date to meet me at a downtown corner for my second payoff early in December, I had advance notice and was loaded. Before I left the office, I took off my shoulder holster and put on Minnie's harness so that the recording part was in about the same place as my automatic normally would be—just in case someone should bump against me. I ran the microphone cord over to my necktie and fastened it underneath with my tie clasp. One spool of wire lasts for only about an hour, so I didn't switch it on until I found a place to park. Prather was waiting.

"Here's your four hundred dollars," he said, getting in beside me.

"O.K.," I said, "but what's that list Monroe gave me all about?"

"That's Hoagland's setup," he said. "I'll have some more ducks lined up pretty soon."

When I played the spool back in the office, the voices were plainly recognizable above the traffic noises, which was the thing that had worried me. Well, that would take care of Prather.

But getting the recordings of Monroe and the gamblers turned out to be tougher than we figured. At Christmas, Prather brought me fifty dollars and a ham from Hoagland, and early in January $400 more from him and Beach. But I still hadn't met them to talk to and Monroe seemed to be avoiding me. I pricked up my ears when Prather told me Whitetop Simkins was back in business. Before he closed down during the Senate crime hearings, Whitetop's numbers game was reported to be taking in $25,000 a day. With Charley Nelson in jail, he would be the biggest operator in town. Whitetop had never spent a day in jail. The three times he was convicted he got off on probation. He even got out of a Senate contempt citation on a mistrial.

But I remembered my instructions about them coming to me. Much as I wanted to get Whitetop, I kept my mouth shut—and waited, waited, waited. Prather brought me another $400 in February and another $400 in March, making a total of $2050 stacked up in Chief Murray's office safe for evidence.

Then about the time my April "installment" was due from Beach and Hoagland, things started to break. Prather called me at home one night and made a date to meet me in town. Minnie got an earful, because Prather had been busy as a Mexican jumping bean on a hot stove.

"Geechie Charley Anderson wants to come in for five hundred a month," he said when he got into my car. "Used to work for Whitetop. He's on his own now and wants to get straightened out at headquarters. Likewise Burnie King and Bozo Taylor. They're doing better than Geechie. They ought to be good for a nice piece of change."

He gave me the $400 from Beach and Hoagland and made a date later for the formal introductions to my new clients. In the next couple of weeks I signed up Geechie Charley for my police-raid warning service at $500 a month, and Burnie King for $1000. There's no fair trade in the protection racket. The price is whatever the traffic will stand.

Despite my new clients I was getting a little nervous about the whole business. In seven months I had collected $3950 in bribes and got recorded evidence on five gamblers and one precinct detective, probationary. That was all to the good. But two of my clients I'd never seen. I had nothing at all on Whitetop, didn't even know where he was operating. And the only evidence I had on Monroe was the package of matches he gave me, worth at retail about half a cent. It wouldn't look like much on a semiannual report.

Mr. Gasch kept telling me to be patient. But with a situation building up at home, that was easier said than done. I have never talked about my police cases to Rose. Not because I don't trust her, but because what she doesn't know she can't pass on accidentally. We've been married twenty-six years without falling out about where I've been or whom I've been with. But the activity of the past few weeks was setting us both on edge. I was getting calls at all hours from mysterious people who had never called before.

I never explained who they were. One evening Rose and I were just going to the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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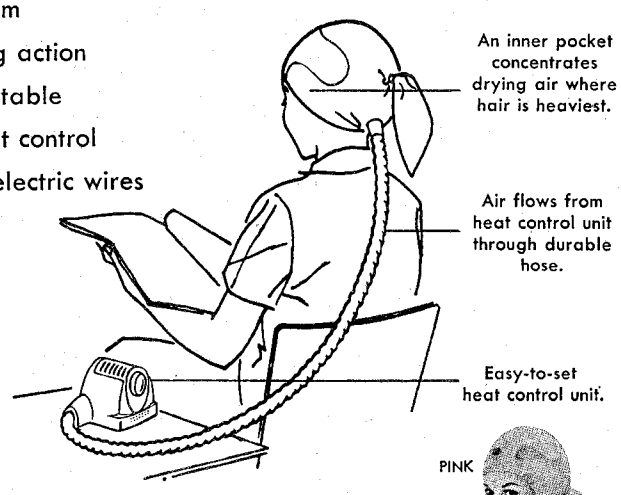
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movies when the phone rang. Prather insisted on meeting me right away. When I hung up and told Rose we couldn't go because I had to meet a friend, it didn't set so well. Another time I got a call at eleven o'clock to meet King at midnight. When I got home about two A.M., I sneaked into bed as quietly as I could, but I know Rose heard me.

You don't have to come in with lipstick on both cheeks to make a perfectly normal wife suspicious under circumstances like that. When my usual nine-to-five hours stretched around the clock, three or four times a week, she began to look at me kind of funny.

The new car finally brought things to a head. One day when I was reporting to Chief Murray, we got to talking about things that might tip our hand before we were ready to clamp down. "You ought to look more prosperous," he told me. "You have collected four thousand dollars in bribes, but you don't look it."

"I thought of that," I said. "I've bought a few loud ties and a new hat."

"I mean something big, like a flashy new car. Could you manage that?"

The money the gamblers gave me, of course, was turned in for evidence. I told him I'd go over the family budget again. But when I mentioned a new car to Rose, she put her foot down. "There are a lot of things we need worse than a new car," she said flatly.

Well, it was just too bad. I went ahead anyhow, damning gamblers and crooked policemen under my breath. The chief said something flashy, so I settled on a medium-priced model in robin's-egg blue with power steering I thought might soften the blow for Rose.

I couldn't have been further wrong. She was sitting on the porch when I drove it home without even telling her I'd bought it. She ran inside, threw herself down on the sofa and cried as though the end of the world had come.

I parked the car and followed her inside. Mr. Rover had stressed that nobody but those in on it already was to be told about the fix. But this was an emergency. I was going to have to tell Rose or risk a breakup of our home life. I knew she would keep it to herself.

"Rose," I said, taking her by the hand, "please let me explain what's been going on." I told her the whole story, starting with my conversation with Monroe seven months before. I told her I didn't like the job, and apologized for having been so crabby the past few weeks. Finally she managed a little smile and told me she was sorry too.

But just as I was hoping everything was all right, she sat up and looked me square in the eye. "Todd Thoman," she said, "you're going back in uniform. Tell the Morals Division to handle their own undercover work. If you have to, go back to walking a beat, where the hours are regular. I can't stand this any longer."

I was still mulling that over in my mind when I got to headquarters the next morning and found a note to meet Chief Murray in Mr. Rover's office. I didn't ask to be transferred right out, but I told them things at home were getting pretty rough. Mr. Rover was so sympathetic that I knew I wasn't getting to first base.

"Lieutenant, it's a tough grind, I know," he said. "But we don't have any recordings yet of Monroe's part in this mess, do we?" I agreed that we didn't.

Chief Murray was all sympathy too. "I know just how you feel," he said. "But in your last report, didn't you say Whitetop Simkins was back in the numbers business? He's running the biggest game around here and we don't even know where he is operating."

I admitted we didn't.

"We can't keep this up indefinitely," Mr. Rover said, "but I'll take responsibility for not making any arrests yet. I've got a hunch."

His hunch was right. Things started picking up the next day with a call from Burnie King, who said his office was getting too hot. Could I suggest a nice quiet neighborhood where he could count the day's take in peace? Thinking of Monroe, I mentioned the Twelfth Precinct. He offered $100 a month if Monroe was agreeable.

That gave me a chance to call Monroe, but I checked with Mr. Gasch first. He told me it was all right to relay King's offer, but not to push Monroe if he refused. We needn't have worried. When I telephoned him at home, Monroe hesitated only a moment. "It's all right with me," he said. "Let me know where he's located."

The telephone conversation would be no good for evidence. But it set the stage for the face-to-face recording I needed. King moved his office to a big apartment-house block not far from the Twelfth Precinct station house and gave me the promised $100. I met Monroe a week later, switching on Minnie just before he got into my car.

"Here's your hundred from Burnie King," I said, handing him two $50 bills. "I'm getting a thousand a month from him, but I think I might be transferring from the gambling squad pretty soon. It's pretty risky."

"You're crazy," Monroe said. "You've got a good thing there. I'd like to get a little bit more myself. Just watch your P's and Q's. Those boys are liable to talk."

He was in a talkative mood himself. Spool 13 ran to seventeen legal-sized pages transcribed. The only thing good about it as far as I was concerned was that it left just one more lap to go. I had evidence on Monroe now. If I could get Whitetop my job would be over.

I didn't have long to wait. One night Geechie Charley called me after supper and said, "The old, gray-haired man wants to see you."

I guessed that would be Whitetop. Rose and I were just leaving for the movies. I suggested the next night. "He says it's very important," Geechie insisted, "and he's got to see you right away; tonight."

That must be Simkins. When he spoke, he expected people to jump, and that included policemen. One time he had warned an officer who dared to bother him, to lay off. The man didn't lay off, and sure enough, he was called on the carpet by old Chief Barrett himself, told to keep out of affairs that didn't concern him. Well, I'd be glad to let Whitetop know things were different around here now. "Tell him I'll meet him in an hour," I said. It was the first time I ever really enjoyed wiring myself for sound.

Rose had been pretty good about my keeping on with my undercover assignment. When I said "meet him in an hour," she just took off her hat and sat down. It was a warm summer night; a coat would look suspicious. So I took off my shirt and was standing there in my undershirt trying to rig up the harness so Minnie would fit under my arm where nobody would notice it. She started to snicker.

"Come here, Todd," she said. "I'll help you on with your bra." With her help, I got Minnie in place, put on my shirt and rigged the microphone under my tie.

Whitetop, a tall, rather distinguished-looking man with white hair you could spot a block away, was waiting in his air-conditioned limousine when I reached our meeting place. As soon as we had introduced ourselves, he began complaining how tough the numbers racket was. Some light-fingered helper, it seemed, was playing do-re-mi on his cash register.

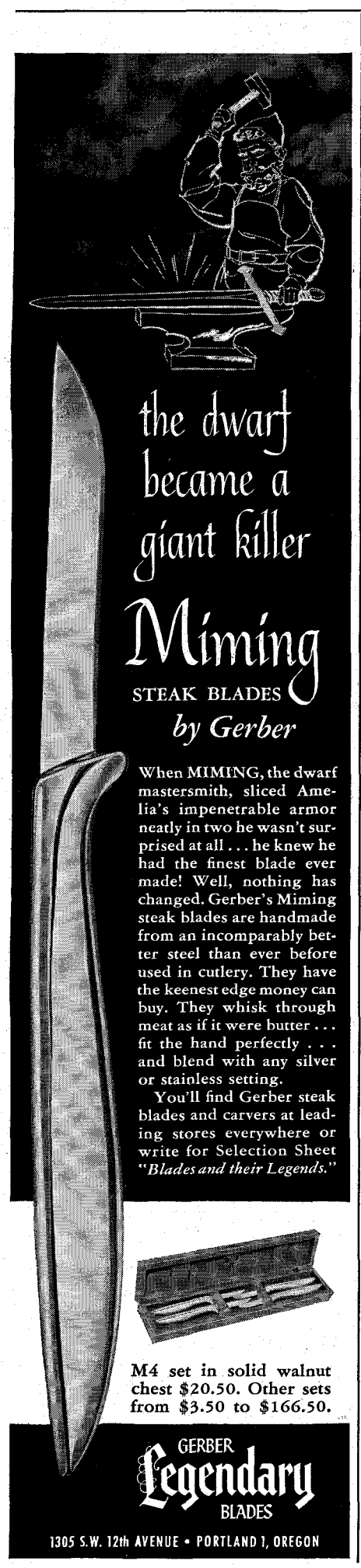
"I want to put my wife in the office," he explained, "to find out who it is. But I don't want to take a chance on her being arrested. I'll give you five hundred a month to keep me posted."

"I can't be looking out for everybody on the street," I warned him.

"Never mind about them. I'm just worrying about my wife, my partner and myself."

"That's all right with me," I said. "I'll call you if anybody's coming your way." He drove a little farther down the street, where we picked up his partner, a man he introduced as Real Estate Smith. Simkins had

(*Continued on Page 86*)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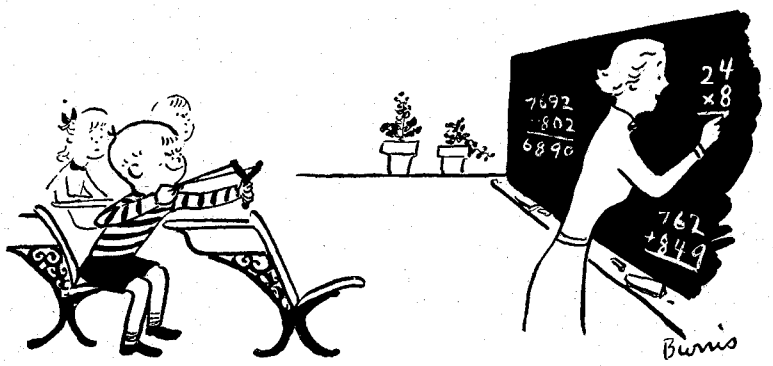

The Perfect Squelch

At some personal risk, the school principal proposed at a parent-teacher meeting that teachers be permitted to chastise persistently unruly pupils. He pointed out that classroom disorders were increasing and that a handful of overgrown, spoiled youngsters were largely to blame.

There were nods and murmurs of approval from many parents present. One woman, however, the doting mother of the most notorious young ruffian in the school, was outraged at the thought of punishing her precious boy. Interrupting the principal, she denounced his suggestion and added: "A switch in the classroom, indeed! Such things went out with the barbarians."

"Quite so," the principal agreed. "But the barbarians are now trying to make a comeback."

William H. Walton

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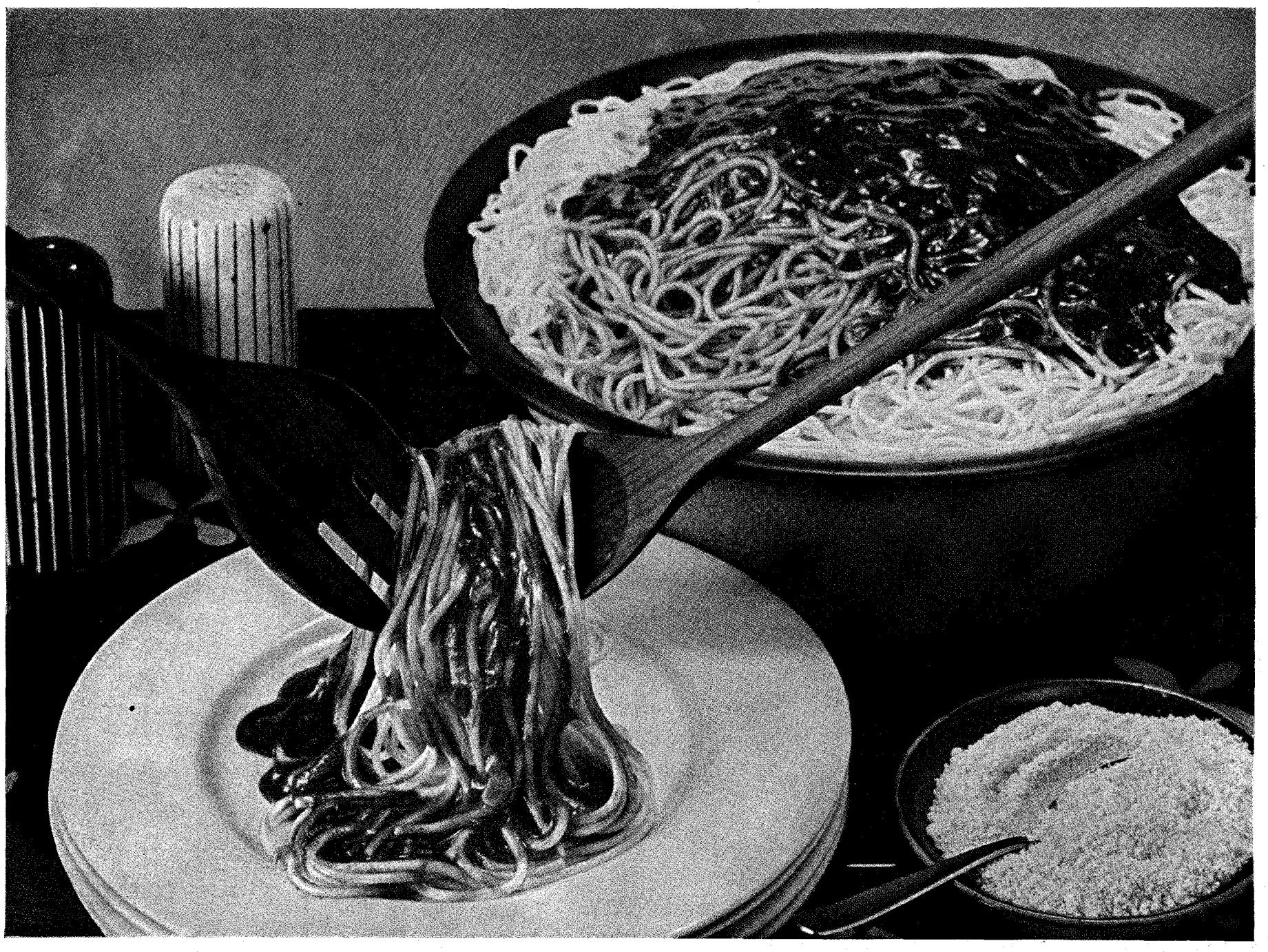
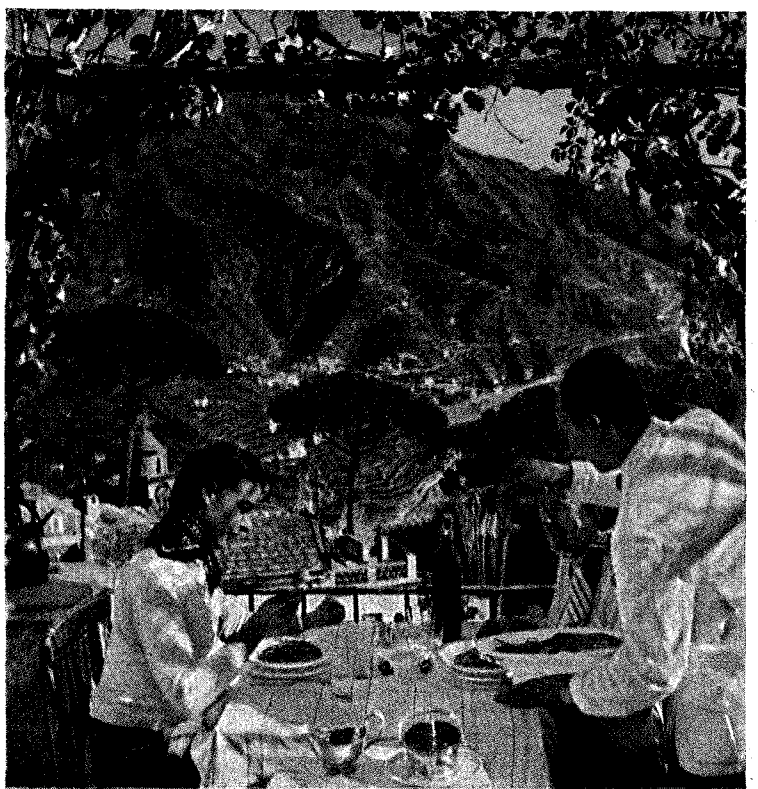


Fix this Italian feast between 6:00 and 6:12 tonight!



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Enjoy some tonight. When Chef is in your kitchen, you're just 12 minutes from real Italian-style eating.

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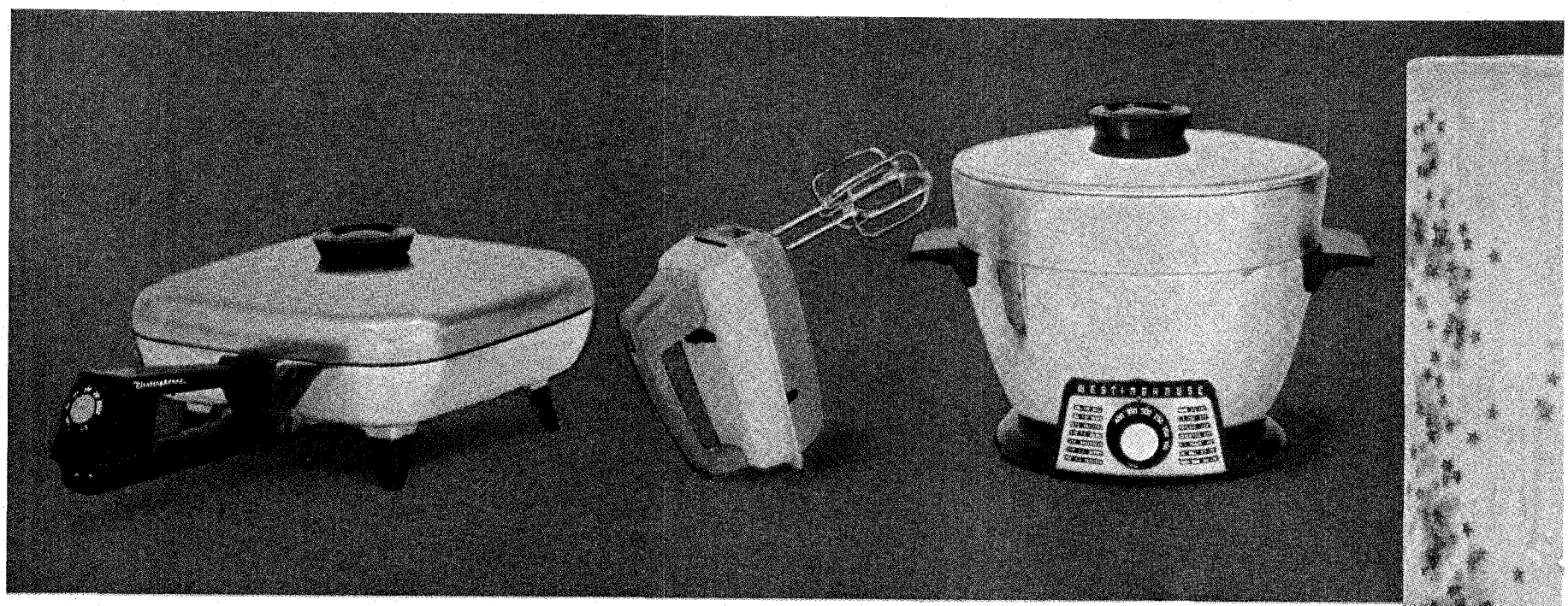
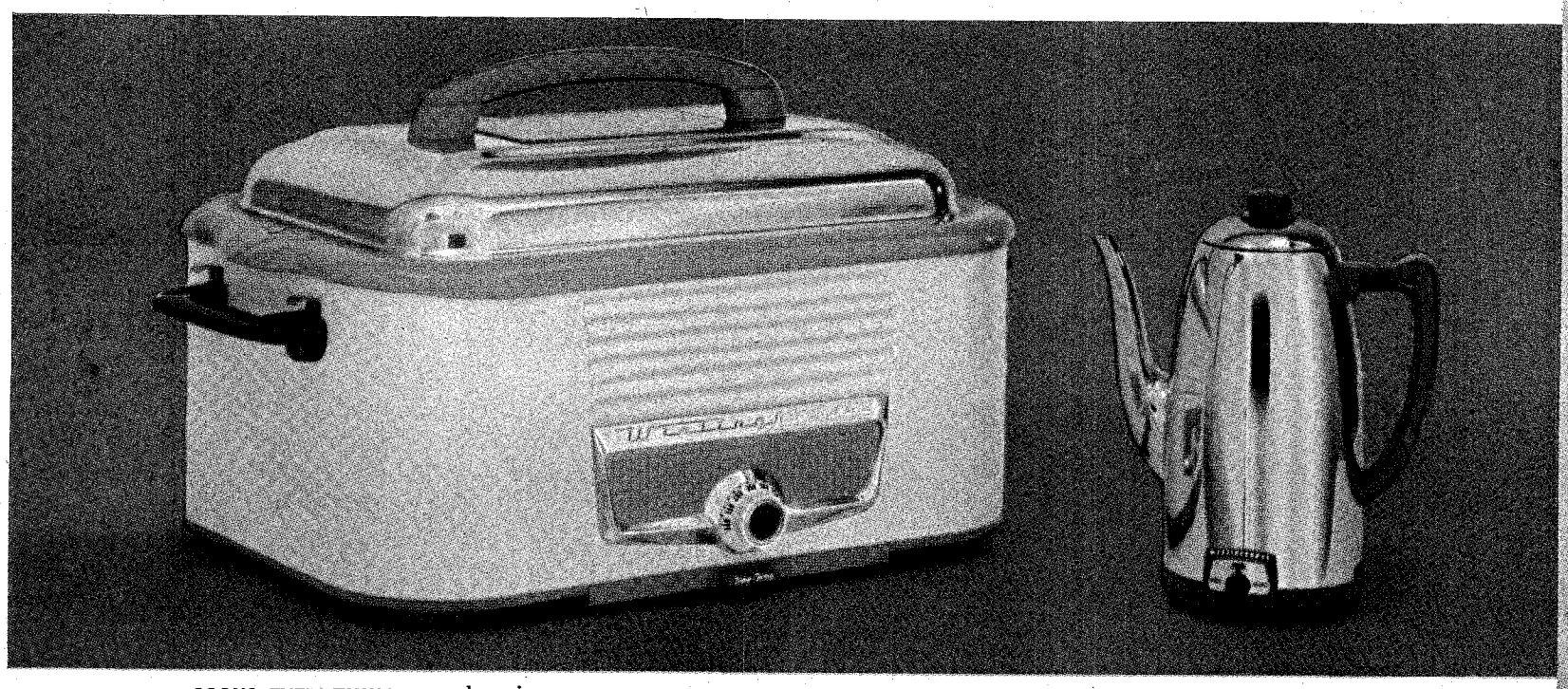


COOKS BETTER . . . ENDS WATCHING! Square element in square pan eliminates hot or cold spots. Thermostat controls heat edge to edge. Covers, slightly extra. Westinghouse Fry Pan $22.95

MORE POWER AT EVERY SPEED, even mixes heavy dough without stalling. Ejector pops beaters out. Sits on heel or hangs on wall. White, Aqua, Pink, Yellow. Westinghouse Portable Mixer $19.95

THE ALL-IN-ONE COOKER . . . casserole, bun warmer, chafing dish, fryer, corn popper . . . even a handsome server! It turns out soups to desserts, automatically. Westinghouse Cook-N-Fryer $29.95



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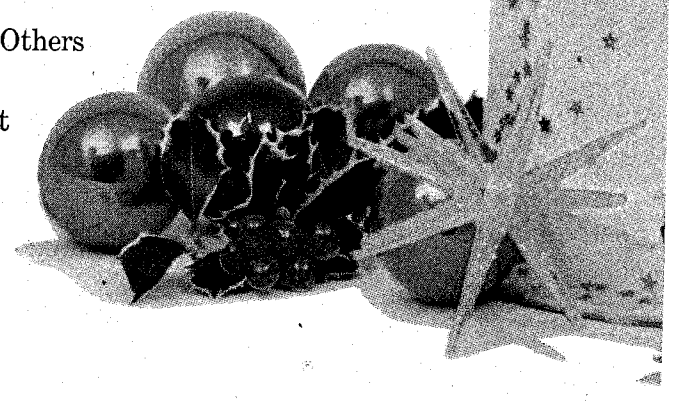

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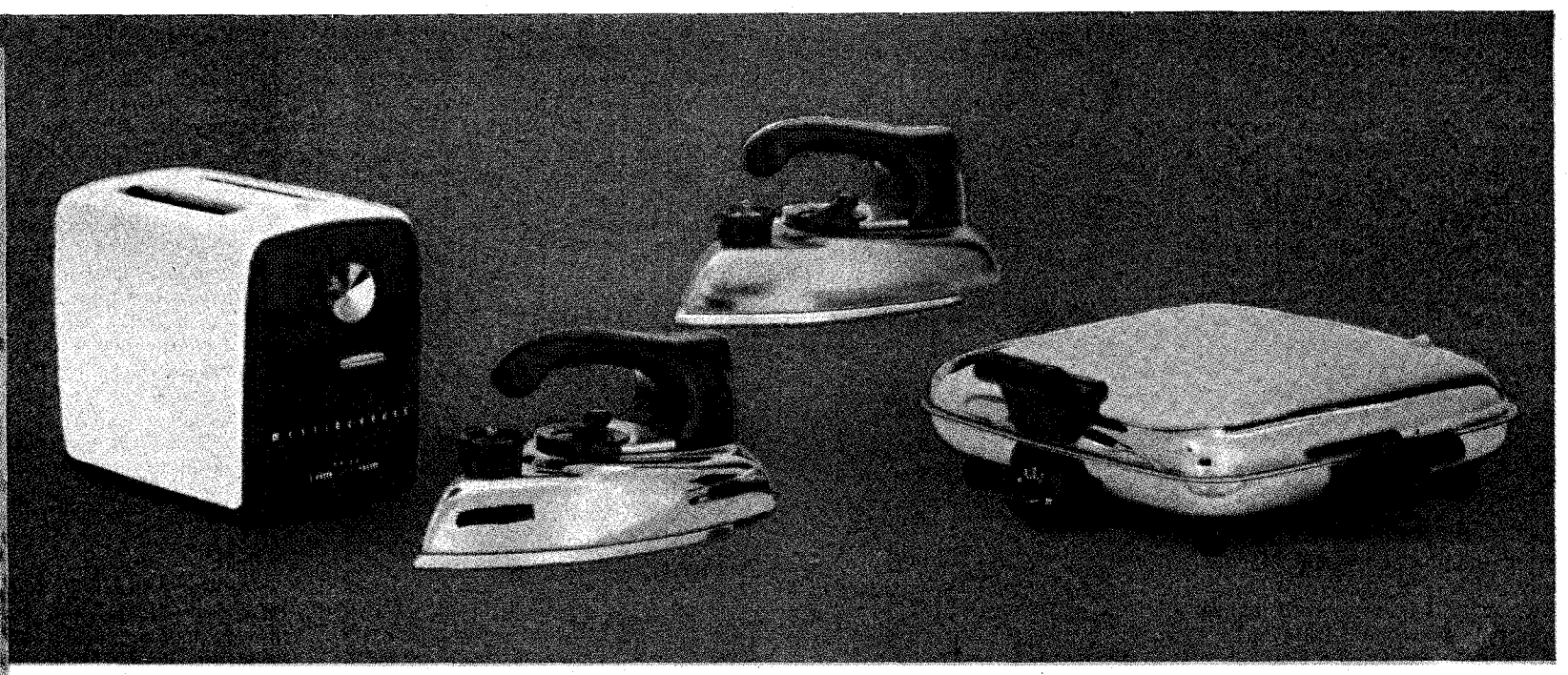

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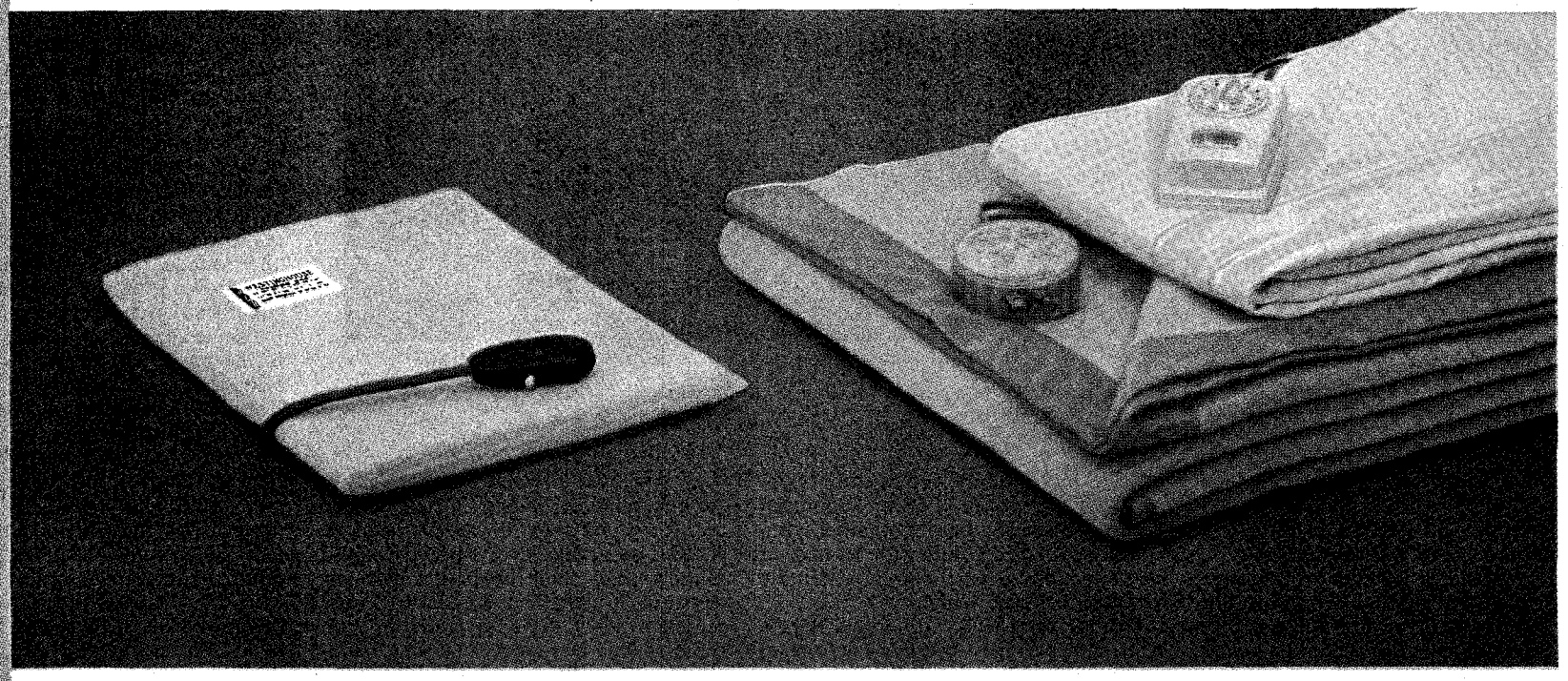
TOASTS, FRIES, GRILLS, BAKES, cooks everything from snacks to steaks. Top opens back to double cooking surface. Waffle grids snap in and slide out easily. Westinghouse Grill-N-Waffler $32.95



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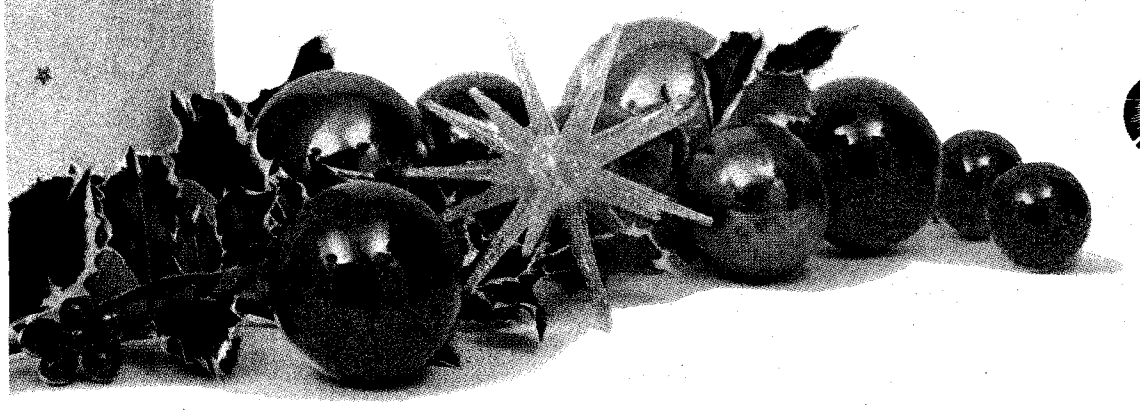

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YOU CAN BE **SURE**...IF IT'S

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(*Continued from Page 82*) a roll of bills he could hardly get out of his pocket. We stopped under a street light while he peeled off six $50's and twenty $10's. Next morning the pile of bills in Chief Murray's safe totaled $5250 and another spool of recording wire joined the collection that was making my desk drawer look like a notion counter.

I hoped it was the last, because things seemed to be getting out of hand. Prather turned up his friend, Bozo Taylor, who wanted to join the club for $300 a month. My regular customers were paying off from time to time, of course, and my accounting was getting pretty complicated. The next time I met Monroe to give him his $100 from King, he gave me $200 from Pat Hoagland. I can't even keep my checkbook straight at home, and all this double-entry bookkeeping with the serial numbers of each bill was getting me down.

My paper work was ridiculous. You never know when some little remark will be important, so I had to keep notes on all my clients' troubles as well as their money. Whitetop gave me a long song and dance the night I picked up my second $500. He'd put his wife, Yvonne, in his office, as he had planned. She found out the guy who was stealing all his money was his partner, Real Estate Smith.

"I guess I must be a hundred-thousand-dollar loser in the last few weeks," he told me sadly.

"You can't do business with a man who's stealing you blind, can you?" I said sympathetically.

The ham that my client, Pat Hoagland, had given me for Christmas used to haunt my dreams. It didn't cost ten dollars, but I had to put it in cold storage to preserve it as evidence, and the bill was already sixteen dollars. The office clerk who made out the two-dollar check every month must have thought that was silly. Then one day I got a bill from the District collector's office for a few cents, the personal-property tax on one ham. Paying it myself was too easy. I had to swear out an affidavit that the ham was evidence in a police case, not my personal property, in order to keep the record straight. Suppose the clerk had come up to kid me about that ham while Monroe or Prather was around. The whole deal would have blown up right there.

The worst time I had during my decoy assignment was the evening I spent at Monroe's house playing pinochle. When he first asked me, I stalled. It was bad enough stalking him, without getting mixed up with his family. I knew his wife was active in church work and his kids were both in school. But when I put it up to Mr. Rover, he said I'd better go to keep Monroe from getting suspicious.

His wife was a pleasant, hospitable woman, the kind that makes you feel at home right away. Their boy and girl were nice-looking kids of high-school age and went off to do their homework after a little while. I noticed the furnishings were modest. I could believe Monroe was telling the truth when he said he hadn't been getting anything when he was head of the gambling squad. Every time he dealt the cards I wished he hadn't changed his mind. I thought eleven o'clock would never come.

A couple of days later, when Mr. Rover said he thought we had about enough evidence to start clamping down, I wanted to cheer. We had eighteen spools of wire recordings and $8000 in bribes. You'd think that would be enough, but Mr. Rover was a glutton for evidence. For a clincher, he wanted to catch my clients in the act of bribing me, if possible.

That turned out to be quite a trick, because more gamblers kept insisting on getting in on the act while we were trying to ring down the curtain. Monroe sent me Othello Washington, who was in trouble with his parole officer and offered me $250 a month to fix him up. Prather wanted to sign up George Langley and his pal, Mike Zazanis. They were running the ritziest dice game in town when they were raided and lost $25,000 worth of furniture. They wanted to take out police-hazard insurance before they opened up again. We let them in for fear of tipping off the last act.

The way things shaped up, the night of September fourteenth was it. Several of my clients had called me the week before. I arranged to meet as many of them as I could that night, including Monroe, Prather and Whitetop, the three we were most anxious to get. When we counted noses at headquarters about six o'clock, there were Chief Murray, Deputy Lutz, Inspector Loraine Johnson, who was Monroe's boss, Captain Layton and myself. I had a date with Monroe at seven o'clock to give him his monthly $100 from Burnie King.

Washington police chief Robert V. Murray set Thoman to catch the crooked cops, and to bring in ironclad evidence "to prove it in court."

I drove on ahead with five $20 bills King had given me—Captain Layton had noted the serial numbers—in an envelope in my pocket. The others trailed me at a distance. Monroe was waiting and I parked and got into his car. I hadn't any more than given him the money from King before we were surrounded.

"What are you doing here, Monroe?" Deputy Lutz said.

"Why, Lieutenant Thoman owed me a hundred dollars," Monroe said, calmly pulling the envelope out of his pocket. "He just paid me back."

Deputy Lutz checked the serial numbers with Captain Layton's list and said, "Captain Monroe, we've been in on this from the start. Come along with us."

I could have crawled through a knothole just about then, but I didn't have time. Deputy Lutz and Inspector Johnson whisked Monroe off to headquarters to be booked, while Captain Layton and I took off to meet Prather at 7:30. We got a break there. Prather had Langley, who wanted to talk to me personally, in his car with him. That made things easier. After Langley gave me $100 on account—he hadn't even opened his new place yet—Captain Layton drove up for the pinch. We locked him and Prather in separate cells at the nearest precinct.

It was eight o'clock now. I called Simkins, whom I'd promised to meet that night, but he wasn't home. So I called Othello Washington and made a date to collect his $250 in Rock Creek Park. He had just counted out $260 when Captain Layton drove up and saved me the trouble of making change. We took him to another precinct for safekeeping. After we'd locked up Washington, I tried Simkins' home again and he was there. We made a date for 9:30.

Simkins was late and I sweated it out for ten minutes before he arrived. He looked so unhappy I was surprised he showed up at all. Several heavily played numbers had come up in the past few days and it was Black September in the numbers racket. "I had to go out of town twice to borrow money," he said, handing me my $500.

Well, things are never so bad they can't get worse. Just then Captain Layton drove up behind us. After we'd taken Whitetop and his $500 into custody, we walked over to lock up his car and found Geechie Charley sitting quietly behind the wheel. We called him a bonus and took him along to headquarters.

Before our luck ran out, we rounded up Bozo Taylor and Wally Beach too. But by that time it was in the wee small hours and I couldn't raise the others. We called it a night, the largest roundup of big gambling operators, including Whitetop, the slipperiest one of all, that the M.P.D. ever staged. But all I wanted was to go to bed. I got the first sound sleep I'd had in ten months.

When the case broke in the newspapers, the rest of the ring came in with their lawyers and surrendered. There were thirteen all together. Counting the final night's take, the bribes totaled $10,611—and don't forget the ham. The trials dragged out over two years, what with postponements and appeals all the way to the United States Supreme Court. All in all, I spent twenty-five days on the witness stand with my record album, bookkeeping ledgers and bales of notes.

Defense lawyers—there were so many they got in one another's way in the courtroom—called me a "Judas who betrayed his friends." But that didn't affect the jury and I didn't mind too much. Not one defendant took the stand to deny a single word I said—with Minnie there to back me up.

With so many involved, the defendants had to be tried in platoons. Monroe, Prather and five of the gamblers—Whitetop Simkins; his ex-partner, Real Estate Smith; Bozo Taylor; Burnie King; and Geechie Charlie Anderson—were convicted in the first trial in April, 1955. Monroe got the heaviest sentence, twenty months to five years and a $1000 fine. Prather got sixteen to forty-eight months and a $500 fine. Whitetop received the longest jail term of the gamblers, sixteen to fifty-four months—and no probation this time. The rest got from a minimum of nine months to a maximum of four years.

Ironically Beach and Hoagland, my first two clients, who paid me more money than any of the whole lot, got off scot-free. Prather and the others convicted in the first trial were all out on bail while the case was on appeal. When the United States Supreme Court denied a review of their convictions in October, 1956, and they were to surrender to go to jail, Prather went fishing and didn't come back. Without Prather, who had been the go-between in all my dealings with Beach and Hoagland, the indictments against them couldn't be prosecuted.

If you should run across Prather, call us or the nearest FBI office. We've got a fugitive count against him now as well as a bribery conviction. He's five feet ten and a half inches tall, weighs about 185 pounds, has dark-brown hair, crew cut, brown eyes, and talks a lot, or did.

Under the circumstances, would I do the same again? I've asked myself that a lot of times. The answer is always that I couldn't do anything else, even though I wouldn't like it. I wasn't born in Sunday school, but to my way of thinking, the first thing a policeman has to be is honest. It's as simple as that.

I would like to feel that everybody agreed with me. But you might be interested to know that the feeling isn't quite unanimous. Some people—not many, but a few—that I used to know pretty well haven't ever called me or come to my house since the case broke—and that's been three years now. Only a few weeks ago, at a card party Rose was invited to, one of the guests at the next table remarked to her partner, just loud enough for Rose to hear, "I've got a secret to tell you, but I'll wait until Mrs. Thoman leaves."

Rose laughed as though it was just a joke. Compared to some of the things anonymous callers said to her over the telephone when the case was hot, it really was.

But mostly I'm just glad the case is over. I know it's over because after Beach and Hoagland were turned loose last month, due to Prather's absence, we got that gift ham out of storage and sent it out to the juvenile home. I hope the kids enjoyed it, because it was the most expensive ham they'll ever eat. The storage bill had run up to ninety-two dollars.

THE END

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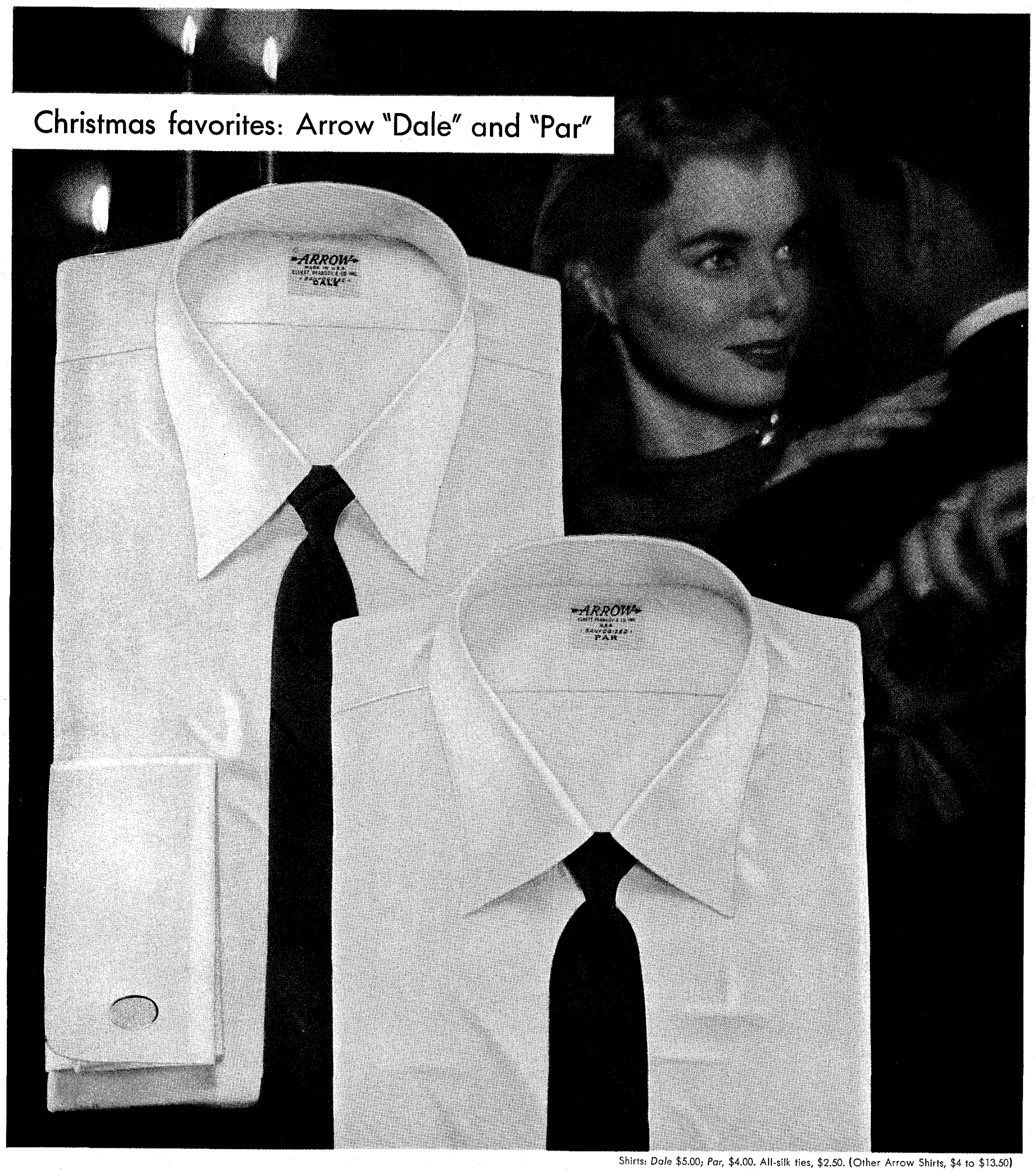

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His "just what I wanted" will really ring true when you give him a *Dale* or *Par*. It's no chance matter that these fine Arrow "whites" are the most-wanted and most-given shirts on Christmas morning. There's an extra touch of luxury to their "Sanforized" broadcloth, their punctilious tailoring, and their handsome Arrow collars. Both *Dale* (non-wilt collar) and *Par* (soft collar) are available in French or button cuffs.

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The Phony Venus (Continued from Page 44)

The countess picked up her brother, Charles Bonnet, at the railway station in Cannes and drove him the sixteen miles to the villa on the Cap d'Ivresse. It was a trip that had formerly taken only twenty-five minutes, but now in the intolerable traffic of the Riviera took almost fifty.

Charles Bonnet said, "Do you want to tell me straight out?"

"Yes," the countess said."It is Jeanne, of course. She is making a mistake."

They had taken the coast road. Charles Bonnet turned and looked out to sea, at the pretty summer boats on the blue water. "Another?" he said.

The brother and sister looked alike, but discretely, without any vulgar similarity of feature. He was almost tall, thickset, with short white hair; he was perhaps fifty-five. The countess was a few years older, a carelessly plain woman; like her brother, she achieved a kind of pleasant anonymity.

"What is it?" Charles Bonnet said.

"She has made friends with an expert. An expert! The new director of the Herendeen."

"Have I seen him?"

"I don't know," the countess said. "He's an American. They all look alike."

"You're sure he's an expert?" Charles Bonnet said. "Some of those others ——"

"I'm sure. He's been in Sicily. Princeton has dug up an entire city there. An entire city! He is an expert and Jeanne is constantly with him. She has taught him the aqualung and they are down at the bottom of the sea half the time."

Charles Bonnet looked at his sister and frowned. "Maybe it is the call of youth to youth," he said, "although the bottom of the sea seems an odd place to ——"

"It is not the call of youth to youth," the countess said. "I could have coped with that, myself. It is something much more sinister. It is the Venus. Our father's Venus. Jeanne has unpacked it and brought it up into your studio."

Charles Bonnet sat up. "The Dossena?"

"The Dossena."

A frown interrupted Charles Bonnet's smooth brow. Alceo Dossena, the Roman forger, had been dead twenty years; a long time. But was it long enough, twenty years? Had he been forgotten? Charles Bonnet thought not.

"Has she told you why?" he said.

"No."

"She must," Charles Bonnet said. "We must know immediately."

It took twenty minutes more to get to the villa and then there had to be a further delay, because Jeanne, Edouard informed them, had made an expedition to Grasse, with John Marshall.

"You go in there," Jeanne said, pointing to the chapel, "and see the three Rubenses. It is your duty. I will go buy my rose water and meet you here." "Here" was a café with tables spread out on the square.

John Marshall did as he was told. Jeanne bought the rose water, and ten minutes before he reappeared she was sitting at the café, her things laid out on a table beside her.

"One of the delights of the twentieth century," a journalist had written about her the winter before in Paris, and it would have been foolish to disagree. She glanced across the square and frowned briefly. Was she behaving as she should? The whole purpose of the expedition, Edouard had agreed, was to show John Marshall that out of the water she was sensible, charming, not too intelligent, guileless, open, a little frivolous; in short, an ordinary, honest girl; so that when the time came she would be a completely believable character. It seemed to her she was being needlessly dull. If so it was entirely the fault of the Dossena.

Grandpa would not have approved. "If there is to be a transaction," he had said, "every part of it must be perfect." Especially he would not have approved in the question of his Venus. Grandpa's Venus. The exasperation of his life. The transaction that was to have been his masterpiece. Would it now maybe be hers? If the grand tradition of the house of Bonnet was to be carried on, she would have to do it. Her father and her aunt would never bother, not with anything so dangerous as the Venus.

"You smell wonderful," John Marshall said from the chair beside her.

Jeanne turned her head slowly to him. "That was the idea," she said.

The afternoon was now different from what it had been. Jeanne became, effortlessly, her grandfather's girl. She pitched at him her charm, as one might pitch horseshoes. "Every part of a transaction must be perfect."

As he wrote to his father later: "I can only tell you that on the way home we stopped and wandered in a field of roses—ten acres of them—and seeing her, this girl, standing among the flowers, I was overcome. . . .

The afternoon, from everybody's point of view, was a success.

The evening, for Jeanne anyway, was not. (*Continued on Page 91*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 89*) "I believe," her father said, "your meaning is clear."

They were in the studio, a secret room which could be entered only through a hidden panel in Charles Bonnet's clothes closet, and a room always used for family conferences. It was neat, with drawing tables and comfortable chairs and good lights and, now, on the floor against a wall, the packing case that contained the Venus.

They were all there: Charles Bonnet and his sister, and Edouard and Jeanne and the cook, Louis Dobrey. Louis was an ancient and important member of the household; he had been for many years the friend and eating companion of Grandfather Bonnet. Louis was an artist, or had been—he rarely drew any more—in the style of Rodin. In America in the twenties there was a great vogue for the drawings of Rodin, everyone had to have them, and while the number of drawings Rodin had actually done was limited, the number that Louis could do was not.

For a number of years he and Grandfather Bonnet enjoyed a pleasant success, but then the demand fell off—everybody wanted an Utrillo suddenly, and try as he would Louis could not paint a satisfactory Utrillo. So Louis had withdrawn to his other talent, the kitchen. To no one's surprise he became absorbed into the Bonnet household, and there he had remained, a last link with the past, consulted by everyone about everything.

When a man doesn't know what he'd do without his wife, it's probably because she never gave him a chance to find out.

F. G. KERNAN

"Bluntly," Charles Bonnet said, "what you propose to do is bury the Dossena Venus in the bottom of the sea and then find it again."

Jeanne nodded. "Bluntly, yes," she said, and got up and walked over to a drawing table and leaned against it. "Look. The Venus as it is is worth nothing. As a discovery from the first century B.C. it will bring fifty or sixty million francs."

"Maybe more," Charles Bonnet said.

"But we must find a way to introduce it into the stream of art. You can't any more just look mysterious and tell a buyer you came across it in some little shop in a cul-de-sac in Marseilles or Naples. Buyers are much too wise these days."

"Agreed. Agreed. Everybody is an expert."

"So the sea seems the perfect way. Dozens of statues have been recovered from the sea. Why not the Venus of Ivresse?"

"But ——" Charles Bonnet spread his hands. "I take it you will bury our Venus for only a few days or weeks, at the most. It will show no evidence of having lived under the sea."

Jeanne shrugged. "The answer to that, of course, is fundamental to the whole plan," she said. "But we know, we have proof, that if a piece of marble is buried deeply enough, and in the mud, it will be beautifully preserved. Cousteau has brought up things that are almost as perfect as the day they left the sculptor's chisel. And our Venus is already battered."

Charles Bonnet frowned, unconvinced. "You don't think, then," he went on, "that a buyer will find it odd that a daughter of an art dealer dives into the sea and comes up with a fortune?"

"But there is no one else we can trust," Jeanne said, "to divert suspicion. Imagine. If we involve a fisherman, say, or some other diver, in helping—to make a better story—he would in the first place probably demand half the money, but, more important, the attention would focus on us. But with John Marshall no. If we tell him we have found something, take him to it, and he helps us bring the Venus up, he will naturally assume it is ours. He is a gentleman. But the attention, the stories, the publicity, will be on him. He is the expert. We can stay in the background."

"Ah," Louis said.

"But what about John Marshall?" Charles Bonnet said. "Is he then an innocent, this expert? He won't begin to wonder?"

"I think not," Edouard said. "We have prepared him."

"In what way?"

"He has already found a piece of a Greek vase near where we will find the Venus."

"A real piece?"

"Quite real. I have found several, so I planted one of them," Edouard went on. "Then I dived with him, led him near it, and he picked it up."

"He will expect to find something more," Jeanne said. "Vases usually mean a shipwreck. He knows that."

The countess shook her head. "Too elaborate, much too elaborate. I distrust elaborate schemes."

"Mother," Edouard said, "it couldn't be simpler. We find a statue in the sea. We sell it."

"Something will go wrong," the countess said.

"I'm afraid I agree with you," Charles Bonnet said and got up. "There are too many hazards. If one thing goes wrong, blooey! We are in for it. No. I must be convinced."

He made for the door of his clothes closet and disappeared among his suits. The countess followed him. The three—Edouard, Jeanne and Louis—were left alone, and silent.

Edouard swore.

"Don't despair," Louis said. "This is the kind of comedy your grandfather would have loved."

"Small comfort," Jeanne said, and went over to the case where the Venus lay. She pulled back the linen cloth which covered it, and stared down at the lovely figure. "Pretty thing," she said.

Headless, and without arms or feet the Venus lay, a lovely figure. She seemed to have a marble presence of her own; a detached, gratuitous air of being.

"I defy anyone in the world," Louis said, "to prove that she was carved in 1926."

Charles Bonnet had made a mistake, a luxury he almost never allowed himself. With Jeanne and Edouard and then Louis against him, and with only the tangential support of his sister for him, he had, in the end, to give in.

But he delayed. So used was he to the safe, the comfortable, the likely atmosphere of his private exhibition room in Paris or to bank vaults, where so much art is kept, with their overpowering air of common-sense respectability, that this rackety, physical, haphazard handling of an object frightened him. So he delayed.

Louis said, "He is middle-aged, poor Charles. He has had a good deal of experience, which he mistakes for wisdom. But he will get over it."

The delay was, indeed, a happy accident for John Marshall. The Riviera, for a hundred years, has been setting up the apparatus for pleasure, Jeanne had only to take him outside the door for the exercise to begin. There are the beaches, the

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casinos, the restaurants, the yachts; there is the Chapel of Matisse, the museum of Picasso, there is food in St. Tropez and food at Eden-Roc, there is —— There is—well, anything your little heart desires.

Sometimes, even, he worked. He showed Jeanne, one rainy Friday, in his study at the Herendeen, the photographs and plans of the city in Sicily where he had been in the spring. He had drawn, in elaborate detail, a reconstruction of the agora.

Jeanne examined the drawing closely and then turned and looked at him with a puzzled expression in her eyes.

"You are dedicated, aren't you?" she said.

John Marshall smiled. "It's not a word I had thought of."

Jeanne leaned back. "You can't fool me," she said. "You have an annoyingly clear head. All the time. I think it is an American trait."

"Would God," John Marshall said, "that were true."

That night, before dinner, Jeanne sat in the kitchen complaining to Louis. "I am getting nervous," she said. "All this waiting. Maybe John Marshall is too bright. Maybe the Dossena is no good."

"Never say that," Louis said. "Dossena was a genius."

"I wonder."

"He was. He fooled everybody. There was a museum in Boston in America that wouldn't believe him even after he told them. This is true. So be patient."

"I can't be."

"You must. It will be soon."

It was not long, in fact.

This is the letter John Marshall sent to his father: "Well, frankly, yes I should have written, but there was much too much excitement here those first few days for me to sit down at a typewriter. Thanks, though, for all the clippings, and the picture. If I had known I was going to have my picture in the New York Times, I would have worn my other bathing suit. It's a little more formal.

"Now. On the famous Tuesday, to begin at the beginning, Jeanne burst in on me, looking—well, it's a hard thing to describe—almost as if she were frightened by the news she had to tell me.

"She and Edouard had been diving that morning, looking for lobsters. Her spear had hit something unexpected, she had investigated, and her hand had felt smooth marble.

"She had found Edouard and, together, they had managed to uncover enough to know that something wonderful was lying at the bottom of the sea. They knew they would need help—a marble statue weighs something—so she had come to me.

"From there on, the newspaper accounts are pretty accurate. We improvised a canvas sling, and pulled the Venus to the surface, and then onto the beach of the Bonnet villa. Then—I don't know how—the three of us hauled her up onto the grass. Edouard got a hose and Jeanne a brush, and within half an hour she was clean.

"I had seen her, or almost seen her, before. She has sisters. There was a third-century Greek Aphrodite which was so admired that Roman copies were made in the first century. The original is lost, but the copies survive. One is in the Uffizi—the Medici Venus—another is in the Metropolitan, this is a third sister—not exactly like the others, but they are not exactly like each other. She is a Roman girl, too specific to be Greek.

"The next two weeks were wonderful—like a coming-out party. Friends of the family came from everywhere—Rome, Berlin, Munich, Paris, London; the old waxen-faced keepers of the museums, the scholars, the gallery owners, the lovers; friends who had known her people for the last twenty-five hundred years.

"She has had some proposals too. Money ones. But at my request, Charles Bonnet has turned them down. The Herendeen Foundation in New York has more money than it knows what to do with, and I have persuaded them to make an offer—such a solid offer that I know it will not be topped. Only one odd thing happened. Jeanne is against it, for reasons I can't make out. But she is not a deciding factor.

"The Bonnets are a solid and very French family. In America, I think, if a girl found a diamond weighing a hundred carats, it would, even if her family were jewelers, belong to her. Here, no. The Venus belongs to the Gallery Bonnet, of which Jeanne is a part; this seems to everyone concerned the only natural, sensible thing.

"Now I will give you one item that wasn't in the newspapers. I have asked Jeanne Bonnet to marry me. I've been wanting to for weeks, but I was afraid. The life she leads, the range of her possibilities, seemed so far beyond anything I could offer her—wife to a museum director in a small American city, someday—that I didn't take the risk. But, last Sunday I asked her.

"I wish I could tell you more. When she understood what I meant she reacted as if I had struck her. She backed away and stared at me, wide-eyed, as if —— I don't know what. Then she turned and ran.

"I haven't seen her alone since. Always she is flanked by Edouard or M. Charles or the countess or the cook, Louis. What am I to do?"

Jeanne and Edouard talked.

"You will help me?" she said.

Edouard hesitated. "My dear cousin," he said, "it is a monstrous plan. And very dangerous you know."

"No worse than the other," Jeanne said; "no worse than finding her. You thought that was simple enough."

"It was," Edouard frowned. "But this ——"

Jeanne said, "I am counting on you. You have been in love too."

"Several times," Edouard said, "but not in this catastrophic way."

Jeanne looked at her hands. "It is catastrophic, isn't it? My whole life is ruined. But I cannot help myself."

"Poor Jeanne," Edouard said.

She looked up, encouraged at his words. "It's such a lovely plan. It will make my father happy, it will make you happy."

"And you," Edouard said.

Jeanne nodded. "Face the situation," she said. "We cannot sell the Venus outside the country. It is National Treasure. The government would not let us. Here at home the Herendeen has made the only grand offer. As things stand, we must sell to the Herendeen."

She turned away and pressed her hands to her head. "It must not happen," she said. "I could never face John Marshall across a breakfast table, knowing I had done such a thing to him."

"Poor Jeanne," Edouard said. "How did you get into this mess?"

"Explain the sunshine," she said, and turned back to him. "You will help me?"

Again Edouard hesitated. "I cannot promise success," he said.

"But you will help?"

"I will try," Edouard said. "First we must talk to Louis, of course."

A mere two weeks later, Jeanne and Edouard stood on the paving at the front of the villa.

"I am nervous," Edouard said.

"You mustn't be nervous now." Jeanne picked up Edouard's wrist and looked at his watch. "It is time to begin."

Edouard took a deep breath. "Luck," he said.

"Thanks," Jeanne said. "I have had three rehearsals."

There were, in the driveway, two cars—the old Simca station wagon, and Edouard's little white Citroën.

"You won't forget anything? Not one word?" Jeanne said.

"I have memorized them all."

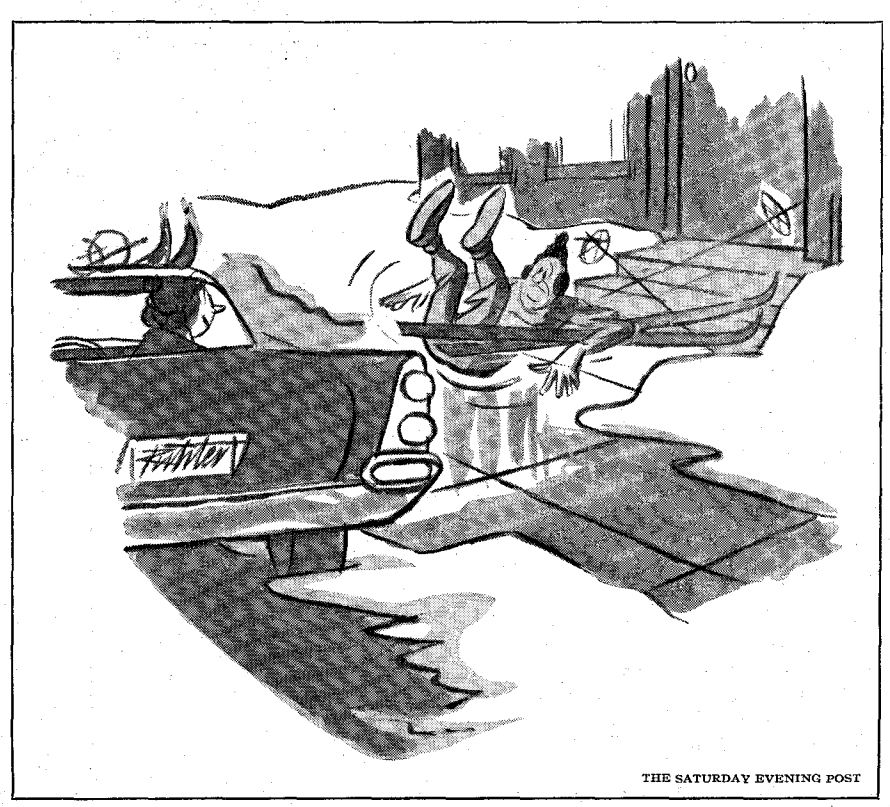
"Give me fifteen minutes. Then run to John Marshall. Be sure you are out of breath. Every detail must be perfect."

"I know. I know," Edouard said.

Jeanne opened the door of the station wagon and got in. Edouard came and stood beside her, looking in. On the floor in the rear lay the wooden box with the Venus, carefully covered over with the linen cloth.

"Remember. The eighteen-kilometer mark." She started the car, and in a moment was gone.

Fifteen minutes later, on cue and out of breath, Edouard burst in on John Marshall.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"John! John!" he said, panting. "Come with me—quick! Jeanne has taken the Venus and I am afraid ——" He had to stop. "I am afraid she is going to do something foolish. We must catch her."

The Route of the Val d'Or was possibly not the most sensible way to go to Paris, but it was the one she and Edouard always took, and that should be enough for John Marshall.

In half an hour Jeanne was in the little place of Bourg d'Or, where the real climb began. She sped along its sprinkled street. Then quickly she was into mountain country, with its different flowers and different grasses, its pale colors and cool air; she took three deep breaths, she felt better.

I am passing from one world into another, she thought. *Love is a foreign country, the customs are different there. It is natural I should feel shock.*

Her spirit rose in the high air. She looked in the mirror; the road was empty.

I think I am safe, she said to herself. *Fifteen more minutes and I will know. If my luck holds I will be able to step into the new world quite simply and innocently—and yet I will leave the old world happy, content and friendly with me.*

She came now finally into the great half circle of the Val d'Or. To her right the cliff fell down straight, a thousand feet. The eighteen-kilometer mark flashed by; she saluted it with a nod. She looked across the valley, half a mile, and there was the road again, higher up, crawling along the side of the cliff until, just opposite the eighteen-kilometer mark, it turned sharply left, away, and disappeared around a spur.

She had two miles still to the end of the valley, then the long curve, and two miles back, climbing, always climbing. She put on speed. The old station wagon responded grudgingly, but enough. Jeanne was only a hundred yards from the top when she saw far below the little white Citroën coming into the valley.

They were silent now in the Citroën, but there had been talk. John Marshall sat gazing as if hypnotized by the road, remembering what Edouard had told him. Or remembering one sentence, rather; the one sentence. Edouard had said, "Since she is in love with you ——" The rest didn't really matter.

"It is a very delicate thing to explain," Edouard had said. "It is really an affair of the family, but you see, my uncle—well, he had decided to give the Venus to the Herendeen as a gift."

"But ——" John Marshall had said.

"Let me go on," Edouard had said. "You know Jeanne is a good daughter. Never before has she questioned her father, but this one time. Ah, Jeanne knew it was the right thing to do, but since she is in love with you she wanted to bring you a dowry. Every French girl wants to do that. Do you see? Actually the Venus is hers; she did find it. In law it is hers."

"Of course. But Jeanne needs no dowry."

"I told her, I tried to persuade her. But this girl would not listen. Of course I have some sympathy with her. So she has made an arrangement with a dealer in Paris to buy the Venus. My uncle will be angry, but when the thing is accomplished and Jeanne has the money, there is nothing much he can do about it. But I thought you should know."

John Marshall had said, "In your opinion, Edouard, it is a fact"—he had been afraid to say the words—"it is a fact that Jeanne loves me?"

"A fact?" Edouard had said. "Haven't you noticed? She has been impossible."

When the eighteen-kilometer mark came into (*Continued on Page 95*)

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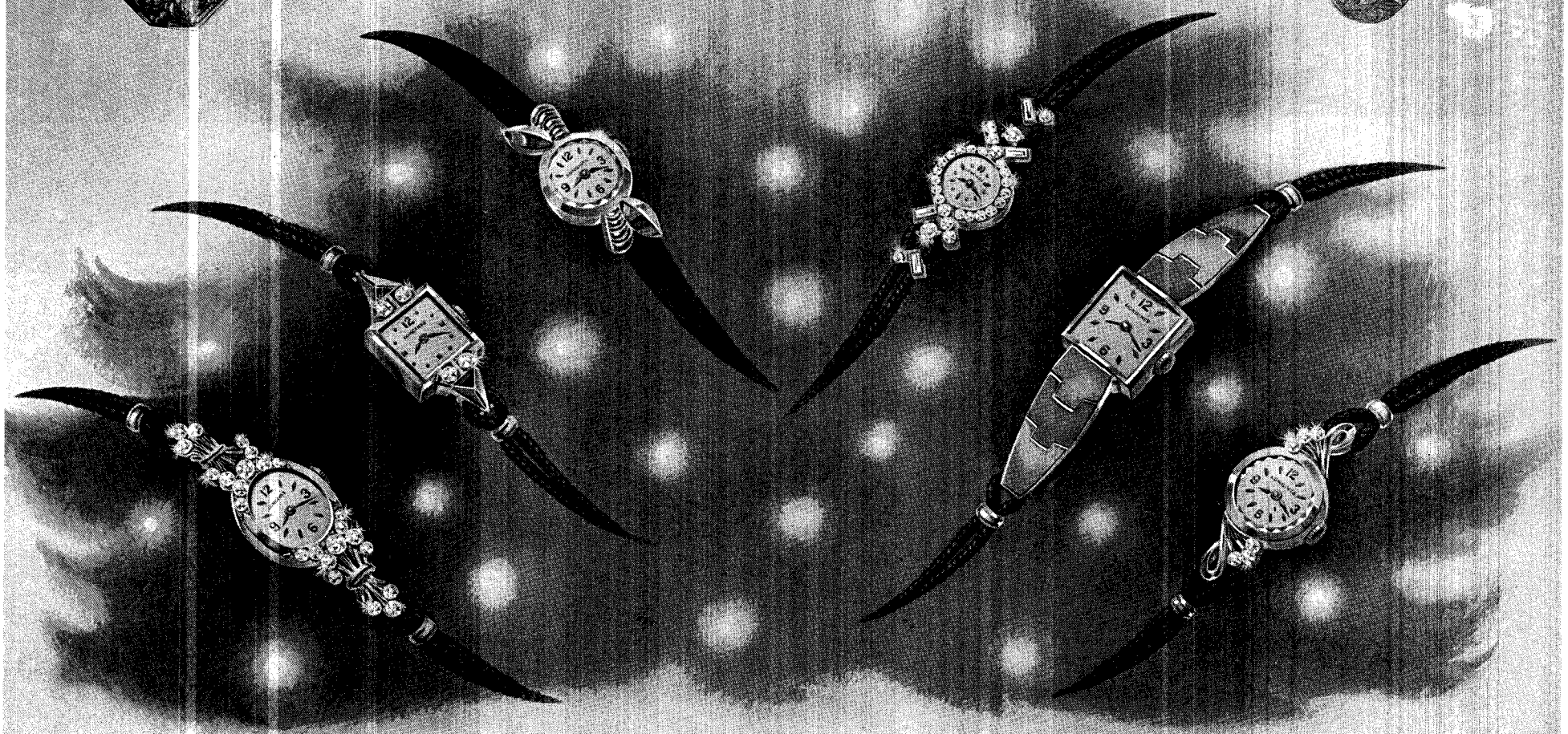

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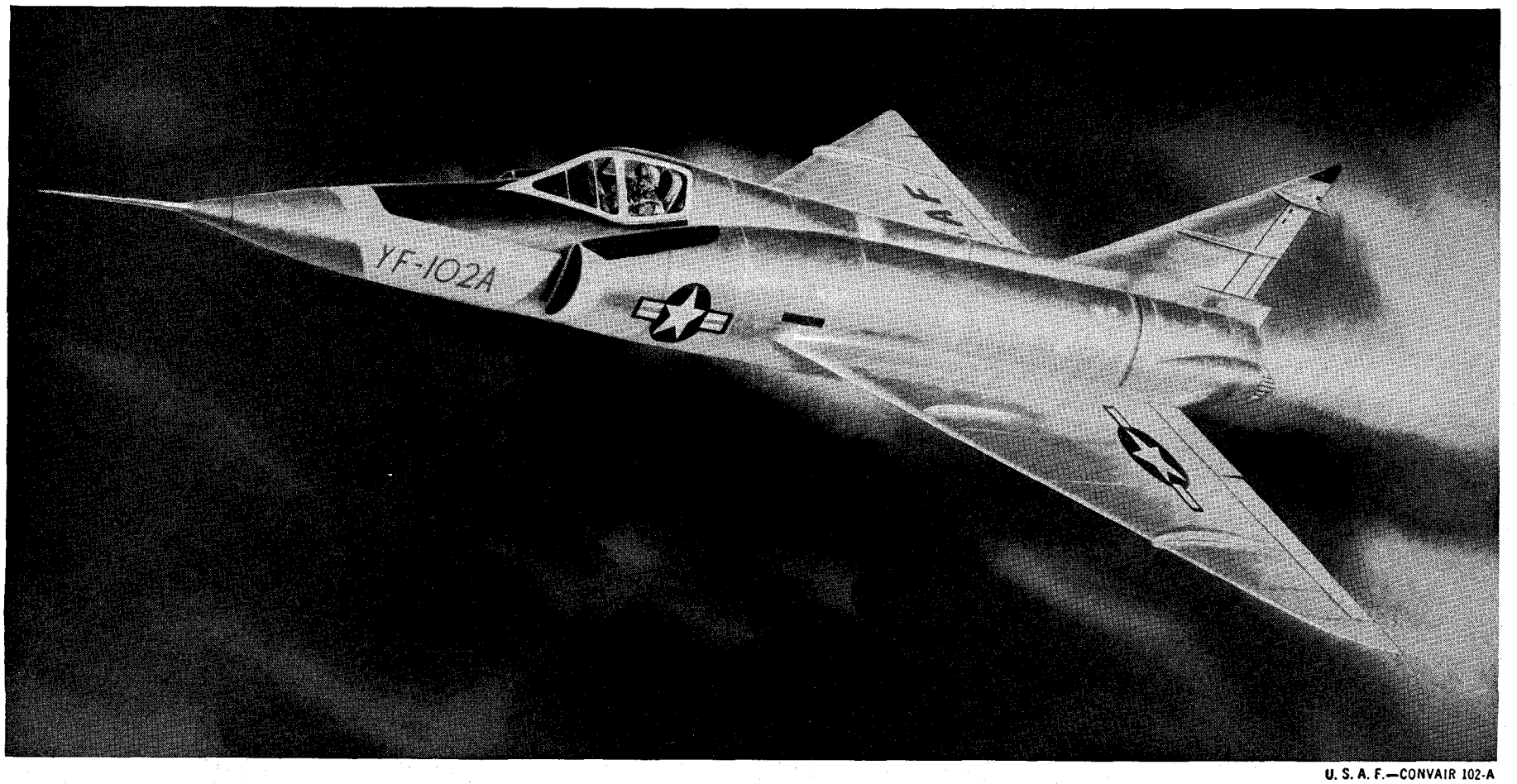

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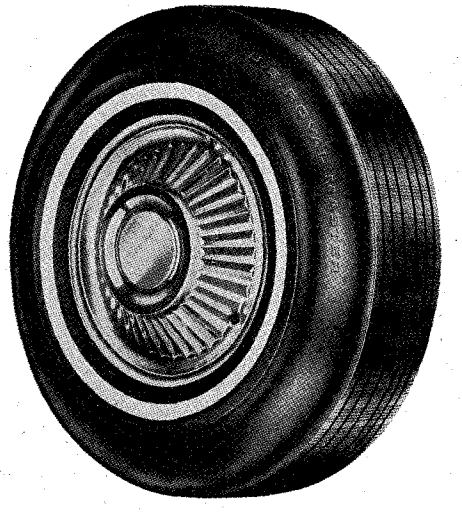

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(*Continued from Page 92*) sight, Edouard imperceptibly slowed his speed. He glanced first at John Marshall and then across the valley at the road. The station wagon was at the top, slowly inching its way around the curve, at the spur.

"Look," Edouard said, "there she is," and slowed more.

John Marshall looked. The station wagon had stopped. They could see now only its rear.

"I know what has happened," Edouard said; "the old car is boiling. It always does."

But as they watched, gradually the station wagon began to back, in little stops, toward the edge of the cliff.

"Has she no brakes?" John Marshall said.

"She has brakes," Edouard said. "Don't worry, Jeanne is a good driver." He took his foot off the gas pedal entirely now and the Citroën rolled to a halt ten feet from the eighteen-kilometer mark.

They waited. The station wagon had stopped too, but close, too dangerously close to the edge of the valley.

"Can't she ——" John Marshall began.

"Don't worry," Edouard said.

Then it happened. With a tremendous jerk the station wagon shot forward. But that was not all. At the jerk, the tailgate flew open and the box with the Venus, in an easy beautiful slide, sailed out over the valley and began to fall.

"No," John Marshall said; "no."

It fell for perhaps seventy-five feet before it hit, with a glancing blow, on a projecting rock. And then the odd thing occurred. The Venus was freed from its box, and it seemed to rise, out into space, with its linen cover fluttering and falling behind it. And then for a moment, as they watched, the white Venus stood in the air, stood still, glittering.

The moment was over and the Venus fell. Faster and faster, down, down, down. When it hit, finally, on a ledge almost at the bottom of the valley, the force was so great that it broke into a thousand pieces. All that was left was dust.

At the top, when they found her, Jeanne was crouched at the edge, looking down into the gorge. Her hands were pressed to the sides of her head and she was trembling. John Marshall jumped from the car and ran to her.

He pulled her to her feet, and then, very awkwardly, got an arm around her. Edouard watched it all with interest.

It was half an hour before they got the cars turned round and started down the valley to Cap d'Ivresse, to home.

Later, much later, almost a year in fact, Edouard is having a last lunch with the family before he takes off in an airplane for America. Jeanne and John Marshall have asked him to spend a summer vacation with them.

He holds in his hands a snapshot which Charles Bonnet has just given him. "For Jeanne with my love," Charles Bonnet says.

On the back of the snapshot is a message in Spanish: "The Venus of Ivresse sends salutations from her new home in South America." The picture itself is indeed of the Venus. She is set on a pedestal before a wide glass window flanked by marble columns; at her feet are flowers and ferns.

Edouard smiles. "Dear Jeanne."

Charles Bonnet nods. "Her masterpiece."

But Louis frowns. "You always speak as if I had no part in this. It is always 'Jeanne's masterpiece.'"

"Louis," Charles Bonnet says, "we——"

"If it had not been for the plaster copy," Louis says, "she ——"

"If it had not been for your plaster copy," Charles Bonnet says, "the beautiful affair of the valley would never have occurred. We all acknowledge this."

"I will always regret you were not there," Edouard says. "Your Venus was superb. It is no wonder John Marshall believed what he saw."

"I did study with Rodin," Louis says.

"By masterpiece," Charles Bonnet says, "we mean Jeanne's thinking. The creation of the illusion, the destruction of the illusion, and the preservation of the reality."

"And her control of circumstance," Edouard says. "Even the day she chose. Rain was predicted for that night, and it came. So when the search party went down the valley, they found nothing. The plaster had been washed away. Every detail was perfect."

"But let us not forget," the countess says, "that it was I who arranged to smuggle the Venus to South America. It was I who found a man who was willing to keep a masterpiece in secret, just because of its beauty. And pay for it. I, too, had a part."

Edouard smiles and gets up. It is almost time to leave.

The countess looks at him and sighs. "Oh, dear," she says, "I hate this moment. I keep telling myself that with the airplane New York is really only a suburb of Cannes, but still ——"

"Be brave, mamma," Edouard says.

Charles Bonnet gets up, takes Edouard's arm and together they walk toward the house.

"Give our love to John Marshall," Charles Bonnet says, "and most of all to Jeanne. Tell her how we miss her and say that if she ever wants to come back ——"

"I will."

"And you might mention the Renoir flower piece to her. I think really it is the most authentic-looking canvas I have seen in some time. She might have just the right suggestion for disposing of it."

Edouard nods solemnly. "I will," he says. "Renoir is very popular in America. I will not forget business."

Life Begins at Forty?

The icy walks which, once,
I used to slide on,
The skating rinks I used to
race and glide on
I now must either slow
down to a crawl on
Or sprawl on.

Hal Chadwick

West of the Law (Continued from Page 24)

informed. You'll be dealing with slippery customers."

"I thought your specialty was laying rails."

"So it is. Laying rails. But there won't be any rails laid unless you know how to cope. Things got to happen before grading gets done and iron stretched out on top of it. First there's Injuns. You can't lay rails till the tribes are pacified. And you can't fight Injuns without first fighting politicians. How many officers you got all present and accounted for?"

"Not enough," Dodge said ruefully.

"Where are they?" Bednigo demanded. His embarrassment and hesitancy seemed to have departed, at least for the time.

Dodge shrugged. "Out in the state campaigning for Senator Jim Lane," he said.

He peered sharply at Bednigo. The logic of what he stated ameliorated its effrontery. Dodge was of a mind to put the young man sharply in his place, but something midway between amusement and curiosity prevented. It was possible that here was a remarkable character. He seemed to be an odd combination of brashness and shyness, of timidity and overboldness. Such a man could be a nuisance or very useful indeed. One of the general's attributes was his ability to assay men. He thought it might be worth his while to explore Bednigo Claypool thoroughly.

"Since Colonel Chivington attacked Black Kettle's village," said the general, "the Cheyenne, Arapaho, Comanche, Kiowa and the other tribes are on the warpath. Overland stages cannot move; telegraph lines are down. Experienced plainsmen tell me the lines cannot be maintained in the winter. Overland emigration has been driven back to the Missouri." The corner of his mobile mouth twitched as he asked his unusual question, "If you were the general in command, what would you do?"

"You're hampered by politics and insubordination?"

"I find it so," Dodge replied.

Bednigo's face became animated and his usually slow-moving body exhibited nervous energy. "Get the jump on them, general. Bull it through with the politicians before they realize what you're at. Crack down on insubordination. Be moving before anybody can make countermoves."

"So," Dodge said. "But I'm determined to stay out of politics."

Bednigo shook his head vigorously. "You can't stay out of politics. From now on, general, you'll be in politics up to your ears. Nasty politics. The Union Pacific is snarled in politics. Company politics and national politics. Whether you like it or not, there it is. Until you've pushed the rails to Salt Lake City or wherever, there'll be gutter fighting."

As well as Bednigo, General Dodge was aware of the conditions—of the quagmires that would confront him if he undertook the task of building this transcontinental railroad. He flinched from the chicaneries. It was one reason why he hesitated to resign from the army and accept the position of chief engineer.

"I'm not adept at gutter fighting," he said unhappily.

"Then," said Bednigo, "get someone who is."

"What's that, young man?"

Dodge wondered if there was a hint of sarcasm in Bednigo's voice when he explained, "You, general, are high-minded. You're above devices and ward heeler's tricks. You're upright and *sans reproche*, all same as Bayard. That's very satisfac-

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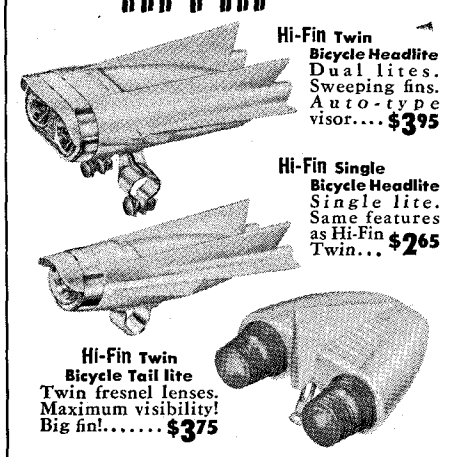
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tory—if you get a right-hand man who is on to all the tricks. Learn to wink the other eye, general. What you must have is a competent man to do the dirty work. But the dirty work still must be done."

The general scowled at his clenched fist on his desk top, but made no observation.

"Somebody," said Bednigo, "whom you can repudiate if there's a backfire."

"What man," demanded the general impatiently, "would undertake that sort of thing—especially if he was warned ahead of time that he could not rely upon my loyalty if it came to a pinch? A deliberate scapegoat. And where, Bednigo, am I to find a person to fit the other specifications?" He smiled ruefully. "I can't advertise for him."

Again Bednigo was all hobbledehoy, embarrassed and seemingly uncertain of himself. He lowered his head and peered at the general sheepishly.

"My pa," he said, "was county chairman back home. There aren't any politics like Yankee politics. Your pa got to be postmaster hustling for Polk. From when I was six I tagged along to town meeting and county conventions and state gatherings with pa. I kind of calc'lated to go into politics till I got sidetracked into railroads. I'm not one to put myself forward nor to holler about what I can do."

"No?" asked Dodge with a broad grin.

"But," Bednigo continued, "there isn't anything about the skulduggery of politics that I haven't seen worked one time and another. And about that repudiation part when the going gets too rough, I figger, general, I'd be apt to land somewheres near on my feet." He hesitated and then a faint, shy smile dimly lighted his face. "Could be," he said, "I'd have it fixed so's I'd come up with a scapegoat of my own."

"And this," the general said straitly, "is what you came all the way from Council Bluffs to say to me?"

"Nope," Bednigo said promptly. "I came because I want a job laying track. This political jiggery-pokery is just an extry inducement. Kind of lagniappe. Thrown in to boot."

"Even if I wanted to," General Dodge said, "I've no authority to employ you in any capacity."

"You will have," Bednigo replied.

"What are you doing now?" Dodge wanted to know.

"Kind of a surveyor's job out of Omaha," Bednigo answered.

"Go back," the general said, "and keep on surveying. Grant won't let me out of the army now. Not till this Indian campaign is over."

"So you're set on a winter campaign against the Injuns?"

Dodge tossed a paper across the desk. It was a dispatch he had sent out that very morning. Bednigo read it slowly. It said: "Place every mounted man in your command on the South Platte route: repair telegraph lines, attack all bodies of hostile Indians, large or small; stay with them and pound them until they move north of the Platte or south of the Arkansas. I am coming with two regiments of cavalry to the Platte line and will open and protect it."

Bednigo drew and expelled a deep breath. "Seems as though we kind of think along the same lines sometimes," he said. "There's them in Washington and the army that won't like this much. Senator Jim Lane won't like it." As if as an afterthought, he added, "And Major Terry Canby won't cotton to it much, nor his bosom friend, Wesley Maury."

General Dodge's fingers, which had been piano playing on his desk top, froze to immobility. "What's this about Canby and Maury?" he asked sharply.

"Now, general. Now, general," said Bednigo. "You were head of Grant's one hundred spies in the war. Don't tell me you didn't run across Maury's tracks. Kind of missionary from Jeff Davis to the Copperheads in Indiana and thereabouts."

"No evidence to convict," snapped Dodge.

"No evidence to convict him of being the head man of that gang of marauders that raid down from Canada depredating against friendly Injuns. Nor, likely, to convict Major Canby of being mixed in it up to his chin. Could be Maury's right-hand man. Where's Canby this afternoon, general?"

"Absent on leave," was the answer.

"He won't take kindly to being recalled."

"How do you know all this?" Dodge demanded.

"General," said Bednigo earnestly, "heaps of times I'm plumb astonished to discover what I know, and a heap sight more surprised to notice how I found it out." He stood up, not to his full height, because his shoulders seemed to sag a bit forward and his chin to jut farther forward yet. It gave an impression of weary limpness.

"Well, much obleeged, general, for seeing me and all. I calc'late the trip was worth while for me and maybe for you. Maybe I'll hang around a few days before I mosey back to Council Bluffs and Omaha. Maybe I'll kind of enjoy seeing all the sights. When I get back I won't mention I was here. I'll be waiting patient to see what turns up."

General Dodge extended his hand. "Always glad to see a fellow alumnus from Norwich," he said noncommittally. "A safe journey to you, Bednigo. A safe journey."

Bednigo Claypool sat on a crate watching the swollen, muddy waters of the Missouri bluster past. It was a Sabbath morning, and for want of a better thing to do, he had walked down to the dock to see the steamboat arrive. To an accompaniment of jangling bells and bellowing, it nosed into the dock and its gangplank was flung ashore. On the upper deck alongside the texas stood a tall young woman on whose hazel hair perched a scoop-shaped bonnet. One gloved hand rested on the rail as she looked downward with what appeared to be complete indifference. Her eyes met Bednigo's upward gaze and passed on as though he did not exist. Bednigo's eyes did not pass on, but lingered. He saw her frown. With some freshly aroused anxiety, she scrutinized the occupants of the dock. She had expected to see someone there. Probably someone was to have met her. She turned away from the rail and disappeared.

Bednigo watched the cargo of railroad supplies being unloaded. Presently down the passengers' gangplank came a sizable, cowhide-covered trunk, and in its wake the haughty young woman came tripping. Unceremoniously, the trunk was deposited on the planking and its mistress was left alone with it. The least-observing person could have deduced that she was not accustomed to handling a heavy piece of baggage. Clearly she was nonplused.

By good or ill fortune, the trunk had been dropped a dozen feet from the crate which Bednigo occupied. He was diverted, though his face betrayed no sign of his amusement. He watched to see how the young woman would solve her problem. Her eyes rested upon him again, and this time they remained. Not as they would have remained upon a gentleman and an equal. From his clothing, it was evident he was some sort of laboring person. She waited as if she expected him to leap to her service—as though such a leaping should have been the only possible reaction. Bednigo did not leap. He seemed to be peering at his roughly shod feet, but he was watching her from the corners of his eyes. She tapped her foot. Her lips compressed. She was not so much displeased as affronted. No tribute whatever was being paid her.

"Well!" she ejaculated sharply.

Bednigo might have been carved from wood.

"Are you," she demanded, "going to sit there like a bump on a log?"

"Me, ma'am?" Bednigo's voice was innocently surprised. "Why shouldn't I?"

"It should be evident," she said loftily, "that I need assistance."

"What kind of help be ye requirin'?" he asked in the vernacular.

"I was to have been met," she said. "Are you so stupid you can't see I must have my trunk carried? Is there some conveyance? How do I get to the hotel?"

"Calc'late the' should be a bus," Bednigo said. He motioned toward the muddy street.

She tapped her little foot again. "I'll give you two bits to carry my trunk off the dock."

"Why," Bednigo asked, "didn't ye say so in the fust place?" He unjointed slowly and extended a huge palm. She fumbled for her purse and deposited a quarter.

Bednigo, with a smooth application of strength, swung the trunk to his back and strode away with it. He carried it a hundred feet to the street, where a four-wheeled conveyance with two parallel seats awaited custom. The young woman climbed in and sat on the musty leather. Bednigo, having placed the trunk, climbed in beside her. This she had not expected. She looked at him doubtfully.

"You are very strong," she said out of her uncertainty.

"In the back, ma'am," he replied. "Not in the head."

The driver clucked to his team, which strained forward through the spring mud that was almost hub deep. The bus jolted and swayed and the young lady was unhappy. It was not far, however, to the Pacific House, with its double verandas, which squatted between a four-story brick building on the left and a three-story, corniced structure on the right.

The girl looked askance at the famous old caravanserai. "Is this the best hotel?" she asked dubiously.

"Council Bluffs," said Bednigo, "is right proud of it. Yes'm. Abraham Lincoln didn't make no complaints when he slept here."

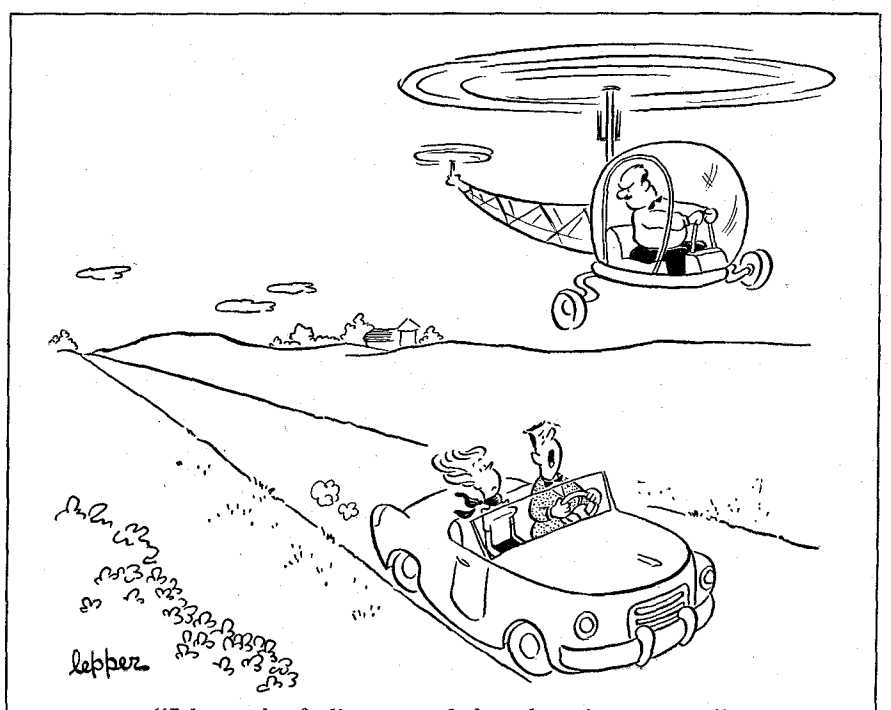
"Take my trunk inside," she said imperiously.

"Cost ye another quarter," he said. She produced it disdainfully.

He lowered the trunk to the floor in front of the desk and watched her sign the register. It was rather an odd name that she wrote—Potter Nourse—and appended the name of the city whence she came—New York. The clerk was impressed. Sterner citizens than he would have been impressed because Miss Potter Nourse was quite famous for her loveliness. She did not nod or express her gratitude to Bednigo as she was led away to her room. He stood leaning on the desk, and peered after her with no change of expression. If he wondered why he had been so perverse with her, it did not show. Probably it was characteristic. It was also characteristic that he should have helped himself to a sheet of paper and an envelope. He wrote a brief note which said: "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart." He signed his name. Into the envelope he dropped the two quarters which he had exacted from her.

He went out on the broad veranda where, years ago, a candidate for the presidency of the United States named Abraham Lincoln had first met Gen. Grenville Dodge and had been impressed with his knowledge of the plains and mountains to the westward and the best possible route for building a railroad to the Pacific. The clouds were dissipating, the sun was emerging warmly. Bednigo settled comfortably in a chair and became a part of the landscape. He was expert at self-effacement. In the long months that followed his pilgrimage to Fort Leavenworth he had kept his eyes open and his mouth shut. He merged into the background and did nothing to call attention to himself. He performed the work assigned to him efficiently and waited for the cat to jump.

He saw the work of railroad building come practically to a standstill; saw half a million dollars thrown away, and suspected, not without adequate grounds, that half of this sum had found its way into the pocket of Thomas C. Durant. He had seen the quarrel between Durant and Peter Dey, the chief engineer, come to a head over this wastefulness, and Durant's insistence on changing the route out of Omaha and adding nine miles of length to the (*Continued on Page 98*)



"I have the feeling your father doesn't trust me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 96*) first short stretch of construction toward the Elkhorn—at stupendous costs—under the pretext of eliminating eighty-foot grades to the mile. He saw troubled waters become more troubled and patiently waited for the day of good fishing. Bednigo was young; there was lots of time ahead and he was in no hurry. He watched and understood, as few people did at the time, the financial chicanery and maneuvering which was to burst one day into the most destructive political and financial scandal of the era.

Half an hour before noon he went up to his room, where he shaved and dressed in his best store clothes, for he had been bidden to Sunday dinner. His hostess was the handsome, dignified, gracious wife of General Dodge, to whom he had adroitly made himself indispensable during her husband's long absences. As an old family acquaintance, he had not been obtrusive, but always available if his services were needed. It was a situation he handled with consummate delicacy and tact. Mrs. Dodge regarded him as a charming, agreeable young man, never pushing, rather diffident of manner, but somehow always available to run an errand or to make himself useful. As time passed, Mrs. Dodge came to accept him as she accepted the weather—as something supplied by nature.

Other guests were to be present, one of them burly, bearded Gen. Jack S. Casement, who was to emerge as a construction genius in the days ahead, and Herbert Hoxie, with his wife, whose acquaintance Bednigo had not previously made, though he knew the man well by reputation and was not one of his admirers. Though devoted to General Dodge, he was a straw man, a cat's-paw for Thomas Durant. It was to him, though he possessed neither financial stability nor technical ability, that Durant had given a contract for constructing some hundreds of miles of Union Pacific Railroad at the unconscionable price of fifty thousand dollars a mile.

"I am expecting one other guest," the general's wife said. "A stranger from the East. Commended to me by letter. I hope she will prove an addition to our society."

The doorbell sounded and Mrs. Dodge arose to welcome the remaining guest. Bednigo, who had not been without a certain pricking of the thumbs, stood up with the other gentlemen and awaited introduction to the young woman who was ushered into the room. Bednigo recognized the young lady of the trunk, but neither exhibited nor felt embarrassment. Miss Potter Nourse was modest under admiring glances. She did not appear to recognize Bednigo's name or person.

"I trust," said Hoxie somewhat fatuously, "that your long journey was not too exhausting."

"Indeed not," Miss Nourse exclaimed. "I enjoyed every minute of it. Though it was uneventful." Her voice was contralto, rich and throaty. "The only adventure was at the very end of it. Everyone was so kind and polite." She paused artfully, as a practiced speaker paused for oratorical effect.

"But," asked Mrs. Dodge, "someone was not kind and polite? Not in Council Bluffs, I hope."

"Not really in Council Bluffs," Miss Nourse responded, "but on the dock. I find it laughable now. I was to have been met, but my uncle failed me for some reason. I found myself abandoned in a strange land—and with a heavy trunk." She contrived to be humorously pitiful.

"And what happened?" General Casement asked in his rumbling bass.

"The most outrageously crude and ruffianly yokel sat on a box and stared at me, and when I appealed to him for assistance, he was incredibly unmannerly. He demanded a quarter to carry my trunk to the bus. Then he climbed in beside me and demanded another quarter to carry my trunk into the hotel."

"How abominable!" exclaimed Mrs. Hoxie.

"The creature," Bednigo said gravely, "should be horsewhipped."

"Oh," said Miss Nourse airily, "the clod knew no better."

"Shall we," asked Mrs. Dodge, "go in to dinner?" And then, to Miss Nourse, "Your uncle was to have met you! The letter telling of your coming did not mention a relative. Do we know him? I should, of course, have invited him to dinner also."

"I'm quite sure you are acquainted with him. I understand he is prominent in this region. His name is Maury—Mr. Wesley Maury."

To only one person in the room was that name familiar. The others shook their heads regretfully. Bednigo never had seen Wesley Maury, but his exploits were darkly familiar. He remembered discussing the man with General Dodge in Fort Leavenworth. Wesley Maury, Jeff Davis' emissary to the Midwestern Copperheads; leader of that band of raiders who descended from Canada; professional gambler. So this was the uncle of the young woman who arrived with a letter of introduction from someone of such standing in the East as to command Mrs. Dodge's favor.

Miss Nourse seemed nonplused to discover that her uncle was not one to conjure with in this society. She expressed her astonishment quaintly.

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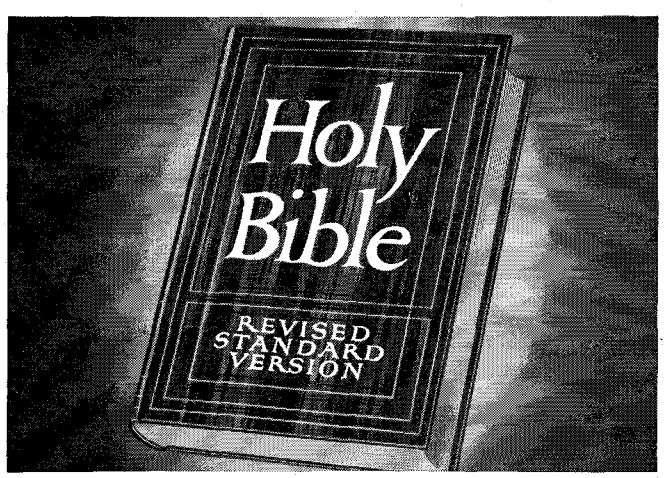

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"Why," she exclaimed prettily, "I verily believe you all never heard of Uncle Wesley!"

Bednigo stored away that exclamation in a compartment of his rather amazing memory for future consideration.

He found himself seated next to Miss Nourse at the table. General Casement occupied the chair at the hostess' right. Hoxie sat at her left.

"Is there late news of the general?" he asked, as one to whom the answer is of importance.

"Good news," said Mrs. Dodge happily. "Perhaps you know he met with Mr. Durant in St. Joseph. Following that conference came one with General Sherman, who has persuaded General Grant to give my husband a leave of absence from the army. He arrives here on the fifth or sixth of this month to assume his duties as chief engineer of the Union Pacific."

"Splendid! Splendid!" rumbled Casement. He allowed his huge, grim face to relax in a smile quite of gamin quality. "The story of his meeting with Durant has spread around the country. 'I'll take the job,' said he in effect, 'if you don't stick your nose in my business.' Nobody ever talked to Durant like that before. 'You Eastern nitwits,' says he, 'let me run this show my way and don't meddle, or I won't play.' Durant didn't like it, but he had to have Dodge. And, so I hear, Grant backed your husband's play."

"I doubt if my husband's language was so picturesque," Mrs. Dodge said with a quiet smile.

Casement was a doer, not a diplomat. His reputation was that of a bull in a china shop, especially whenever he was displeased.

"Hoxie," he said, scowling, "I hear tell you got a contract to build a couple of hundred miles of road at fifty thousand a mile."

"That is correct, general," Hoxie replied.

"And then turned it over to Durant and his gang! I hope you feathered your nest plenty."

"I did not, sir," Hoxie said unhappily.

"And they," snapped Casement, "turned it over again to this Crédit Mobilier thing, to avoid personal responsibility. Mr. Cat's-paw," roared Casement, "that's one of the biggest steals in history! I, Jack Casement, could lay that track for ten thousand dollars less a mile—and still feel I was a robber."

"Jack! Jack!" protested Mrs. Dodge.

"Sorry, ma'am; sorry. Meant no offense. I'm a railroad man, not a finagler."

Bednigo spoke under his breath to Potter Nourse. "And a very handsome apology I call that," he whispered.

"I consider the stock of Crédit Mobilier a very excellent investment," said Hoxie defensively.

"Every share of stock in that shebang," snorted Casement, "is like buying a license to steal."

With that dictum Bednigo agreed. He also agreed with Mr. Hoxie. Every penny he could save from his not too generous salary went into the purchase of that security. And he had advised Mrs. Dodge to do the same. And she, after consultation with her husband, had followed his advice to the extent of ten thousand dollars.

After that one outburst of General Casement, the dinner proceeded without unpleasantness, and the afternoon that followed was enjoyable, though Mrs. Dodge was uneasy lest the general find another reason to explode. He only rumbled in a subterranean manner from time to time, but never burst again into active eruption.

As the afternoon merged into evening, the guests arose to take their leave. Mrs. Dodge patted her youngest guest on her lovely shoulder.

"So glad you've come to stay for a time," she said. "We want you to feel at home among us. I look forward to meeting your uncle, who I hope will not be greatly delayed." She smiled at Bednigo. "Of course," she said, "you will escort Miss Nourse to her hotel."

"I," Bednigo responded, "shall be delighted, if Miss Nourse permits."

A cad is a man who complies with a girl's request to split the meal checks.

SHANNON FIFE

"Mr. Claypool," said Miss Nourse formally, "is very genteel to offer to escort me."

They walked a couple of blocks in silence. Miss Nourse grew impatient. "Well, yokel?" she said.

Perhaps Miss Nourse thought he did not hear what she said. For he made no immediate response. In fact, he made no response whatever until they arrived opposite the Pacific House. Between them and it stretched a river of viscous mud, and there was no crosswalk. Bednigo did not ask her permission. He gathered her in his arms, and waded across. On the other side he deposited her on her small feet without apology.

"Well!" she exclaimed, but she was blushing.

He spoke for the first time since leaving Mrs. Dodge's home. "Little girls," he said, "who pretend to be from New York should be watchful of trifles."

She straightened and her eyes became wary. "Meaning what?" she demanded.

"Little New York girls," he said, "don't say 'you all'. That's vernacular from south of Mason and Dixon's line. . . . It has been a charming afternoon, Miss Nourse"—he raised his eyes to her face diffidently—"if that's your name," he finished. He lifted his hat and strode away. She gathered her voluminous skirts and ran up the steps and into the refuge of the hotel.

Bednigo Claypool listened with respectful attention to Mrs. Beebe. He was a good listener. He read books, too—such books as could be obtained—but that was when no profitable conversation was available. Talking with people had for Bednigo a dual value, possibly a triple value. If you drew out a person of intelligence and experience you generally heard something worth storing away in your memory. In the next place, if you paid the compliment of being interested, you made a friend, which was always good politics. In the third place, you might pick up some crumb of gossip or some fact might be dropped inadvertently which could be very useful. And Bednigo was an avid collector of that sort of data.

He lingered after breakfast at Mrs. Beebe's boardinghouse table and drank a third cup of coffee while the mistress of the establishment instructed him.

"A woman," she said in her dry, crisp New England voice, "kin be safe in a lion's den, pervidin' she's a good cook. Folks kind of wonder at me venturin' around in unsettled places. Long ago I diskivered the' hain't no peril in the worst of men at two times: when he's dratted hungry 'n' when he's jest been fed."

"And so," Bednigo said, "you're bound and determined to follow the railroad."

"If I'm let," she answered. "Kind of a sort of a victualin' house on wheels. Yes-

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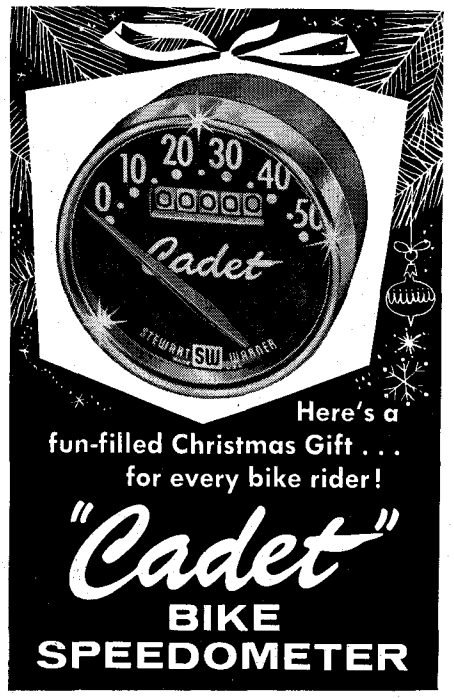

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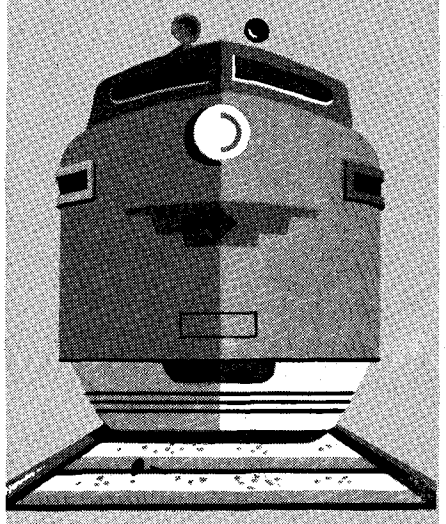

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siree-bob. Way I've got it calc'lated, the railroad'll stretch out a piece 'n' then there'll have to be a taown. Mebby jest a temp'rary taown. The farther away from here it gits, the more lawless it'll be. In lawless taowns money gits spent easy."

"You'll raise your prices."

"They'll expect it," Mrs. Beebe said.

"There'll be more money in selling whisky," Bednigo said experimentally.

Her shrewd eyes glinted, possibly with amusement. "I'm a church member in good standin'," she replied. "Accordin' to my lights, that tolerates some gougin' on the price of vittles, but it don't condone runnin' no honky-tonk nor gamblin' hell." She became thoughtful. "But I wouldn't object to locatin' next door to one."

"Going to take along your whole establishment?" he asked.

She eyed him shrewdly. "You're thinkin' about Hepsie," she said.

"Had her in mind some," Bednigo admitted.

"I got an idee about her," Mrs. Beebe said. "Ye got no notion how sentimental even border ruffians kin be. You kin git them to take up with the darnedest idees." She tittered. "I'm agoin' to set them toughs to pertectin' her."

Bednigo considered that. Not only did the plan have merit; it definitely was workable. Launch the idea and it would spread. It would become a sort of legend along the right of way—that Hepsie was a good-luck piece; that she was the ward of the construction gangs! Sentiment—the more mawkish the more certain—would find rich soil in which to grow in the hearts and minds of laborers, scalawags, gamblers, ruffians, ex-convicts. Once let it take root and Hepsie would be far safer among these wild, rough, crude men than she would have been in the most staid of New England villages.

"It could," Bednigo said thoughtfully, "even be a useful thing."

"When," asked Mrs. Beebe, "do ye calc'late to git to whizzin'?"

Bednigo wished he could answer that question. He thought his departure would be imminent. His own place in the operation was now assured. He had made use of time and opportunities to become indispensable to Gen. Jack Casement. To that burly, rough-tongued construction genius he had, by adroitness, but also by ability, endeared himself. Mrs. Dodge had come to regard him almost as a son, and when the general himself arrived, he found Bednigo all but a member of his household. He was a shrewd man—the general—and he accepted the situation with a grain of salt.

"My boy," he said, "you've made good on your brag that you're a politician. I'll give you a chance to prove you're also an engineer."

From the day when Grenville Dodge took over the chief engineer's office in the small brick building in Omaha also occupied by the United States Bank, order commenced to put chaos to flight. Engineering, construction and operating departments, between which there had been scant liaison west of the Missouri, were firmly made aware that they had a boss and must work as a unit. Railroad promoters in New York were brought up with a round turn and made to realize that building a railroad was the objective, and not fleecing the public.

Even the route the railroad was to follow on its westward way had not been determined—whether it should go out the North Platte Fork toward Laramie, out the South Platte Fork to Denver or due west by Lodge Pole Creek. Isolated and haphazard surveying parties had been roaming plains and mountains for many months, unpaid, and harried by hostile Indians. Dodge snatched them back as quickly as he could locate them. He knew where he was going—in spite of Easterners, in spite of a Congress mawkishly sympathetic to the aborigines—he knew where he was heading, and made coherent plans to be on his way. In thirty days he moved; in ninety days a thousand men and a hundred teams had been mobilized and were harrying the virgin soil of Nebraska's prairies forty miles west of Omaha. A strange, rough, crude and uncultured army it was—made up of Rebel and Union soldiers, Mexicans, Paddies fresh from the old sod, bushwhackers, ex-guerrillas and fugitives from justice. The pampered East might have described them as the offscourings of the nation, but they were hardy men with muscles capable of producing results for a man who could master them.

All this passed through Bednigo's mind as he fashioned a reply to Mrs. Beebe's query.

"We're whizzing now, ma'am," he said, "and we won't stop whizzin' till the job's done."

"Will I be let to go along?"

"I'll do what I can for you," he promised.

"If you mean it," she told him, "I'll quit worryin'. I been watchin' ye, young man. You're a finagler."

The door from the front stoop opened and a figure, incongruous in that place, strode into the dining room. It was an elegant figure—a man tall and well made and in his middle thirties. His chin was bare, but his cheeks were bearded in a fashion given name by General Burnside. The skirts of his tan coat flared; his trousers were tight and his boots polished. On his head was a high, bell-topped beaver, and he carried a cane. He doffed the hat with a sweeping gesture to Mrs. Beebe.

"May I have breakfast, ma'am?" he asked.

"Don't serve single meals," she informed him curtly.

"I shall be in Omaha some time," the gentleman said. "I am informed that you serve the finest food to be had in the West. How can I arrange to partake of your hospitality?"

"Meal ticket," she snapped. "Every time you eat, the ticket gits punched."

He produced a wallet and extracted some bills. "It will," he said, "be a privilege."

Mrs. Beebe went to a battered desk in the corner and produced a meal ticket. "What name?" she demanded.

"The name," the ornate gentleman informed her, "is Wesley Maury. And what's for breakfast?"

"Ham 'n' aigs, fried potaters, coffee 'n' apple pie," she informed him. "Set right there." She lifted her voice shrilly, "You, Hepsie! One breakfast, 'n' stir your stumps!"

The fragrance of ham and eggs wafted through the kitchen door and presently Hepsie appeared bearing a tray. She was young, this niece of Mrs. Beebe's—not yet twenty. Her brown hair was drawn sharply away from her face and she wore a circle comb to hold it in place. Her features were thin and angular, and her mouth was a trifle wider than necessary. It would be wrong to say that her expression was sullen; it was rather that there was no expression at all. Her calico dress was shapeless. Her apron, tightly tied, disclosed a surprisingly small waist. At first glance she did not seem to be a girl who would need any protection.

She placed the tray on the table at which Wesley Maury was seated and arranged the dishes before him on the red-checked tablecloth. He looked up at her appraisingly, lowered his eyes disinterestedly to his plate, and then, as if puzzled, lifted them for a second stare.

Something speculative came into his voice as he spoke to her.

"Your name is Hepsie?" he asked.

"My name," she answered in a brittle monotone, "is Miss Rennie."

He grinned, not pleasantly. "Uppity, eh?" he said.

"A meal ticket," she said, "entitles you to food, not to familiarity."

She walked away with little, stiff, staccato steps. Bednigo could not restrain a chuckle, which reached Maury's ears. The man turned bleak gray eyes upon Bednigo.

"You are amused?" he asked.

"Moderately," Bednigo answered.

Maury pushed back his chair, but Mrs. Beebe would have none of that sort of thing in her dining room.

"Set daown!" she snapped. . . . "And you, Bednigo Claypool, hyper out of here. You know the rules. Anybuddy creatin' a disturbance never gits to eat here again."

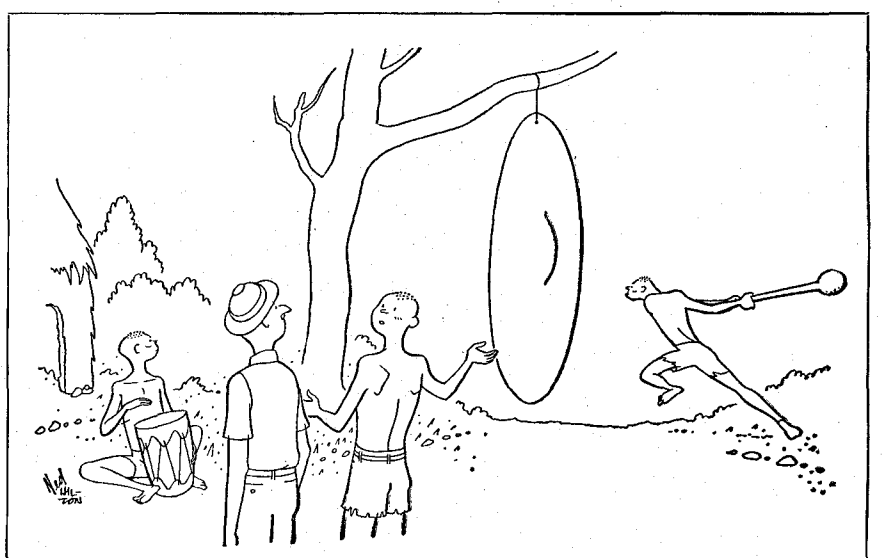
Both young men recognized the voice of authority. For a moment their eyes locked. Something dynamic passed from one to the other—something that caused them to recognize that between them was no petty quarrel, but a significant warring of personalities, something that no mere scuffle could settle.

So that, Bednigo said to himself, *is Wesley Maury*.

He walked out. When he was gone, Maury returned to his breakfast, but before he commenced to eat, he used Bednigo's exact words, although he substituted another name.

"So that," he asked of Mrs. Beebe, "was Bednigo Claypool?"

Bednigo emerged into the morning sunshine. (*Continued on Page 102*)



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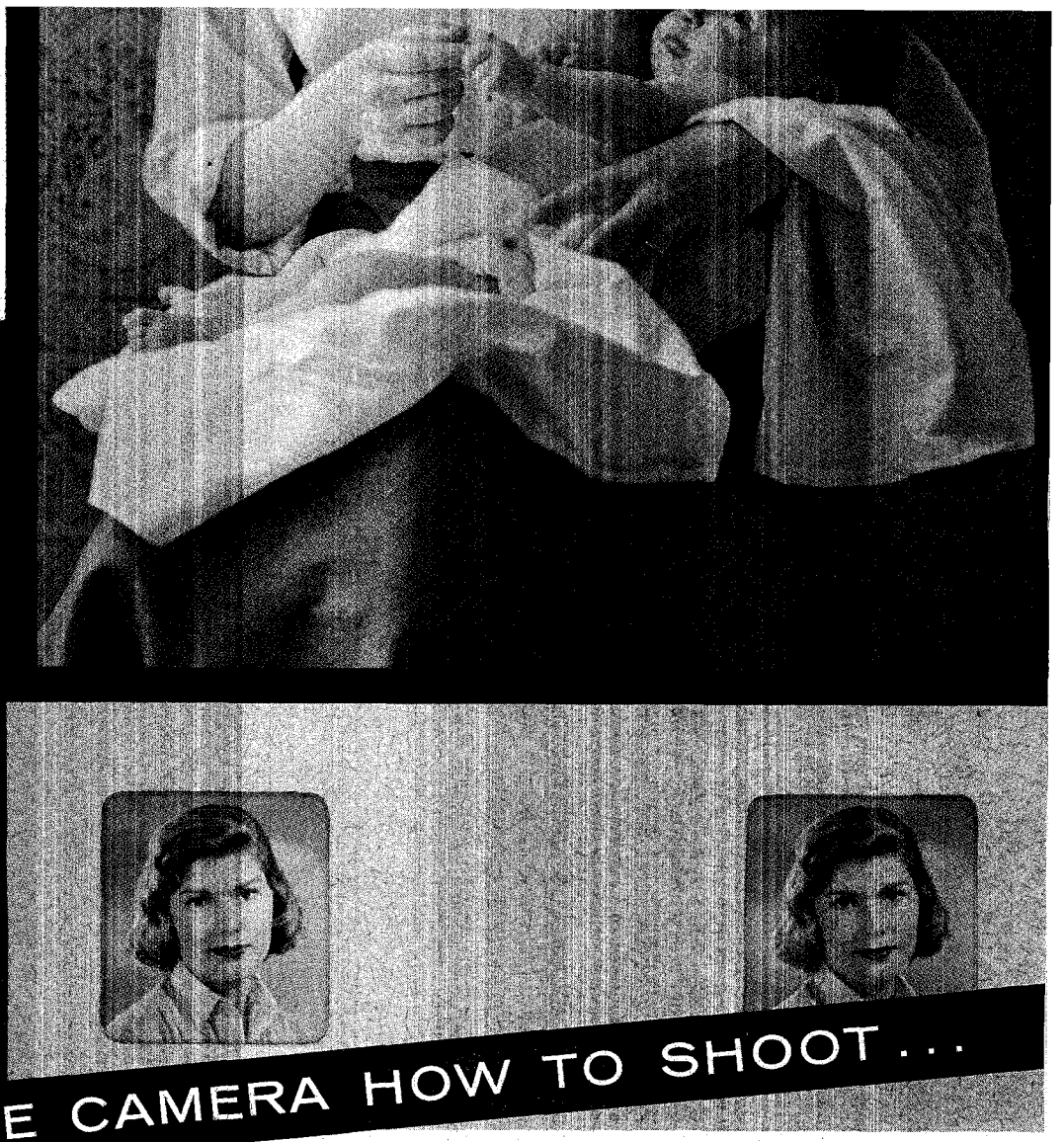

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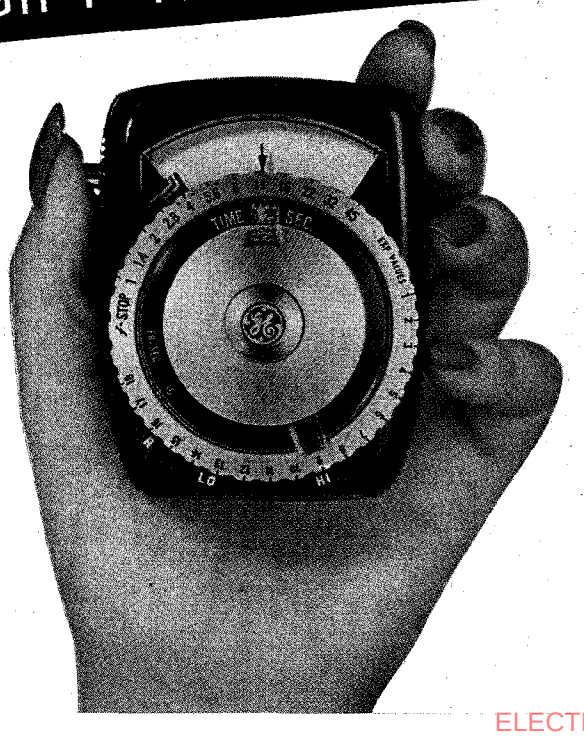

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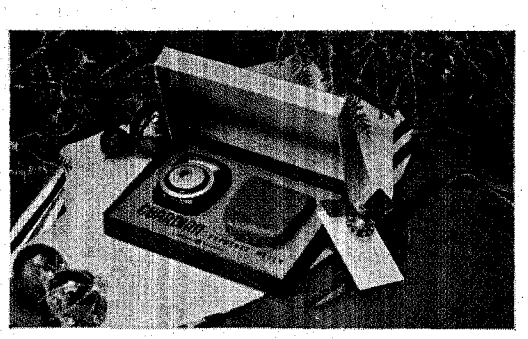

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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(*Continued from Page 100*) From Mrs. Beebe's victualing house the dusty road slanted down to the Missouri. One three-story building at the right dominated the closely knit village, soon to be aboil with activity as railroad shops were constructed and the population increased with boom-like rapidity.

He walked down to the newly finished dock and peered down the river. In the distance, smoke arose from the two slender, tall stacks that reached to a ridiculous height above the upper deck of the approaching river steamer that he had come down from track's end to meet. His mission was to receive and conduct the passengers on that boat out Elkhorn way, there to be whipped into shape as railroad-construction men. The steamer puffed and wheezed into the dock and a jostling, shouting, undisciplined mob roared ashore—a hundred and fifty laborers recruited downriver. A dozen teams of horses followed the disheveled men, who had slept wherever they could find space enough to stretch out their bodies. A wild, unruly lot they were, ready, as boots or moccasins touched the shore, for food, fight or frolic.

Bednigo's problem—and it was no mean one—was to hold this mob together and march them through town to the spot beyond, where they could be embarked upon cars which would carry them to their destination. They milled about, uncertain in these strange surroundings.

Bednigo mounted a crate and lifted an arm high above his head. Curiosity to see what was going to happen silenced the men, who turned faces toward him—bearded, tough, ignorant faces for the most part, a good sprinkling of them vicious.

"Who," Bednigo shouted, "is in charge of this party?"

"Nobuddy!" bellowed a broad man in a patched and threadbare butternut coat. "They chivvied us onto that thar ship 'n' left us to shift for ourselves!"

"Line up then, two by two!" said Bednigo. "I'll lead you to breakfast!"

"And what then?" bellowed a hoarse voice.

"You get on cars and ride out to the end of track!"

"Any sojers?" demanded the same voice.

"No soldiers!" Bednigo said. "Get in line and follow me!"

"How about Injuns?" the voice asked roughly. "Who's agoin' to pertect us from Injuns?"

"Ain't there no saloons in this burg?" roared another voice, and there was a bellow of laughter.

"We was promised sojers!" shouted another harsh voice. "Me, I don't stir a foot 'thout sojers!"

"I didn't hire out to git skulped!" another rasped.

Bednigo did not understand this. He knew that he might have difficulty keeping the men in order until he could ship them out of town. He knew that there would be the problem of stragglers, of barrooms, of liquor and women and gamblers. But this situation warned him that there was something here to cope with beyond the mere waywardness of lusty men. Here was some sort of organization with some objective in view. During that long night ride up the Missouri someone had been inciting to mutiny. He looked beyond the circle of grinning or scowling faces and saw, leaning negligently against a spile, the elegant figure of Wesley Maury. The handsome face was saturnine. The eyes were fixed upon Bednigo with sardonic amusement. Beside Maury, a colorful parasol held above her modish little hat, stood the graceful, lovely figure of Potter Nourse. Her brown eyes were open wide, her lips parted; she leaned slightly toward him, as if engrossed in the scene. It was as if it were important to her—what would occur now. As if it were something more than mere curiosity to see how Bednigo would conduct himself, and whether he was man enough to take control, to quell, to dominate.

"Let's see you handle this, Claypool!" Maury called tauntingly.

Bednigo's eyes singled out from the mob the man who had first raised his voice to make trouble. He pointed.

"You started this belly-ache," he said.

The man was not bearded, as were the majority of his companions. His face was more intelligent; less the face of one capable of working only with his muscles, more the face of one to live by his wits. But he was no small man, no puny physical antagonist. Bednigo sneered at him. His strategy, suddenly conceived, was to make this a personal quarrel between himself and this ringleader.

"And what if I did?" retorted the man.

"You good at anything but gab?" Bednigo jeered. "What you hide behind for? Why don't you stand out in front?"

His plan was succeeding. The mob fell silent and its eyes were upon the man Bednigo was goading. They saw promise of a spectacle, and, definitely now, the burden was upon their man and not upon Bednigo. Whether he liked it or not, he could not hold back now. Bednigo had placed him on the spot.

"I don't hide back of nobody," he said sullenly.

He moved toward the crate upon which Bednigo stood. Those around him fell away, making room. Bednigo took time to grin down at the crowd, their faces avid now for what they were about to see. Bednigo had no idea of fighting according to any code duello or rules of the prize ring. The quickest, surest way, fair or unfair, was the way he chose. He proved to be astonishingly quick for a man who seemed bulky and sluggish, as he sprang from his position above his antagonist. In the air he lashed out with a heavy boot. It struck his antagonist on the chest and he squealed as ribs snapped. Bednigo struck him in the stomach, and then, as he folded, upon the jawbone just under the ear. The man went down. It was savage, ruthless, meant to impress these men of the frontier—and it did impress them. As the man stumbled to his feet, Bednigo grasped him, swung him about with his arm twisted behind his back, and frog-marched him to the brink of the dock. He hurled him into the muddy, swiftly rushing torrent. Then he turned at the gaping crowd.

"Was that the best you got?" he gibed. Then, before the effect of his accomplishment, his dynamic ruthlessness, could wear off, he shouted suddenly in a voice demanding obedience, "Line up, two by two! . . . March!"

Dominated, in a daze, but mastered, they shuffled into line.

"Move!" commanded Bednigo.

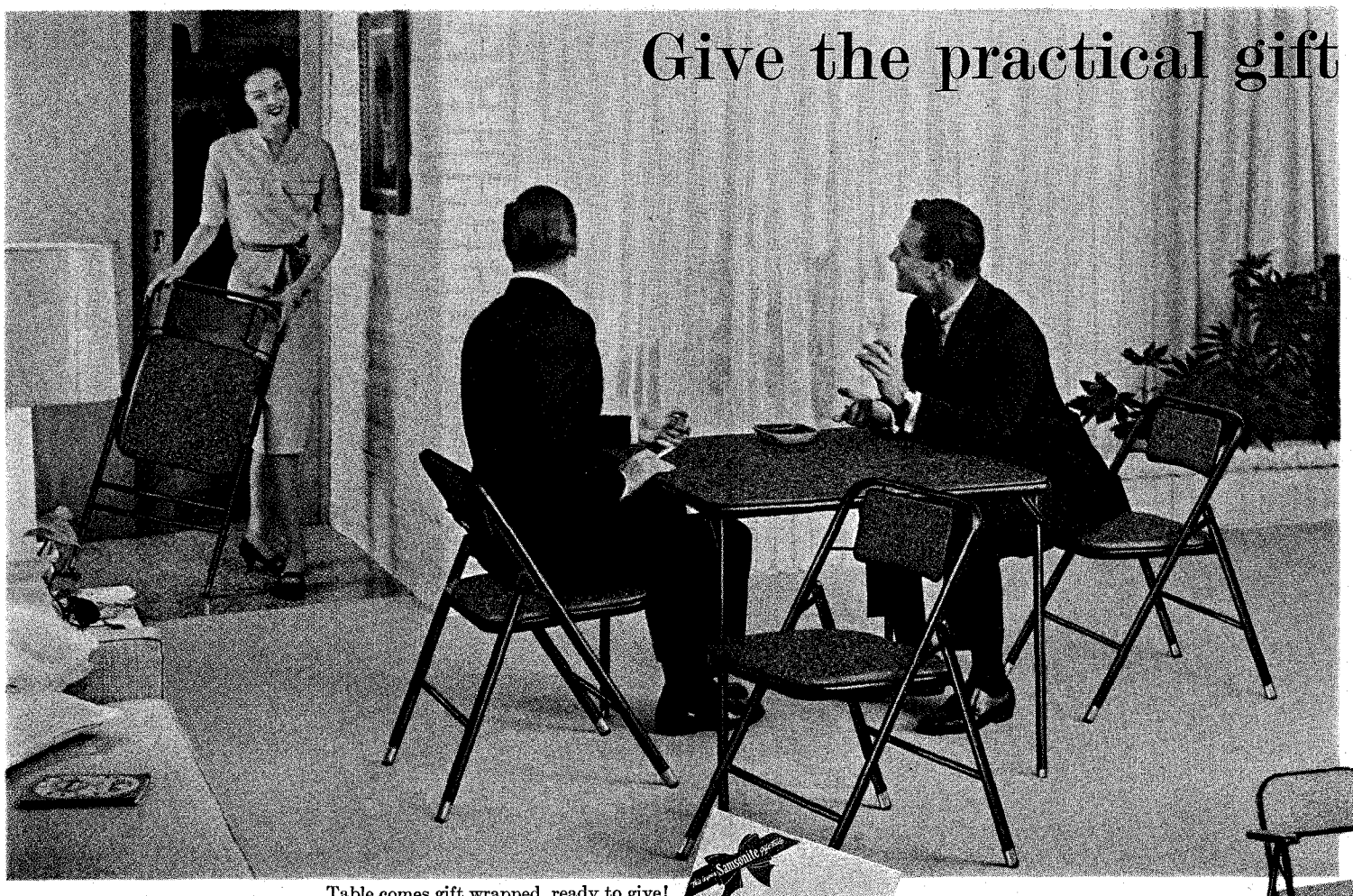
They moved, sullenly, but obedient, in a straggling double line off the dock and up the rise upon which Omaha was built. Bednigo strode beside the line, and they were very conscious of him. With only a slight slackening of his stride as he passed Potter Nourse and her companion, he turned his head, grinned provocatively.

"You saw me handle it, Maury," he said between his teeth.

Miss Nourse did not smile, but she extended her gloved hand in an odd, eager little gesture.

"And well worth seeing, it was," she said throatily.

TO BE CONTINUED



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Murder on My Street

(Continued from Page 51)

softly, "Thank you for all you've done, Laura. Not just for Pam. For me too. You've helped us both, in so many ways."

She smiled and turned quickly away, but he had seen the softness in her eyes; he remembered the tenderness of her smile.

The next day was fine and clear, with a bright sun and a few puffy cumulus clouds overhead. Molly Conley arrived promptly at nine o'clock, and Pam was waiting at the door, dressed in shorts and a jersey and carrying a pale yellow sweater that Laura had bought for her on their shopping trip. Pam was excited and chatted with Molly as they drove away from the house, but Bruce sat looking watchfully at the faces on the street.

They picked up Laura, and Bruce sat in the back with her, listening to Pam and enjoying her gaiety.

Ellen Cole was waiting for them on the terrace, and there was a picnic hamper packed and covered with a checked cloth ready on a table, but she said apologetically, "Unless somebody knows something about boats, I don't know what we're going to do. Uncle Ezra was planning to come, but he came down with bursitis during the night. I had to send for the doctor."

"I can handle boats well enough," Bruce said.

Ellen's violet eyes cleared and her angular face relaxed. "Then we're all set," she said. "Arthur was sorry he couldn't make it, and he's disappointed he missed seeing you, Pam, but he had business in town today. Want to take my hand? We'll go down to the boat."

The cruiser was shining in the sun, reflected in the water, and Pam stopped to look at it, asking raptly, "What's her name?"

"We call her the Sea Robin," Ellen told Pam. "See it painted on the transom? A sea robin isn't a bird, you know. It's a fish."

"Like sea horses aren't horses," Pam said.

She was a fine boat, Bruce thought as he helped Laura stow the provisions in the galley. She was a sport fisherman, with a long cockpit aft where two fishing chairs were fixed on swivels. Her cabin was sunny and roomy and from it a companionway with three steps led down to the galley amidships, where sink and stove and ice locker faced two transom seats with a table between. Forward were clothes locker and head and a large double stateroom which narrowed toward the bow.

Bruce took Pam up to the flying bridge and started the engines. Molly and Laura cast off the lines and the Sea Robin nosed out toward Long Island Sound, its twin screws driving powerfully. Ellen Cole had planned for them to run around to Lloyd Harbor, where they could swim from the beach and take their picnic lunch ashore, and she brought Bruce a chart of local waters.

The little yacht basin was soon far behind and the Sea Robin was in the sound, moving toward a distant point of land. The sun was bright and sparkling on the water and the sound was calm. Bruce let Pam take the wheel, and she sat tensely watching the lubber line on the compass, occasionally turning a quick and happy smile to him.

It was a short run to Lloyd Harbor—around the point of land into Huntington Bay and a sharp starboard turn into the harbor. Marking the entrance was an abandoned lighthouse—not very large, with vacant windows and stones of a golden color in the sunlight. It stood on a spit of sand outlined against the green background of the shore, deserted and forlorn in sand and sedge grass, and to Bruce's idle glance it was picturesque, and the tiny harbor seemed invitingly isolated, with no other boats at anchor there. Then he sat bolt upright.

He knew this lighthouse. He had seen it before, only yesterday. In the photograph it had seemed distant, but that had been an illusion of perspective. It was this miniature lighthouse against which Sylvia King had been photographed in her bathing suit.

> Some people go to a drive-in theater just for the joy of finding a parking place.
>
> DAVE CROWN

He was sure of it, and he called down to Molly Conley, who was perched on the bow, "Look over there!"

She studied the lighthouse, then looked up and nodded.

Bruce shut off the engines and called, "Want to lower the anchor, Molly?"

He went down to the cockpit, where Ellen Cole was sitting with Laura, and Ellen said, "Isn't this a lovely spot? Of course, a little later in the afternoon it will be terribly crowded, but we'll be gone by then."

"It's usually crowded?" Bruce asked.

"On weekends, yes. It's very popular with people from New York. I hear they have some pretty wild parties out here on their boats. It's remote here, even though it's just around the corner from New York."

Bruce went forward to check the scope and make sure the anchor line was secure, and as he took the line from Molly Conley she said, "This is the place. The girl was here, for sure."

She went aft to change into her bathing suit. Pam and Laura were also in the forward cabin, changing, but Ellen was still sitting in the cockpit.

He asked, "Do you come out here often, Mrs. Cole?"

"Lord, no," she said. "I haven't put into Lloyd's in years. It's just around the point from home, after all. We usually run up to Montauk in a day, or sometimes stop over at Port Jefferson. Arthur keeps this boat for fishing, primarily."

"I'm afraid we upset his plans today."

"Oh, no. He can run up to Montauk tonight in five or six hours, and fish tomorrow. He often makes the night run."

"Alone?"

"Not usually," she said. "But his fishing pals didn't want to hang around all day Saturday, and they flew up there this morning to try their luck for bluefish." She got to her feet. "Want to help me launch the dinghy?"

The dinghy was mounted on davits aft, and after they had launched it, Bruce rowed Molly and Laura and Pam ashore, then returned for Ellen. As he brought the dinghy alongside the boarding ladder, a sloop came into the harbor under sail and bore down toward the Sea Robin. A man in the bow gathered in her jib as she came into the wind, then dropped her mainsail. As she drifted slowly astern of the Sea Robin the man glanced toward the powerboat and met Bruce's eyes. They were both surprised as they recog-

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SAMSONITE's kid-proof table and chairs scaled for children. Table 24″ square, 20″ high. Easy for kids to open, fold. 3 colors: Aqua and Antique White shown. Table, 2 chairs, $19.95.

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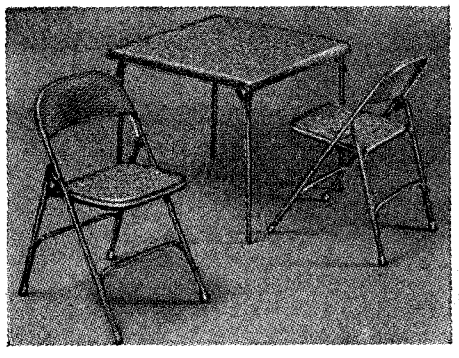

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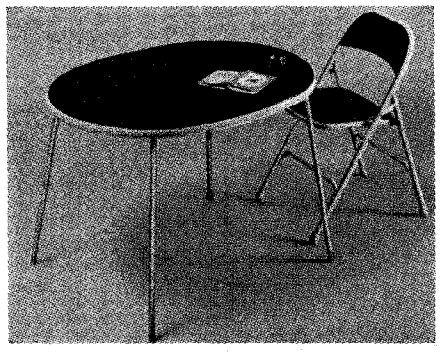

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SAMSONITE's Oval Table for extra serving space! 32″ x 42″ padded top of wipe-clean vinyl. Leglocks concealed. 5 colors: Tombola Green shown. $17.95. Matching spring-cushion chairs, $9.95 each.

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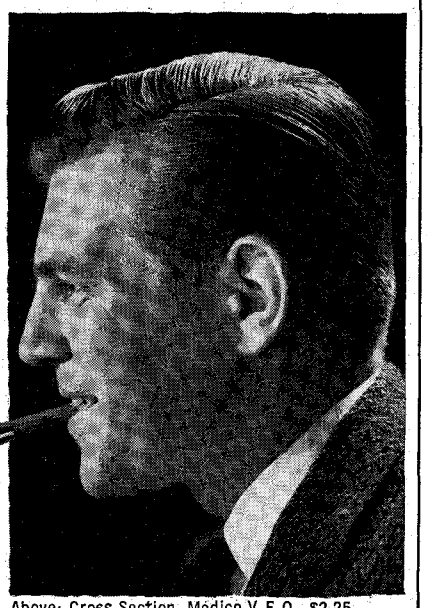

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nized each other. Gordon Gilman's mouth seemed to hang open.

Bruce called, "Hi, Gordon!"

"Hi!" Gilman said. "Hello, Ellen!"

"Come and join us!" Ellen called. "We're having a picnic!"

The sloop still drifted with the tide and Gilman made no move to drop the anchor. Bruce saw that his companion was a girl, but she was turned away and he could not see her face under the long-visored cap she wore.

"I'm surprised to see you out here, Gordon," Bruce said.

"I come out now and then," Gilman said. "Every chance I get."

"Your boat?"

"No, I charter her at City Island for weekends."

Gilman made his way aft; he still had not lowered the anchor. Bruce heard the auxiliary motor turn over; then the bow of the sloop swung away and he saw the name Tern lettered in gold on her transom as she moved toward the harbor entrance, going out as she had come. The girl aboard had disappeared below.

"It's a small world, isn't it?" Ellen Cole said. "Wonder who it was he was hiding?"

"He didn't want company, for sure," Bruce said. "Not our company, anyhow."

Ellen had changed into her bathing suit while Bruce had rowed the others ashore, and he went thoughtfully into the forward stateroom to put on his swimming trunks, then he rowed Ellen ashore and beached the dinghy. Pam and Laura and Molly were in the water, and he went to join them. They swam and splashed and played and later tossed a beach ball back and forth on the beach. Laura seemed relaxed, full of fun. She had Pam shouting with laughter, and Bruce thought that she was very good with children. She obviously liked Pam and seemed to understand her, and the child responded.

Then Pam saw a small rock crab in the water and caught it, and wandered off along the beach, looking for more, with Molly Conley trailing along.

Laura sat beside Bruce on the beach, toweling her black hair, and said, "I had a long talk with dad when he came home last night, Bruce. I thought he might know something about Harry Banks that would help."

"Did he?"

"Not really, except he told me why he fired him when he first took over that paper in Mehuskah."

"Fired him?" Bruce said. "It was my understanding that Gordon Gilman brought him to New York."

"No, dad fired him, but he got Gordon on long distance and talked himself into a job in New York."

"Why did he fire him?"

She smiled. "Daddy is frank. Primarily because he couldn't stand him, he said, but the excuse he used was that Harry had bought a piece of land and used his newspaper connections to have city fill dumped on it free of charge. Also, there were rumors that he was involved in other kinds of graft. Of course, that's no surprise."

"Did he hear any rumors about narcotics?"

"No, but dad thinks he was capable of it. It's been two years since dad last saw Harry, so he doesn't have any current information."

"A lot can happen in two years."

She smiled. "Arthur Cole found that out."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, Arthur and Harry went down to reorganize that paper in Mehuskah, you know. They moved in like a congressional committee, daddy said. They called people in, had them on the carpet, asked a thousand questions, and all the time they kept giving him cheerful smiles and saying, 'Everything is going fine, Con.' But daddy didn't care. He beat them to it and resigned."

Bruce lay back on the sand, looking up at the blue sky, and Laura went on. "The big objective was to impress the Old Man. They poured a lot of money into the paper, puzzle contests and lucky dollars and all that, and circulation and advertising did pick up, so they had some promising figures to show the Old Man. But it didn't last. Dad said that Arthur looked him up last February when he was down in Oklahoma and was pretty shame-faced about it. It seems all that circulation had been lost and the paper was worse off than it ever was."

"Break it up, you two!" Ellen Cole called. "It's time to eat!"

Laura rose, brushing sand from her legs, saying, "Daddy said it was a miracle that they ever reorganized the paper in the first place. Harry and Arthur lived in a motel down there. The hotels were nothing to brag about, but there was a de luxe motel with a swimming pool and all that. There were rumors about some pretty wild parties, and it's not far to Tulsa. They were always going off to Tulsa and getting back in the small hours of the morning. Poor Ellen didn't go down there with Arthur, and when he's away from

(*Continued on Page 106*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You put him to bed while I take the sitter home."

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(*Continued from Page 104*) her he cuts loose, the way he did in Paris. The truth of the matter is that Arthur is just a little bit of a heel, don't you think?"

Ellen had opened the hamper on the beach and spread its cover for a cloth. The Sea Robin was still the only boat anchored in the harbor and they had the beach to themselves for the picnic lunch.

Afterward, while they were tidying up, Laura said, "Pam has goose pimples. We'd better go back to the boat. Do you suppose we can all crowd into that little dinghy."

"I'll swim out," Bruce said.

Pam and the three women got into the dinghy, with Laura bending strongly to the oars, and Bruce sat on the beach to finish the cigarette he was smoking. They were already aboard the Sea Robin when he finally waded into the water and started swimming toward the boat. As he came near he heard the squawking sound of a loud-speaker. Pam had discovered the radio telephone and he saw her in the cabin, kneeling before the set. As he put his hand on the boarding ladder, a voice on the loud-speaker said loudly, "New York marine operator calling the yacht Sea Robin! Come in Sea Robin! . . ."

Bruce climbed dripping up to the deck. Ellen Cole was saying, "Yes, this is the Sea Robin," and the operator broke in, "Hello, Sea Robin. I have a call for Detective Conley. Is Detective Conley aboard?"

Laura tossed Bruce a towel and as he was drying his face in the cockpit, Molly spoke into the handset transmitter, "Detective Conley here."

The voice of Inspector Harrison boomed on the loud-speaker, "The King girl was found this morning, Miss Conley. Is Bruce Carter aboard that boat?"

"Yes, he's here," Molly said.

"I want you to hold him," the inspector went on strongly. "The King girl was found dead, floating in the East River."

Bruce met Laura's eyes. Of course, he thought. It was obvious now. It explained why she had completely disappeared.

"She'd been dead about a week and the body was badly bruised by river traffic, but she didn't die by drowning," the overpowering voice of Inspector Harrison said. "She died from a blow on the head. We might not have been able to identify her if it hadn't been for one thing—she was wearing a turquoise earring with the initial S in silver. There was only one earring; the other ear was bare."

Molly said, "This changes the whole picture, sir."

"You bet it does," the inspector said. "She couldn't have killed Harry Banks. She couldn't have been in his office yesterday. She couldn't have lost her earring there. She was deep in the murk of the East River. There were marks showing some kind of weight had been tied to her body, but it must have worked loose in that East River current. I'll be waiting, Miss Conley. Bring Bruce Carter to headquarters straightaway."

"Yes, sir," Molly said, and dropped the handset on its hook. She turned to Bruce with a worried frown and said, "You heard what he said. I have orders to take you into custody."

"Pam, wait out in the cockpit for a minute," Bruce said.

"Pop, what does that mean—custody?"

"It's nothing important, honey. It means I have to take a trip to town, that's all."

They held a conference in the cabin. Ellen Cole urged Bruce to leave Pam with her over the weekend, or until he knew what the situation was. John, the Cole chauffeur, had once been on the local police force, Ellen said, and still had a gun permit and a gun. He would watch over Pam.

"I'll be back by nightfall," Bruce said confidently. "The inspector is like a bull. He needs a ring in his nose. He needs somebody to control him. He's gone off half-cocked again."

"We all know that, Bruce," Laura said anxiously. "But still, he can make it awfully difficult."

"Look," Bruce said. "The inspector can make out a strong case for my having murdered Harry Banks, but he'd have a hell of a time producing any motive for my murdering Sylvia King or Adele Sharp. The man who murdered Sylvia King must have dropped that earring there. I didn't. I couldn't have, unless I had killed the girl myself. She had one earring on when she was found. Obviously she was wearing them both when she was killed."

"O.K.," Molly said. "Maybe you will be back by nightfall."

"I'll stay with Pam," Laura said. "We'll see that she has fun. We'll watch her every minute."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

They are for the Living

By Elsie McKinnon Strachan

Only the living have need
for flowers,
Need to clutch at this small
Assuagement. Not death but
grief
Has want for roses in a
crimson sheaf.
While the mind cowers
At thoughtless laughter, at
bird-bright call,
This final gift cheers
desolate hours
With sprigs of comfort,
though sparse and brief.
They are for the living,
each petal and leaf.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Uncle Ezra will be there," Ellen said. "Believe me, he'll make sure that every precaution is taken."

Bruce nodded and climbed to the flying bridge. Molly hauled up the anchor and he got the boat under way. As it turned the lighthouse and headed toward the sound, he saw a sloop far astern tacking in toward Huntington Harbor, saw the sails come fluttering down as she prepared to negotiate the harbor entrance under power.

Laura came up and sat beside him, with her head thrown back and the wind in her face, and he said, "The inspector was right on one point. That earring was planted. Apparently the murderer was trying to make it appear that Sylvia King was still alive. That's why he returned the overnight case to her apartment. I think Adele must have caught him doing it."

"But I'm baffled," Laura said. "Why was Sylvia killed? Why was Harry killed? They were working together and they split up twenty thousand dollars, you said. Who would want to kill them both?"

"The wholesaler, possibly. Maybe they cheated him in some way—sold him some spurious stuff. But, Laura, I remember how anxious Harry Banks was to keep the girl's photograph out of the Express. He killed the story about her being missing. He tore her photograph to bits. I even thought at the time that he had over-

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played his hand, remember. He didn't know then that the police were already investigating Sylvia King and he wanted to prevent any publicity about her disappearance. We were the only paper that had the story at the time. I think he must have known that she'd never turn up alive."

"You think he killed her, Bruce?"

"If he killed her, how do you explain the earring in his office? Whoever planted it there must have killed Sylvia King. If Harry had killed her he wouldn't have kept that earring."

"But I don't understand planting that earring anyway," Laura said. "It definitely links the two murders together and makes the investigation of one synonymous with the investigation of the other. It only increased the danger of being caught, didn't it?"

"The murderer had tied some kind of weight to the girl's body," Bruce said. "He didn't expect her to be found. He thought he could sit back while the police went on looking for a dead girl."

"If she's dead," Laura said.

He looked at her. Her shoulder was lightly touching his and a blowing strand of her black hair flicked his face. "What does that mean?" he asked.

"The police found the body of a girl, but the only identification was through that turquoise earring. Maybe Sylvia King isn't dead. Maybe she just wants it to appear that she's dead."

"I can't think why."

"Well, maybe Sylvia got in wrong with the underworld and they decided to kill her, so she disappeared from sight and screwed one of her earrings into the ear of a dead girl and dropped her into the East River, so that when she was found, Sylvia would be safe and free to begin a new life ——" Her voice trailed off uncertainly and she added, "I guess not."

"Honey, you've been watching too much television," he said. "Who was the dead girl, then? Let's stay within the bounds of reason."

"What has reason got to do with crime and murder?"

"You're right," he said. "We can't afford to discount any possibility."

The stone breakwater of the yacht basin was close ahead now. Bruce clenched his hands tightly on the wheel and said, "I'm tired of playing cops and robbers with the inspector. I want help. This thing is urgent. It's because dope is behind this that I'm so damned scared. Those guys play rough, Digby said. I don't want to take Pam back to the Village. I want to take her a long way from there until this case is broken."

"She'll be protected out here," Laura said. "We'll form a solid phalanx around Pam."

He throttled down the engines as the Sea Robin approached the yacht basin and said softly, "Laura, I'd rather leave Pam in your care than anyone else I know."

"Thank you," she said. "After what happened in Beacham's, I appreciate that thought."

"I wasn't talking about protecting her," he said. "Any dumb cop can stand guard. I meant helping her, bringing out her personality, cherishing her. You see what I mean?"

She did not answer, and as he put the engines in reverse he glanced at her profile and murmured, "I mean Pam needs someone like you, Laura. So do I."

Molly called up from the bow, "What do I do?"

"Jump ashore with the bow line," Bruce said, and turned his head. Laura was going down the ladder to the cockpit, and a moment later she was standing by the stern line. She looked up at him and smiled.

Bruce jumped down from the flying bridge to the dock. He put down his hands and lifted Pam up, and as he held her in his arms she whispered, "Pop, I want to go to town with you."

"Don't you like Mrs. Cole?"

"Yes, she's nice."

"And don't you like Laura?"

"Oh, yes."

He knelt down with his arms around her. "Then why don't you want to stay, honey?"

Her lower lip trembled a little as she whispered, "I'm scared, pop."

He held her tightly. "There's nothing to be scared of. Everything is all right. Nothing will happen, I promise."

"But you're in trouble, pop."

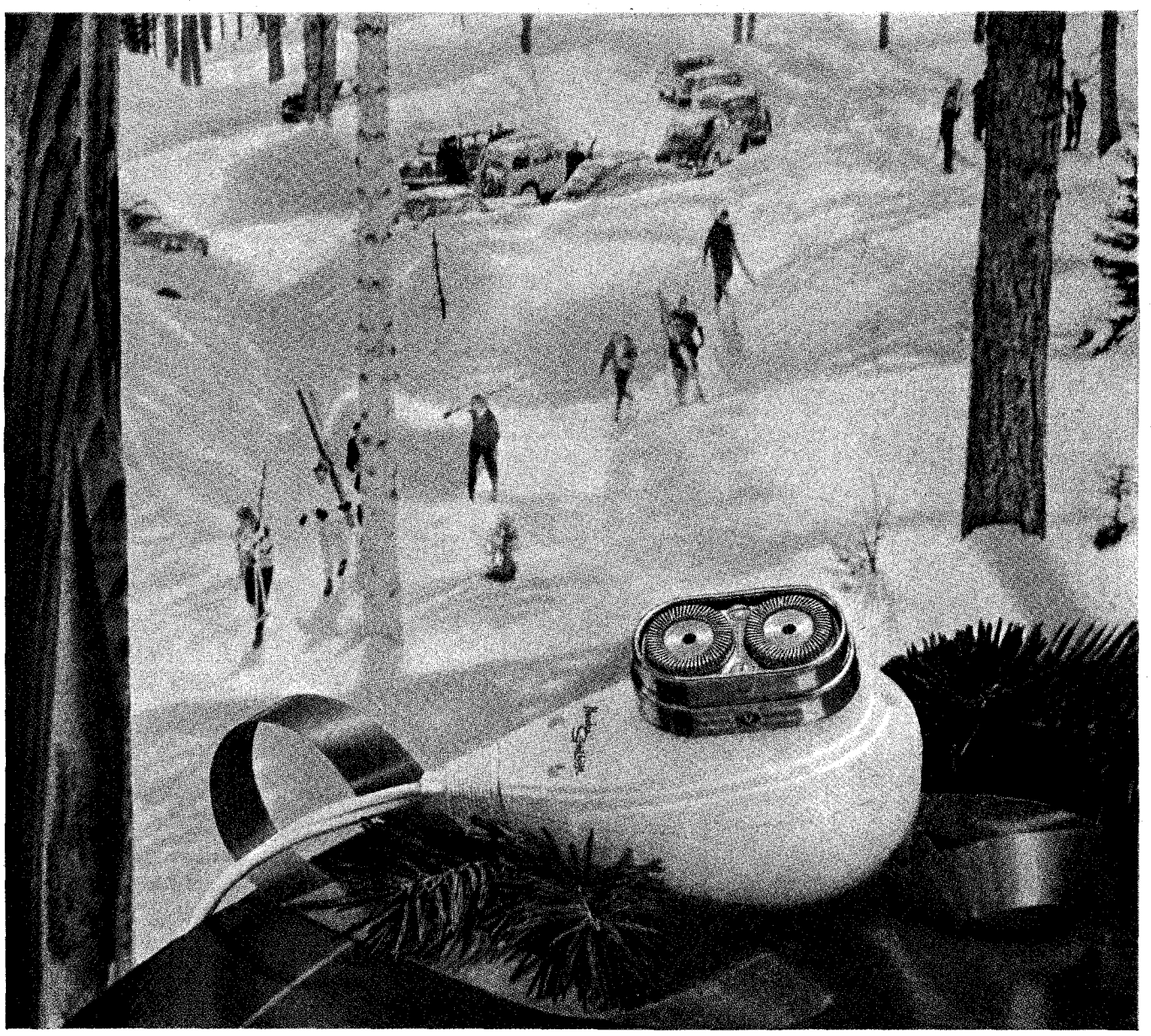
"No, I'm not in trouble. It's only a misunderstanding and I can fix it up in no time at all. That's why I'm going to town."

"You promise?"

"I promise," he said.

They walked up across the great lawn hand in hand. Ellen went to telephone her husband and tell him that the Sea Robin was available whenever he wanted to start for Montauk, and Molly Conley conferred with John, the chauffeur. He was a big and powerful man, with a sunburned, rugged face and clear, capable eyes, and he said with assurance, as he watched Pam bounce a ball on the flagstones, "I'll look after the kid. Don't worry about it."

Ellen returned from the telephone and said, "It's too bad I couldn't reach Arthur. He'd have a couple of extra hours of daylight if he started right away, but his secretary is off and the city desk couldn't locate him in the building. He



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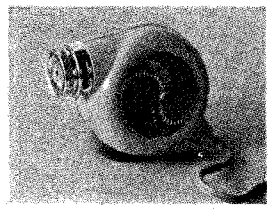

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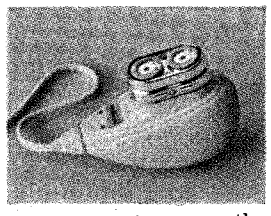

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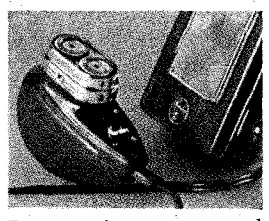

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said he had business in town, and I assumed he meant at the Express, but —— Mr. Carter, I know everything is going to be all right. I'll plan on your being back here for dinner."

Bruce smiled. "I'll do my best."

"Do you have time for a word with Uncle Ezra? He's been in a good deal of pain, but he wants to talk to you. It's impossible to keep the man quiet, even when his bursitis is bad. He couldn't sleep a wink last night and the doctor had to give him morphine. He's complaining because I had a nurse sent in, but he needs someone to discipline him. . . . If you go up to the head of the stairs, his room is the first on the right."

"Better make it quick, Bruce," Molly Conley said.

Bruce found Ezra Vincent in an easy chair by a window, propped up against pillows. Sitting opposite him was a nurse in uniform, working out a crossword puzzle. The Old Man's china-blue eyes had a glazed look and his smile was wan as he welcomed Bruce and asked the nurse to leave them alone.

When she left the room and shut the door, he said, "I was watching your little girl down there. She's a winning child. Very winning." He nodded toward the chair the nurse had vacated and said, "Sit down. Tell me about your troubles."

"I'm not worried about my troubles," Bruce said. "I'm only worried about Pammy."

"I promise you we'll take good care of her here."

"I'm planning to take her away—out of New York," Bruce said. "If that offer to head the London bureau still stands, I might take you up on it."

The Old Man's eyes shifted away. He sighed and moved his shoulder a little against the pillows, wincing. "Get her out of the country?" he asked.

"That's right. Put an ocean between."

"I wonder if the authorities will allow that."

"I don't know. Inspector Harrison has put a great deal of pressure on me, and I think Mr. Cole is partly responsible. Whatever happens, I don't think things are working out for me at the Express."

"Yes, Arthur feels strongly about it," the Old Man said. "As a matter of fact, he talked to me about it last night. That's why I asked you to come up here. He was excited and he said it was either you or him, and on that basis I have to back him up, don't I?"

"That means I'm fired, then," Bruce said.

"Let's call it a leave of absence with six months' pay," Ezra Vincent said.

"Thank you," Bruce said. "That's very generous."

"Perhaps it's Arthur who needs a leave of absence," the Old Man murmured. "He needs a rest. He talked about taking Ellen and going off to Europe for a while, and I know it would do him good, but I need him here. There's a job to be done on the Express. He insists he can't work with you, Mr. Carter. I tried to reason with him, and I have no doubt that you're innocent in this thing, but Arthur is emotionally overwrought. I hadn't realized that his friendship for Mr. Banks meant so much to him. He's angry and he's upset, and he demands that something be done about it. I'm sorry it worked out this way."

"I understand," Bruce said. "Probably it's just as well."

"And you're planning to leave town, anyhow."

"As soon as I can get a clearance from the police, I'm going to pack up and take Pam away."

"Where?"

"Away from any city. To some quiet place out west—maybe the West Coast—to wait until this thing is settled."

"Mr. Carter," the Old Man asked softly, "who do you think killed Harry Banks?"

"He was mixed up in narcotics," Bruce said. "He was mixed up with the King girl. They split up twenty thousand dollars between them."

"The girl came from Oklahoma, I understand. I assume they got acquainted down there."

"I think it's likely."

Ezra Vincent said in a low tone, "I never shared Arthur's confidence in Harry Banks. I could never understand what Arthur saw in him, but I suppose he had ability. Arthur is generally a good judge of men. But there was something unwholesome about the man, it always seemed to me."

"Gordon Gilman called him the toady," Bruce said.

"The toady?" Ezra Vincent chuckled. "I like that. I was raised on the Frank Merriwell books. Yes, I like that. He was always available to eat toads, is that it?"

"That's it," Bruce said.

"As in Paris," the Old Man said musingly. "Yes, of course."

Bruce waited, and when the Old Man did not go on, he followed a hunch and asked, "You mean that French model over there?"

"Oh, you know about that? That's so, you were in Paris at the time, weren't you? Well, we were fortunate enough to hush it up. You can buy silence in France if you pay the going rate. Mr. Banks came to me, you know, as solemn as he could be, and said he was responsible. He said Arthur didn't even know."

"Didn't know what, Mr. Vincent?"

"That Mr. Banks had borrowed his car, of course," the Old Man said. "She was badly hurt in the accident. I thought you said you knew."

"I didn't know all the details," Bruce said.

"It was settled for a pretty good sum. Arthur paid it, and Arthur managed to fix it up with the authorities so that no charges were made. That shows a pretty high regard for Harry Banks, I'd say."

"Indeed," said Bruce.

The Old Man smiled faintly. "I've lived a long time, you know. I was born here in this house close to seventy years ago. I was brought up here—learned to sail my first catboat out there on the bay. The house is Ellen's now. I deeded it to her, but it's always been home to me."

"It's a beautiful place," Bruce said.

"It is," Ezra Vincent said. "But what I meant to say is that when you've lived as long as I have you begin to understand people a little better. They take their place in the pattern of your experience and you'd be surprised how that pattern repeats itself, like a wise old Oriental rug. Do you follow me?"

"I don't know that I do," Bruce said.

"I only meant that it's pretty hard to fool an old man," he said. "I know people. I understand their weaknesses. All I ask is that they keep things running smoothly—no monkey wrenches in the machinery, no reckless driving. I think you follow me."

There was a rap on the door and Molly Conley's voice called, "Mr. Carter, we ought to start."

"Well, get along with you," the Old Man said. "I think we understand each other. Go and take your leave of absence. Watch after your daughter. Get a good rest. In three or four months from now I want to talk to you."

"All right," Bruce said. "Thank you, sir."

Molly was waiting in the hall and explained as they went together down the stairs, "I called the inspector, but he had left his office. He's working on some angle of the case, but he'll be back at five o'clock."

"That gives us plenty of time," Bruce said.

"Let's be waiting for him, though. He blows a gasket over what he calls preventable delays, and we'd better keep him in a good mood."

Bruce said good-by to Pam and whispered as he hugged her, "Now you obey Laura. Stick close to Laura and do exactly what she says."

"Yes, pop."

"I'll telephone from town. I'll let you know what our plans are. Maybe we'll go for a trip, out where there are horses and cowboys."

"But how about summer camp, pop?"

"We'll talk about it later."

He left her standing on the porch with Laura, and it was good to see them together, hand in hand. There was a promise now in the future, a great hope of tranquillity and happiness, once this nightmare was over. He faced the road ahead with his jaw set and Molly glanced at him and murmured, "This is outside my jurisdiction, you know. I'm a New York City cop and we're still in Nassau County."

He smiled. "Yes, I knew that."

"I mean I have no legal right to hold you. You can tell me to go to the devil and I can't do a thing about it."

"Thanks, Molly," he said. "But drive on."

They reached the city with time to spare, and as they were going downtown on the East River Drive, he said, "Turn off at midtown and pass by the Express building, will you? I have some personal possessions I want to pick up there."

"I don't know, Bruce. What's so important about going to the Express?"

"I've been fired," he said. "Technically I'm on a leave of absence, but I doubt that I'll see the inside of that newspaper again. I want to pick up my things there, and after we see the inspector, I'm going home and pack; then Pam and I are getting away from here. We're taking a plane tonight."

She shook her head doubtfully. "I don't think so, Bruce. Pammy is a witness. I don't think he'll let her leave."

"We'll see," he said grimly.

Since it was Saturday afternoon, there was a place to park in front of the Express building, near the main entrance. Molly went up with him in the elevator.

Jack Gray was playing casino at the city desk with a rewrite man, and waved casually to Bruce. Saturday was a slow day, since the bulk of the Sunday paper was already accounted for and the budget for the day's news was tight. With the courts and stock market closed, the weekend was a tranquil hiatus. Bruce had a brief case in the bottom drawer of his desk and he began going through the drawers, selecting, discarding. Here was a snapshot of Pam in the Luxembourg Gardens, here was his French driver's license ——

He looked up and called to a copy boy, "Go to the studio and get me a photograph of Guy Mollet, the French premier."

"Why the French premier?" Molly asked.

"Pam said the man she saw looked something like Mollet. I have a recollection of what he looks like, but I want to refresh it."

The photograph the copy boy brought showed Guy Mollet full-faced and unsmiling, wearing horn-rimmed glasses. Examining it, Bruce thought that there was something familiar about the face in the photograph; he was reminded of someone.

"One thing about him," Molly said. "He doesn't look like a thug, does he?"

"It's a cultured face," Bruce said. "The face of an educated man."

The forehead was high, the hair thin, and Bruce knew now why the face seemed familiar. Perhaps he only imagined it, he thought, and he asked, "Molly, does he remind you of anybody? You met Mr. Gilman, our former managing editor."

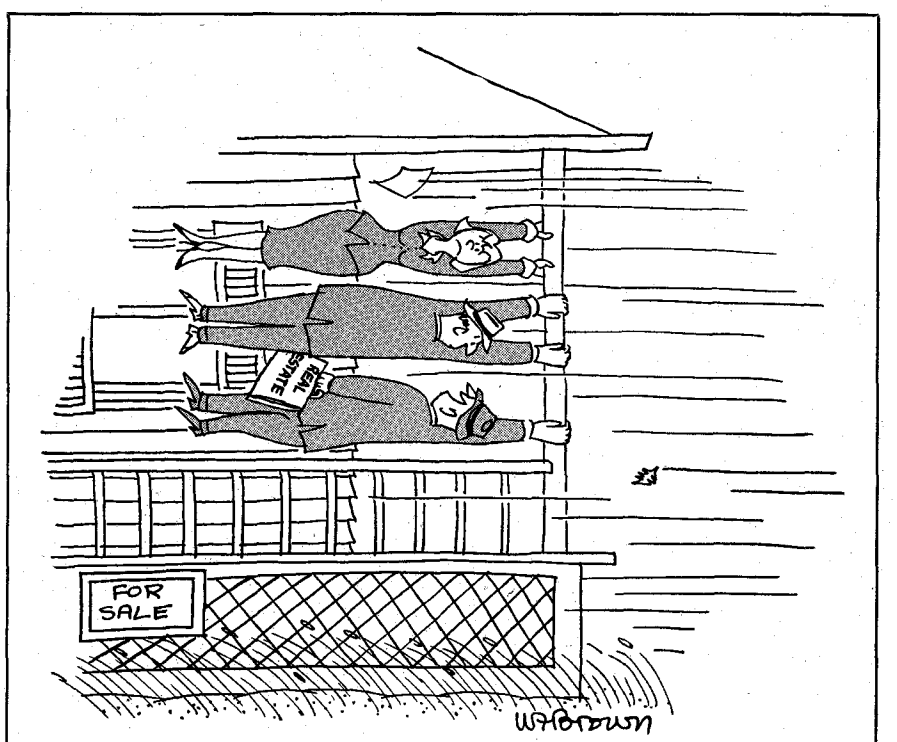
"The hophead?" Molly said. "No, I wouldn't say it looked like him."

He put his hand over the upper part of the head, so that only the features showed, then shook his head. With the balding head hidden, there was little resemblance to Gilman, and the man Pam had seen in the hallway had been wearing a hat pulled down low; his forehead had been hidden.

"We'd better go, Bruce," Molly said.

In the elevator lobby Bruce pressed the down button, and as he turned away he came face to face with Arthur Cole. The editor's

(*Continued on Page 111*)



". . . And there's always a nice breeze on the porch."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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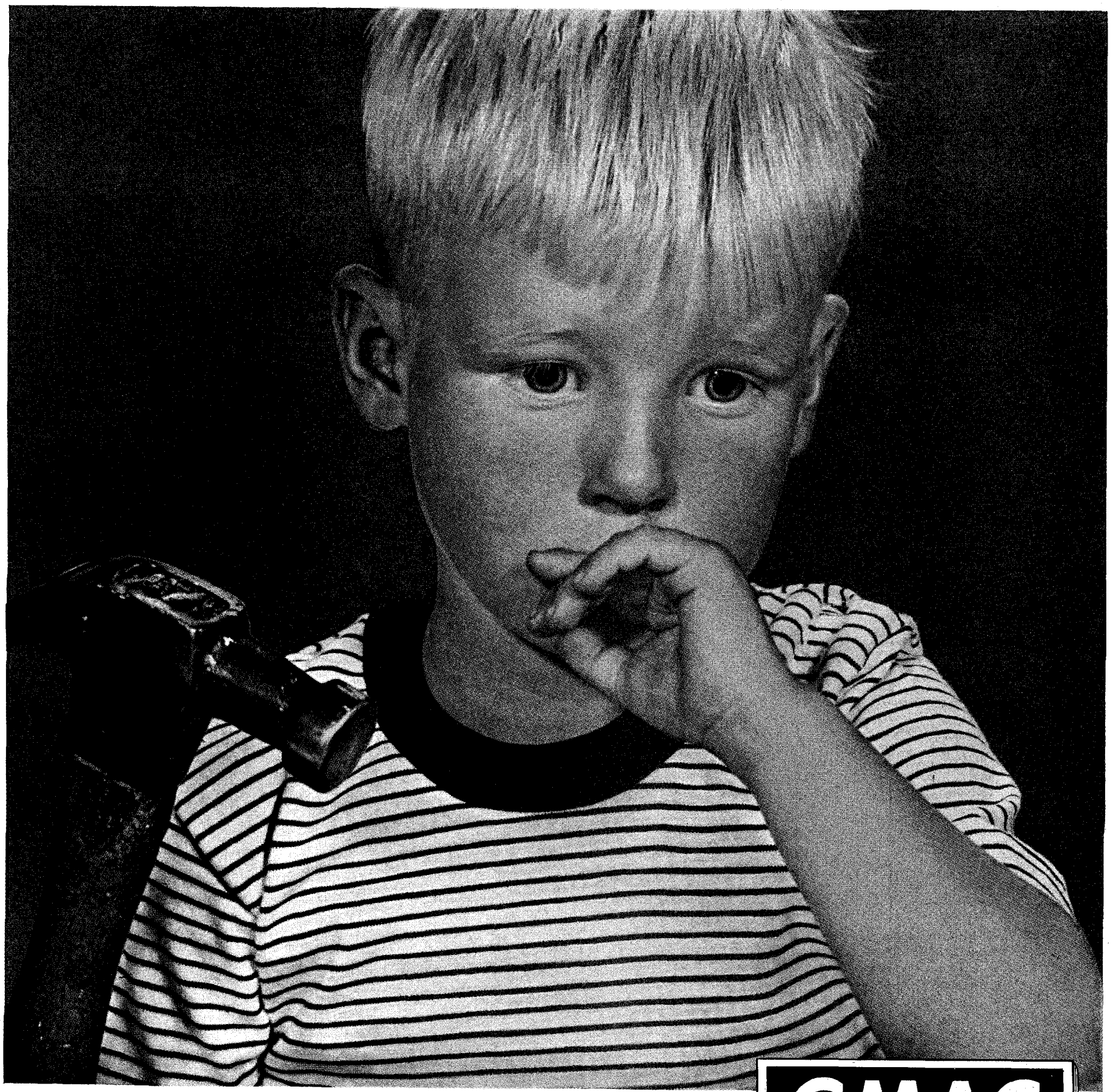

Be careful how you use it!

Any useful tool can be misused. And credit is no exception.
So use only as much "time" as you actually need when you finance a car.
Stretched out "easy" terms just add to your cost. On the GMAC Plan,
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Finance where you buy—at your General Motors Dealer who uses
the GMAC Plan. It's the convenient and sensible way to buy "on time."

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ASK YOUR DEALER in CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC new cars, and used cars of all makes; also FRIGIDAIRE • DELCO APPLIANCES

THE PLAN THAT HAS HELPED MILLIONS BUY CARS "ON TIME"

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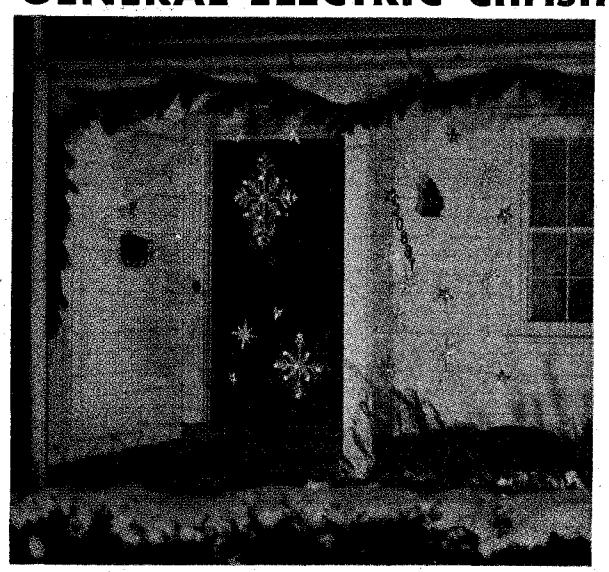
New ideas for a Merry Christmas with dependable, long-life G-E LAMPS

Designs planned by Leon Gordon Miller

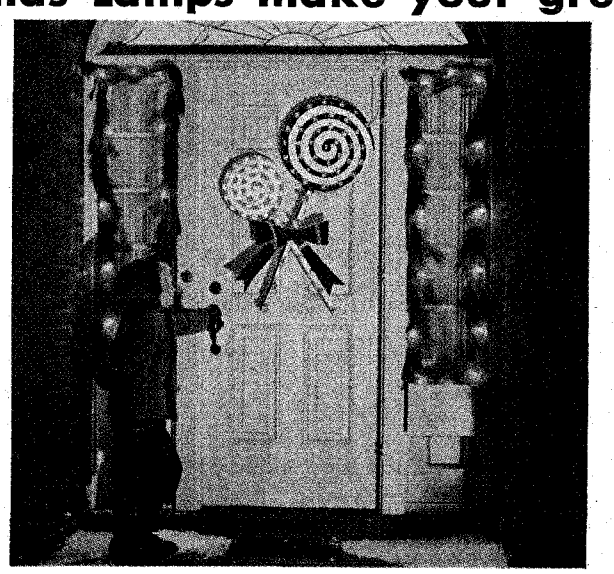
A lighted greeting like this is beautiful to look at, easy to make with colorful, sparkling General Electric Christmas lamps. Best of all, most of it can be made indoors, in comfort—then put up, as one or more units. Simply build trees or other Christmas designs from strips of wood, paint 'em and attach strings of lights.

To bring out the full beauty of your decorations, you will want to use one or more General Electric PAR floods or spots. And to avoid disappointment in bulb life or colors, be sure to look for the "G-E" on lamps . . . when you buy string sets or replacements. Miniature Lamp Dept., General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

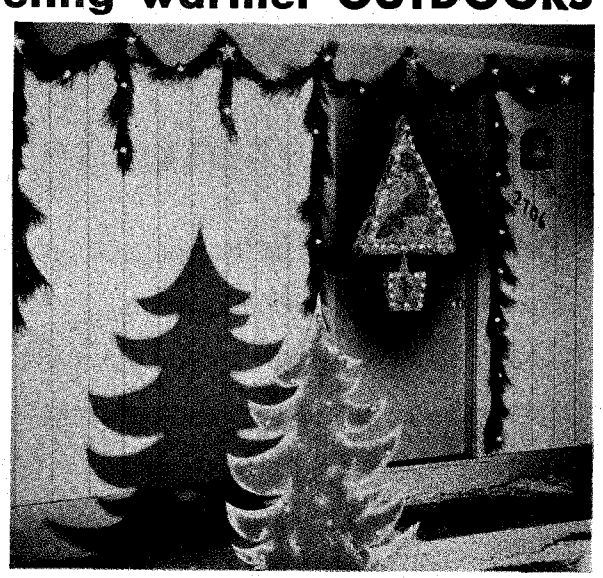
GENERAL ELECTRIC Christmas Lamps make your greeting warmer OUTDOORS



Stars that twinkle! New G-E twinkle lamps flash on-and-off, in stars made of aluminum foil or plastic to give both color and motion. Snowflakes on door use G-E C-7½ lamps and G-E PAR Flood adds warmth, sparkle.



Christmas lollypops. These hard board shapes get their color from G-E Christmas lamps—while a G-E PAR Flood brings out the whole design. For bright colorful holiday lighting, be sure your Christmas lamps are G-E!



Green goes the shadow when you use a G-E PAR bulb Flood with green color cap *behind* a cutout, such as the tree above, and a clear flood *in front* to create the shadow. Trim with General Electric Christmas lamps.

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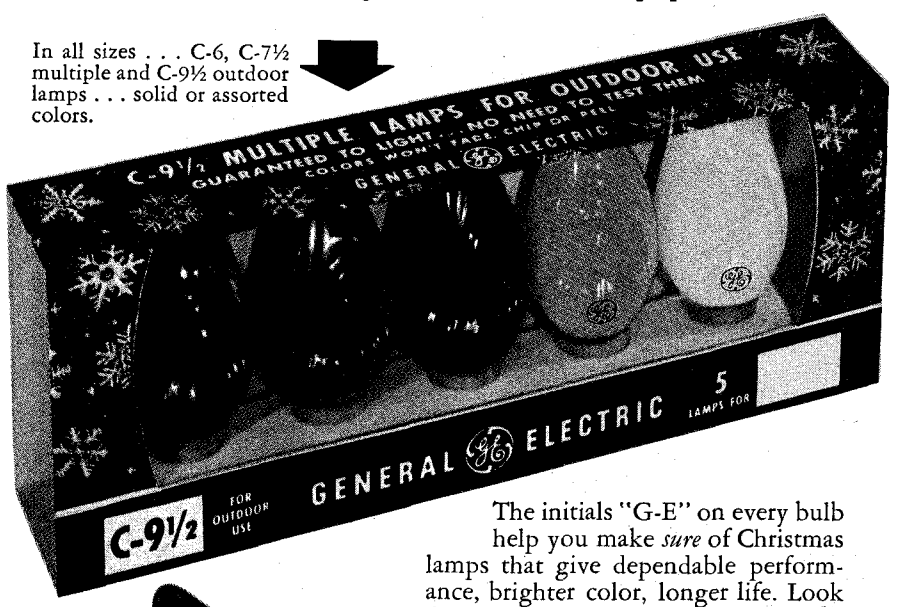
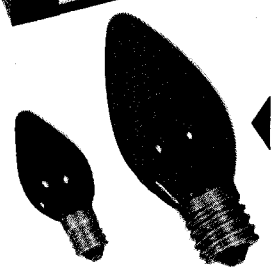
YES, THERE IS A DIFFERENCE IN CHRISTMAS LAMPS! So when YOU buy...

Look for the "G-E" on bulbs in string sets... Get renewal lamps in this handy pack

In all sizes . . . C-6, C-7½ multiple and C-9½ outdoor lamps . . . solid or assorted colors.


C-9½ MULTIPLE LAMPS FOR OUTDOOR USE
GUARANTEED TO LIGHT • NO NEED TO TEST THEM
COLORS WON'T FADE, CHIP OR PEEL
GENERAL ELECTRIC
C-9½ FOR OUTDOOR USE
GENERAL ELECTRIC
5 LAMPS FOR

The initials "G-E" on every bulb help you make *sure* of Christmas lamps that give dependable performance, brighter color, longer life. Look for "equipped with General Electric lamps" on the cover of string set boxes.

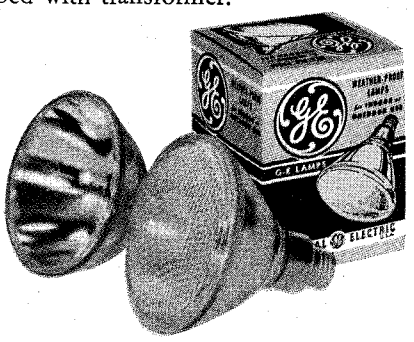


NEW G-E TWINKLE LAMPS

have transparent colors . . . flash on and off . . . decorations will twinkle like stars. New D27 twinkle lamps may be used to replace C-9½ bulbs in regular outdoor strings . . . the smaller D25 twinkle lamps are for use only in string sets equipped with transformer.

LIGHTED GREETINGS SPARKLE WITH G-E PROJECTOR BULBS

Make your decorations really stand out . . . crisp and clear . . . with weatherproof General Electric PAR bulbs. 150-watts in either flood or spot type. Wonderful at Christmas and all year.



. . . and INDOORS, too! TRY ONE OF THESE IDEAS— GIVE YOUR TREE A NEW LOOK!

Spiral lights around tree and space closely. Use bulbs in one color; ornaments in another!

Run strings vertically from top of tree, fastening strings to circle of corrugated board under tree.

Use same color for both bulbs and ornaments . . . you'll get a very striking, attractive effect.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from Page 108*) eyebrows were bunched in a frown and his chin rested heavily in his collar.

"You're back already?" he asked.

"Yes, quite a while ago," Bruce said.

"Have a good day?"

"Up to a point, Mr. Cole," Bruce said. "Up until I had a talk with Mr. Vincent. He gave me the bad news."

The elevator doors swung open and they moved into the cab; they were the only passengers. Arthur Cole said in a low, uneasy voice, "If I'm being unfair, I'm sorry, but I think you appreciate my situation."

"I'm not sure that I do appreciate your situation," Bruce said. "Harry Banks was a friend of yours, yes, but it seems to me that from the first you've made every effort to direct suspicion toward me."

"Indeed?" Arthur's eyebrows went up. "Just what have I done?"

"You influenced Inspector Harrison, for one thing."

"We discussed the case, of course," Arthur said. "But the inspector makes up his own mind. I don't make it up for him." He let his hand rest on Bruce's shoulder and said in a friendly tone, "I've got nothing against you personally, Carter."

The elevator had reached the ground floor, and Bruce waited until they were out in the lobby before he said, "Did you hear that they found the King girl?"

Arthur Cole stopped short. "No. When?"

"Today, floating in the East River. She had been dead about a week."

"Dead?" Arthur Cole said softly. "All this time? Then she couldn't have been in Harry's office Thursday, could she?"

"No."

"This puts a new face on it," Arthur said, and his eyes met Bruce's coldly. "Did you kill her too?"

Bruce sucked in his breath, glanced at Molly Conley, and walked out of the building. He had held onto his temper, but he could not trust himself to speak. His hand was unsteady as he opened the door of the car.

Molly Conley said nothing as they drove downtown, but occasionally she glanced at his dark face. Only when she had parked at Police Headquarters did she say, "You under control, Bruce?"

"Yes, I'm under control."

"Take my advice and keep the brakes on that temper of yours," she said. "Cool off. Don't get off base with the inspector. Butter him up. He's easy to handle if you go about it right."

Bruce nodded. "Don't worry, Molly. I'll be diplomatic. I'll butter him up."

"Then you'll probably make out all right," she said. "He's not such a bad guy."

But Inspector Harrison was not in his office, and Molly went to telephone Lieutenant Digby at the Narcotic Squad in the Headquarters Annex across the street. Bruce paced the corridor, smoking a cigarette, and when she returned, her face had brightened.

"Digby wasn't there," she said. "But I got the dope. There's been a break in the case, Bruce, and the inspector is with Digby."

"What kind of break?"

"This is confidential," Molly said. "Digby has had a line in the Revelry Club for a long time and he got the tip from a man close to Charlie Pearl—he's a junkie, but he's come across with good information in the past. Charlie Pearl has been negotiating a big sale, and Digby figures that maybe he hijacked the stuff from the King girl."

"And killed her?"

"Maybe. The stuff must have been stashed in the apartment, but the Sharp girl had moved in. He had to wait his chance to get in there."

"But Pam saw him. She didn't recognize him."

"Charlie Pearl wouldn't be working alone," Molly said. "Digby figures they went up there together and were surprised by the Sharp girl, and it was Charlie's partner that Pam saw at the door. We don't know who the guy is, but don't worry. We'll get him."

"What happens now?" Bruce asked.

"The deal is set for today," Molly said. "Digby thinks the other guy is holding the stuff and that Charlie will pick him up and make the delivery. The way we got it is the buyer will be waiting in a parked car on a certain street uptown on the East Side—never mind which one. Charlie Pearl and his partner will drive past and park a hundred yards away. The buyer will start up and come alongside and the stuff will be passed. We've got men watching, and we've got a tail on Charlie Pearl."

"If they catch this other guy ——" Bruce began, and drew in a deep breath. "Maybe we're beginning to see daylight."

"It looks good, but don't get your hopes too high," she said. "Sit down. Take it easy. We may have quite a wait."

Five-thirty came—six o'clock. Bruce kept looking at his watch, kept questioning Molly with his eyes. At half past six she called the Narcotic Squad again and returned with a long face. "No luck, Bruce. It went sour all around. The buyer never showed and Charlie Pearl managed to lose the tail. Maybe we had a bum steer."

People who live in glass houses should have chatterproof neighbors.

ARTHUR C. VON STEIN

Bruce nodded, too disappointed to speak.

"We'll get them, though," Molly said confidently. "Just give us time."

Ten long and barren minutes passed before Inspector Harrison arrived with Lieutenant Digby. He came with slow, heavy steps, his eyes searching, and there was something in Joe Digby's masklike expression that alerted Bruce.

"You're here," the inspector said vaguely, stopping in front of Bruce. He hesitated, glanced uncertainly at Digby, then he cleared his throat. "I don't know how to break this to you," he said. "Brace yourself, man. It's bad news."

Bruce stood with his feet set apart, his arms dangling at his sides, and he was not even breathing; he knew what was coming, knew it with every sureness of instinct, knew it with the ballooning awareness of alarm.

"We had a call from the Nassau County Police," Inspector Harrison said. "The Coles called them half an hour ago to report that they couldn't find your little girl. They searched the place high and low, and then they called the Nassau police."

The inspector seemed to lose his voice for a moment, and his face looked shocked and bloodless. He put his hand on Bruce's shoulder, and when his voice came again, it was hoarse and low.

"The police found a shoe," he said. "Out at the side of the road, near the entrance gate. It was a little girl's shoe, Mr. Carter. It was hers. It must have been pulled off when —— My God, man, I don't know what to say."

TO BE CONCLUDED

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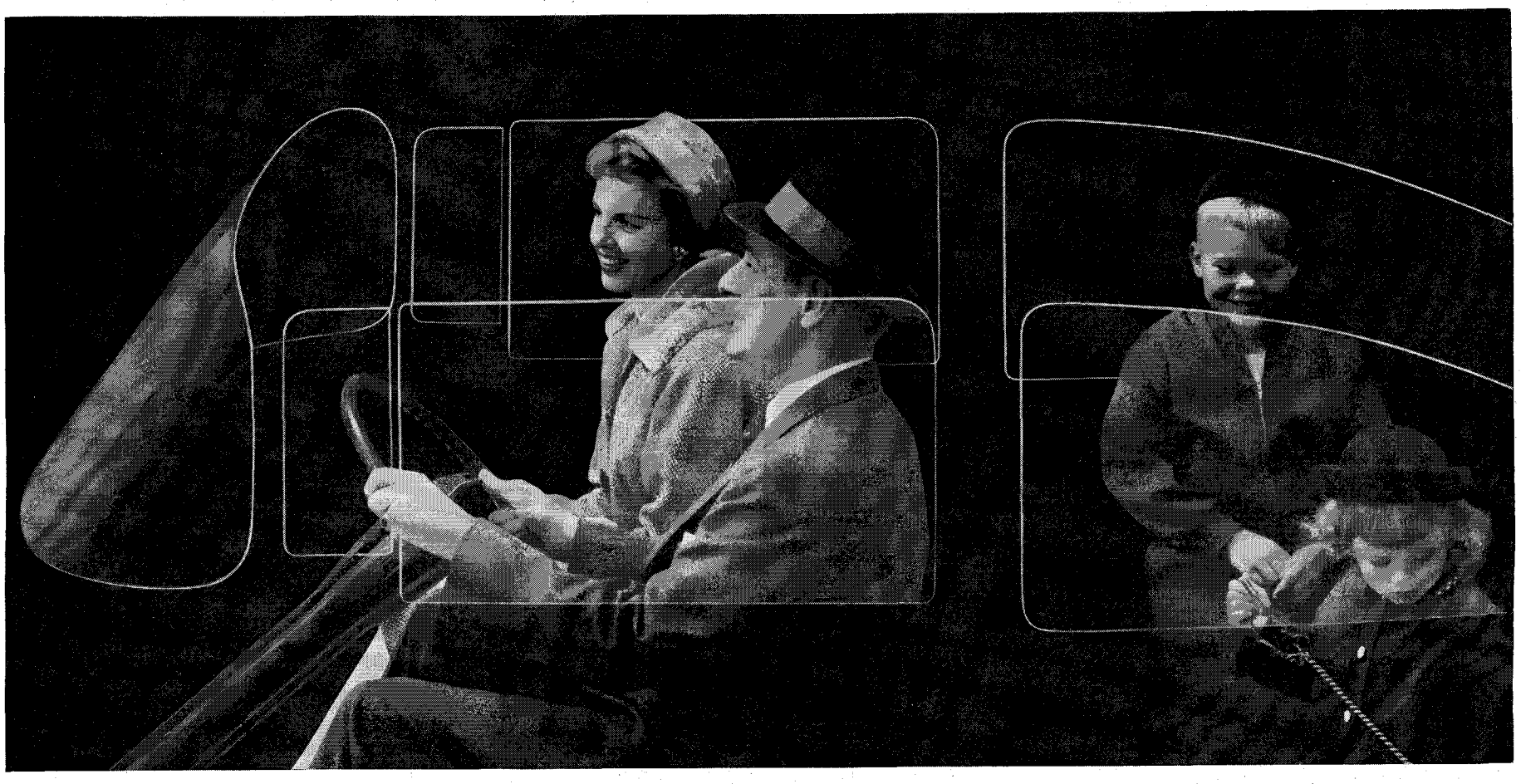
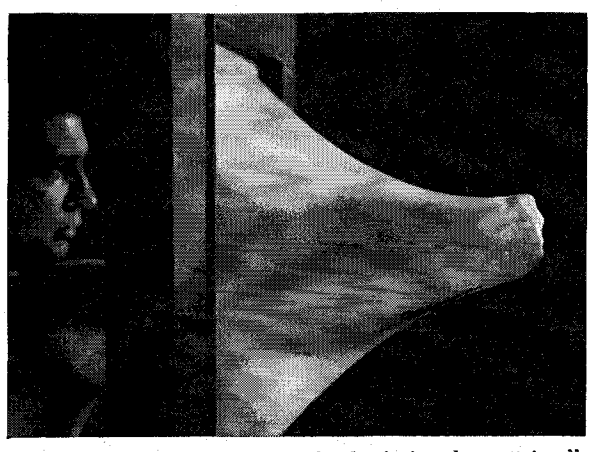
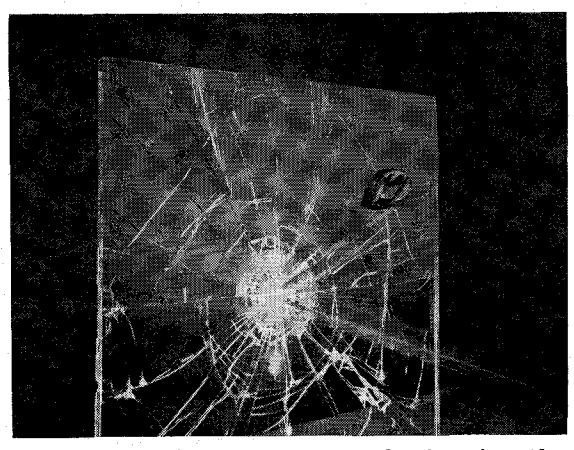
Picture-window view and "safety-cushioned," too!



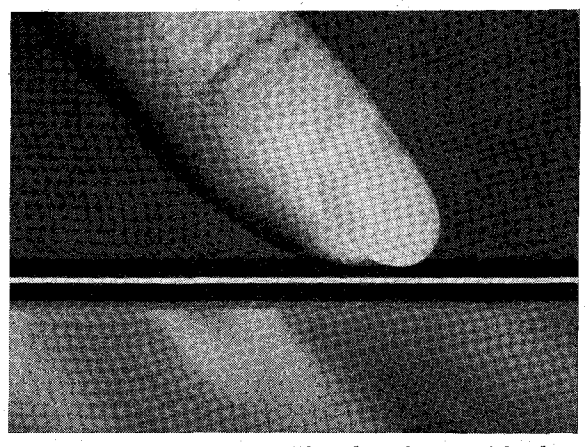
Laminated "safety-cushion" glass absorbs shock ... reduces the hazard of flying glass



ROLLS WITH THE PUNCH. Tough plastic interlayer "gives" when hit. It's the "safety cushion" in laminated glass.



EVEN WHEN STRUCK, laminated safety glass is engineered to hold together—to help protect you from flying fragments.



LOOK FOR THE "safety-cushion" line along the edge of the glass in your car windows. It's the sign of laminated construction.

Those inviting picture windows in your next car will give you not only full vision, but added protection from road hazards—if they are made of laminated glass. This laminated glass has an interlayer of plastic that acts as a "safety cushion." The glass resists shattering even if struck by flying stones...helps protect you from the danger of flying fragments.

All cars manufactured in the United States have laminated safety glass in their windshields. And you can have this same protection in the side windows of your car, too.

Look for the "safety-cushion" line along the window edges. It's the sign of laminated construction.

Du Pont does not manufacture laminated safety glass. It is a supplier of the "safety cushion" used as the interlayer in the construction of this glass. The Du Pont trademark for this polyvinyl butyral plastic is BUTACITE®.

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...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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The Places I Follow My Husband!

(Continued from Page 43)

gold; of San Joaquin Valley lands once owned by the company, which in other hands became great oil fields; of iron, asbestos, copper, chrome and valuable nonmetallic minerals, like perlite and cement, probably still to be found in S.P.'s holdings. From his own experience in hacking mineral claims out of the Brazilian jungle, he outlined a plan. There, in the dark-paneled Manhattan board room, was hatched our gypsy odyssey.

The company's Land Department would take an inventory. In some ways, it would be the most exhaustive quest for hard minerals ever undertaken by private industry. To get a true picture of S.P.'s nearly 5,000,000 acres, the geologists would also survey contiguous lands, or nearly 14,000,000 acres in all. Lawrence B. Wright, a big, white-haired man of recognized skill—once he located six brand-new gold bodies on order of a Detroit banking group—was named chief of exploration. Dr. George Kiersch, who directed a mineral survey of Hopi-Navajo lands in Arizona, became assistant. Three-man reconnaissance teams under their direction would map the vast ranges; where they found "colors," a special team using geochemistry and geophysics would come in to test the prospect.

The inventory started in the spring of 1955. Today the Special Projects Group, to which my Ernie is attached, is diamond-drilling its first "hot" prospect. If it supports our husbands' calculations, this iron deposit in Nevada will "get back all the bait"—the $2,000,000 cost of the six-year hunt—plus a profit of $1,800,000 from the one discovery.

To geologists, who are born with a touch of explorer in them anyway, this is exciting work. While our special group tested for iron last summer, five recon groups were having a ball over in California. One team turned alpinist to run a traverse over the icy shoulder of 14,162-foot Mount Shasta, where S.P. owns land to the 12,000-foot level. Another team shot the swift McCloud River in a rubber boat to examine outcrops. They had great fun and caught a lot of fish, I suspect. But I'm thinking of the wives who waited patiently in hot little cabins and trailers. If geologists take after Lewis and Clark, girls who marry them must certainly play the part of the maiden Sacagawea. Most of us—average age, under thirty—hold college degrees; the others are fitted with skills helpful to gypsy geologists. The most popular gal in camp, on days when reports must be written, is JoAnn Spurck, a stenographer-wife. Ruth Papke, a medical technician, knows all about microbes. My own music has saved me several times from the Abandoned-Wife Blues.

Ernie and I had known each other since high-school days in Spokane, Washington. Later, while I took college degrees, he won a lieutenant's commission in the Air Force Reserve, graduated from Arizona and worked for Anaconda Copper. I was teaching when he announced he was joining the S.P. project and proposed.

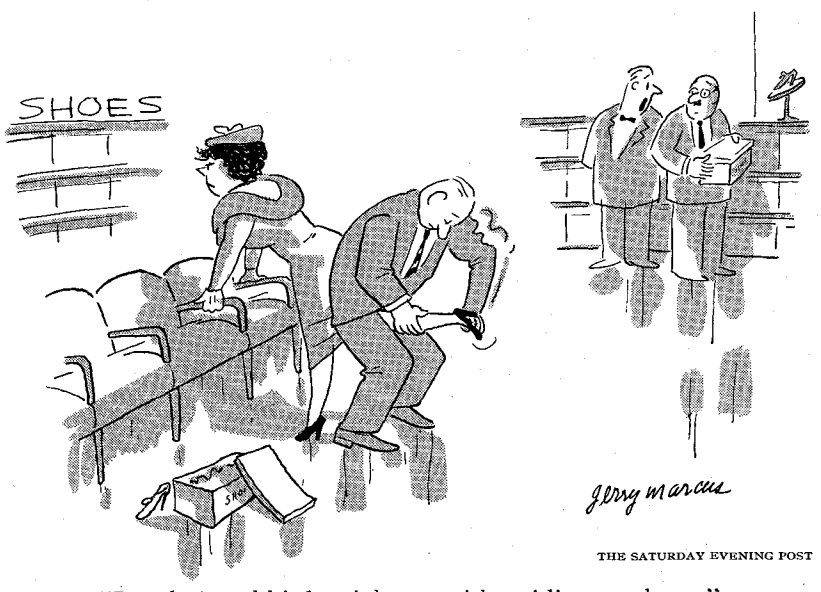
"Marry me," I warned in jest, "and you marry my piano." I will say for Ernie that, once the vows were exchanged, he shouldered the load manfully; he built a special dolly to wheel my heavy piano into and out of cabins. But I digress.

Ernie, wise young man that he is, didn't want me to marry an illusion. One night he called long-distance from Nevada to suggest I come see the job. Some of the wives would entertain at tea; I would hear their stories and, more important, see geologists arrive home, sweaty and dirty, from work. He said he would reserve a room for me at a motel in Lovelock.

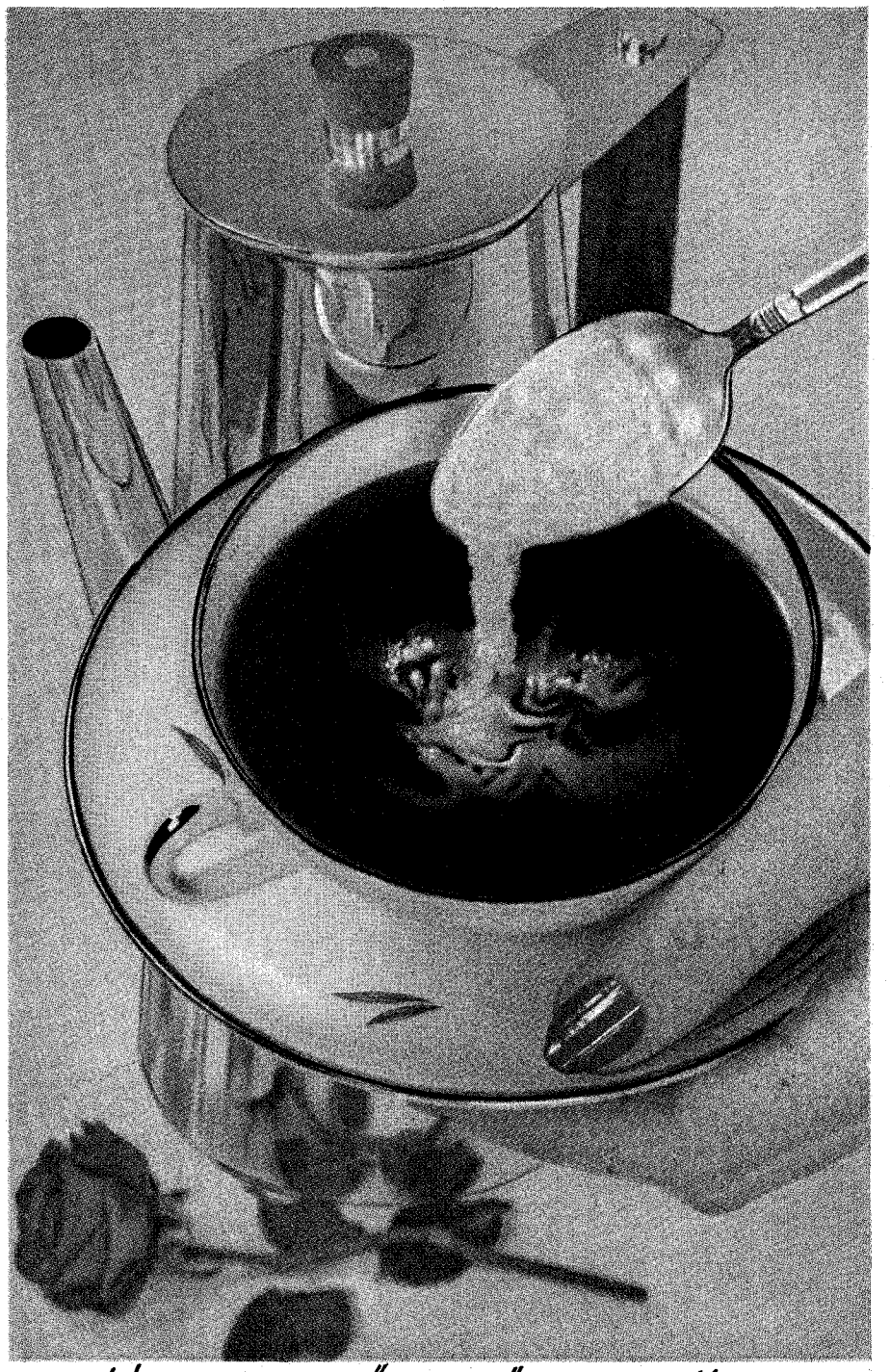
There was so much to learn—that you don't wear high heels, gloves or fancy hat to tea in tiny, dusty Lovelock; that you don't panic at the sight of a lizard. I'm thinking now of the time mother visited us in the desert. She was in the house several hours before I remembered Lizzie, our pet lizard. Mother can't abide reptiles. I knew she would die if Lizzie darted out unexpectedly, and I searched high and low. No Lizzie. For five hectic days and nights, Ernie and I sat on the edges of our chairs, jumping at sudden sounds, watching mother, making polite but strained conversation. When she left, I slumped on my bed, exhausted. And there on the ceiling was Lizzie.

Ernie was always bringing home pets in those days. Once it was a huge and hairy tarantula which he planted on the keys of my piano. It scared the wits out of me, but that was part of my education, part of conquering needless fears. Big and ugly as these spiders are, they're not half so menacing as I had thought.

I'm not, as you see, a conventional housewife. I think of myself, rather, as an Ernie wife. Everything we own, including my piano and secondhand washer, can be stowed in a boxlike green trailer—six (*Continued on Page 115*)



"I understand his last job was with a riding academy."



However you "cream" your coffee —

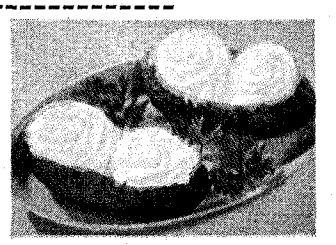
You'll love the fresh taste and the convenience of PREAM!

Yes, new instant Pream is *everything* you want your coffee "creamer" to be! Um-m-m . . . sweet fresh cream and other natural milk products, blended by the exclusive Pream® process. And, Pream *stays* fresh tasting . . . without refrigeration. Never sours!

So, try Pream soon—in the Regular *or* New Large Economy Size Jar. If you like it "with," you'll *love* it with Pream!

Easy recipe! **POTATOES A LA PREAM**

Bake large, greased potatoes in 400°F. oven until done. Scoop out. Mash with 1 tbsp. Pream, 2 tbsp. hot water, 1 tbsp. butter or margarine, ¼ tsp. salt per potato. Pile into shell. Bake 10-15 mins. or until lightly browned.



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(*Continued from Page 113*) feet by twelve by six—which Ernie built last year. The first time I drove with the trailer, I knocked over a gasoline pump. Now I'm a slick pilot, though, among many other things. I cut Ernie's hair and he gives me my permanents. Freed of social distractions, I am writing two books, on creative dance and music for the dance, and teaching Ernie piano while learning geology from him. Listening to him explain forces and flows in the earth, I realize what a wonderful sense of beauty he has.

Living, for us, is reduced to essentials. We don't own a television set—none of our gypsy band does. The only time I've had a telephone was when we were expecting Melody. We move so often, and to such off-trail places, that I have received letters two years after they were written. I correspond with mother by tape recorder, picking up Melody's voice, Ernie's, and some of my music, then mail her the tape. I have learned to use up spillable items, like catchup and mustard, or throw them out before we move. Before I was so wise, I tried to save half a bottle of syrup; the load shifted, syrup spilled in my record collection, and Debussy was stuck to Mozart for months after. I brought to marriage the usual bride's assortment of bud vases, china and sherbet glasses; now they're all in packing cases and I haven't the slightest idea when I'll see them again.

An episode from my blushing brideship will show you how precious packing cases are. We'd just moved to the desert near Barstow, California, and Ernie had unpacked and piled our boxes outside. Next morning, still in my negligee, I listened sleepily to his warning about the snap lock on the cabin door. When he left for work, a little sand was flying; by the time he was out of sight, it was a blast. I heard my boxes rolling. Mindful only of the struggle to acquire them, I dashed in mad pursuit. I'd corralled one tea case when sand, blasting through my sheer silk nightgown, brought me up with a start. The door had slammed; I was locked out. A young man stared from a passing car. At first I thought of hiding in the tea case; then I realized it would be five P.M. before Ernie got home. Shamefaced, I trudged to the nearest house, where a nice lady made coffee. Ernie arrived soon after. He was not pleased. The young man who'd passed was one of our crew. "Does your bride always run about the desert in her nightgown?" he inquired. My husband took me by the hand and led me home.

Actually I was lucky. The boys usually assemble in the morning at their temporary office—an old stagecoach inn, perhaps, or, in Dunsmuir, California, an old brick roundhouse. Each recon man is responsible for an area the size of one or more townships; he takes his four-wheel-drive vehicle as far as he can, then walks, carrying knapsack, canteen, geology pick, snakebite kit and lunch. By evening he may cover ten or more miles of mountain and canyon. Only another geologist could find him, once he's in the field. His wife won't even start dinner until she hears the tramp of his boots.

She doesn't worry. The fellows carry topographic maps and know how to use them. As they say, "When a geologist's lost, there's no use even looking for him—he's really gone." Several of our boys have had to walk out of the desert when vehicles broke down, and two—Ray Laird and Hal Bonham—were left in the mountains one night when a wrangler forgot to pick them up. Our only job injury, broken ribs, occurred when a horse fell on Laird, a 275-pound tackle from the 1950 California Rose Bowl squad. I guess our worst moment was when fallout from the A-bomb tests at Frenchman Flat drifted over our site. You may remember that. The Atomic Energy Commission said there was no one out there but some isolated prospectors and ranchers.

You never know what your husband will bring home. While still a honeymooner, Max Schafer brought his Lou-Ann a pitiful case of poison oak; it apparently was on his work clothes when she put them to wash. Scouting the hinterlands, the fellows find fascinating things: a ram's skull with great curled horns, arrowheads, "purple glass"—sunburned bottles from the desert which antique collectors prize. After camping out, some husbands trudge in with beards that terrify the children, and some—namely Ernie—bring home tarantulas. But we still like to be with our men. No matter how arduous the day, Keith Papke, for one, always gives baby Brian his bath, hears his prayers and puts him to bed.

If your man has made a discovery, he'll come in walking on air. Frank Stejer, at forty-one the "grandpappy" of the field teams, was beating his way through shoulder-high manzanita one afternoon when he spotted stones different from the local "country rock." He cracked one, found it granular and glossy black, possibly chromite. Following the "float," he located the outcrop and hacked off specimens for assay. Since a pocket of chromite the size of an automobile can be worth $20,000, this looked exciting. (It is, in fact, now on Special Projects' future schedule.) Orienting himself on his aerial map, Frank made notes and colored-pencil symbols. Coming down the mountain later, he was fairly flying, and lucky he was. A coiled three-foot rattler lay in his path. Frank simply soared over it and lit running. At home that night, all he could talk was "chrome"; he didn't mention the snake. But, then, neither did Bea Stejer detail her day of driving from one mountain village to the next in search of a shoemaker.

A geologist's wife learns to fend for herself. When Beth Anctil, whose Ralph leads Group 4, first went to Trinity Alps, in California, a bear prowled her cabin every night. She was two miles from a telephone, the fellows were away and her Matthew was tiny. Beth put up with the bear for two nights, then went to the ranger for a rifle, shells and permit to exterminate the pest. The bear must have got the message. It never returned.

These are the lesser annoyances of gypsy life. Our real problem is shelter. As the survey progresses, we move on to towns so small they're automatically "critical housing areas." Arriving once at Redding, on the Sacramento River, we found all accommodations taken by telephone crews who were installing the dial system. In the Trinity country, where a dam is building, we compete with construction crews for a few off-season fishing cabins. We stay in motels if we must, though they can be expensive and subject to sudden rate changes. For example, Betty and Ray Dorsey took a motel last March at a monthly rental of eighty dollars, providing their own linen and doing their own cleaning; the baby slept in the kitchen. Came May, and the landlady suddenly announced a new rate of six dollars per night. The tourist season was starting.

Some of our people own house trailers. Others prefer to get off wheels for a while and become, perforce, expert house scroungers. We write ahead for rentals

The Perfect Squelch

When Tom suffered a mild heart attack shortly after he turned fifty, his relatives and friends were surprised as well as concerned. For the attack certainly was not induced by overwork. Tom devoted his life to what he smilingly called "the genteel art of loafing." He took only the softest temporary jobs, and as few of them as possible.

After the attack, he concentrated more than ever on doing nothing. He also constantly mentioned his "condition." One evening at a family gathering at the home of his Aunt Jane, a hard-working spinster, he began a long account of his illness.

"My doctor," he stressed, "ordered me to avoid hard work and get plenty of rest."

"My goodness, Tom," his Aunt Jane spoke up, "that must have been the same doctor you went to as a young man."

L. M. Mabbott

"He takes her out to dinner every week."

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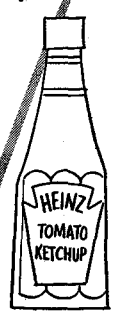

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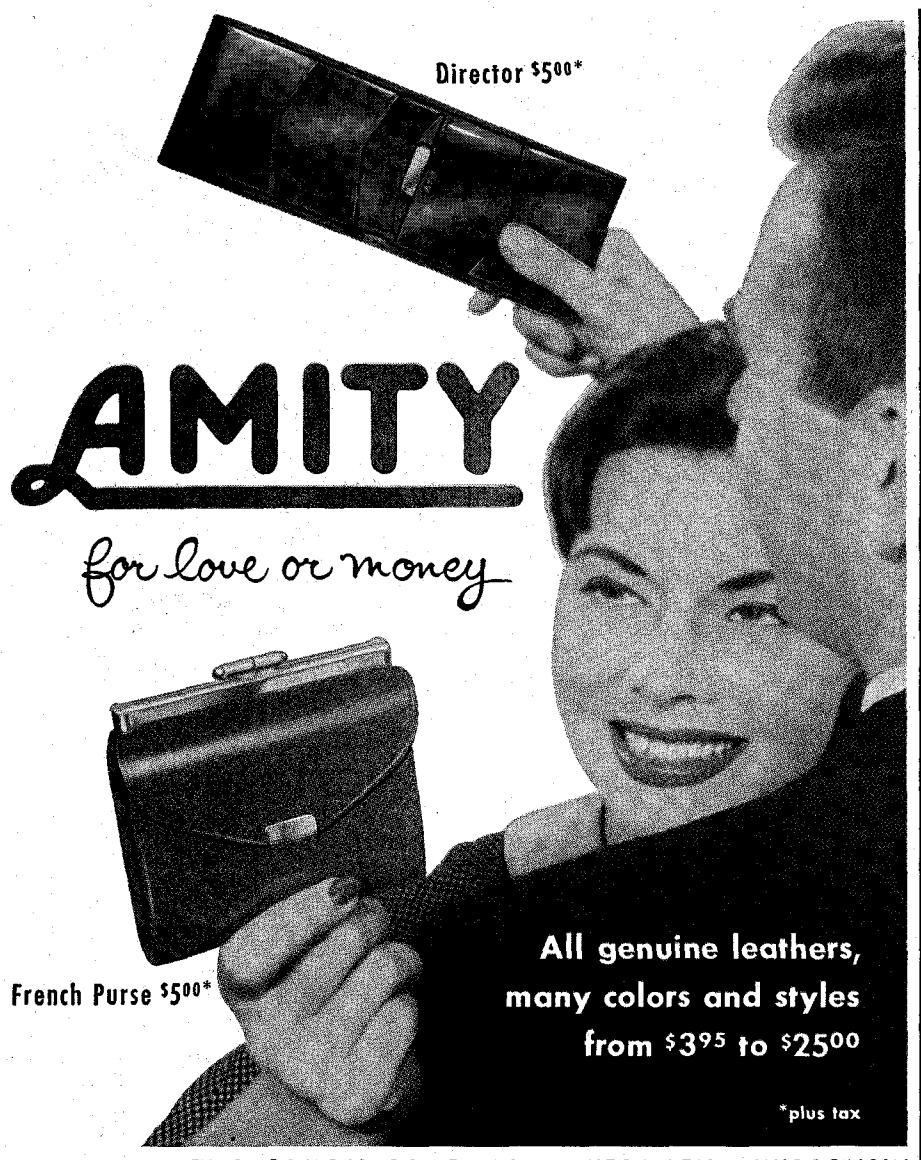

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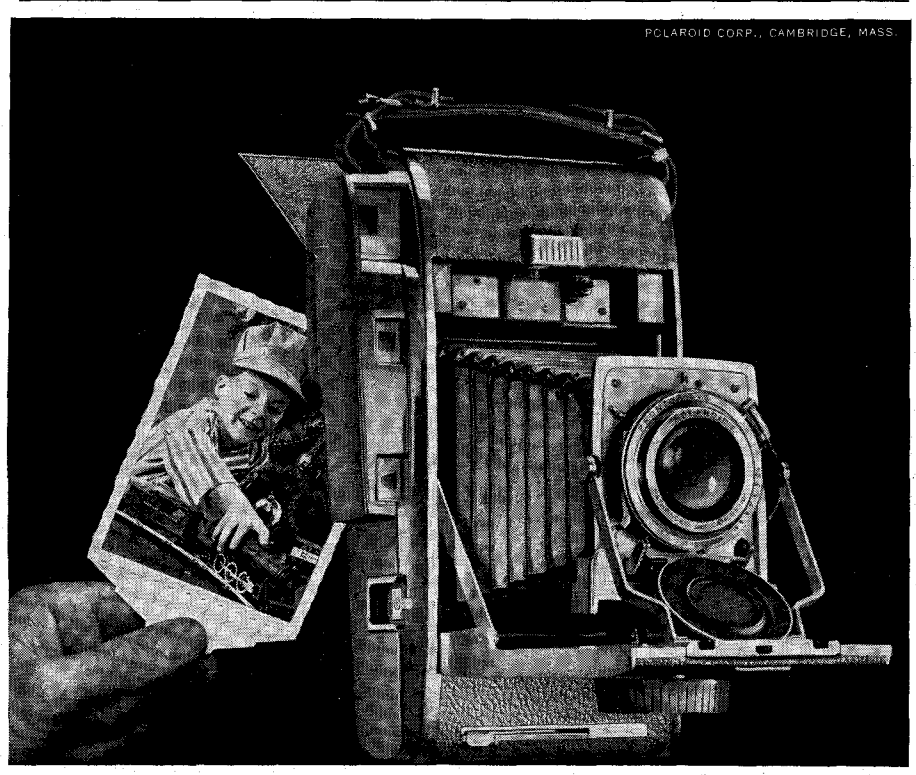

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as soon as we know our next stop. If unsuccessful, we drive the streets looking for people cleaning house; they may be only cleaning or they may be moving. We try the local newspaper, if there is one, the town marshal, fire department and service stations; we ask at the telephone company if anyone is having service stopped. Some landlords are wary because we're transient and have children, so we spread the word that our men usually paint and make improvements. In the end, you take what you can get, perhaps a modest cottage at $150 a month, and cut your own wood.

Don't try to call us, by the way. Our phone, if any, is the local pay booth. At Trinity Center, California, this was on the porch of the general store; whoever answered would leave the message on a "community message pad" which everyone else then read. Actually, in some of these places, the telephone can be frightening. Someone stops by to say there's a long-distance call for you at the store. It's three miles away and you can't go immediately because the baby's asleep. Then you commence to worry. You wake the baby and trudge down to answer, to find it's only a job message from San Francisco.

Food is one of our constant problems. It's useless to put up fruits or vegetables, and you can't carry a home freezer. Too often, our market is only a Saturday-night beer stop. If a town does have more than one store, you take a week finding which has the bargains. Even then, standard items vary as much as ten cents over our wide orbit, and trading stamps run from green to magenta. Sometimes I dream of sheer luxury—a supermarket with heaps of specials, butchers who cut meat as you like it, and a manager who will cash checks. You do need money, and many of these hamlets have no bank. When they do, it's awkward to transfer accounts every four months and keep your account balanced. So Ernie and I deposit by mail with the Oakland Bank of Commerce in California. They've never seen us and we've never seen them, but they pay postage on our deposits and don't charge for checks so long as we maintain a $200 balance—and cash our own checks.

Girls who had never before shopped anywhere but at big department stores with charge accounts quickly become mail-order addicts. We spend whole evenings poring over our catalogues, dreaming, measuring and making lists of clothing. Jeans, shorts and pedal pushers are easiest on the budget and much more practical than dresses, but even they wear out. One day Ernie will look at me and I at him, and the next morning we're ripping the clothes off each other. The tussle ends when every tattered garment is in the ragbag and we open our newest treasure from the catalogue. These wonderful books have their limitations, of course. Sally Bonham can't send away for the special shoes her Cindy must have. Once Sally drove 290 miles fruitlessly shopping for the shoes; she finally got them after another eighty-mile jaunt over the Siskiyou Mountains to Medford, Oregon.

Doctors and dentists often are seventy miles away over mountain roads. If your toothache isn't too bad, you wait until the next trek touches a city. For medical care, you take potluck, and that's what some of the girls have had. Others have been very lucky. The Dunsmuir physician who delivered Sally Bonham's second baby, for instance, reduced his $125 fee by the total of eighty dollars which she'd paid at three previous stops in her pregnancy. The Warren Coonrads were lucky in Dunsmuir too. A doctor there diagnosed, for the first time, their Jody's unusual pancreas ailment and prescribed treatment which the University of California Hospital said later was absolutely right.

Pregnancy does interfere with the mineral search at times. There comes a point at which we wouldn't dare move, though our husbands went to Siam. The bosses know this. When they learn that a girl is expecting, they try to shift her husband's team at the time most convenient to her. However, John and Amora Sharp moved from Nevada to Shasta, California, in what they thought was ample time last summer; the very next night John had to rush her to the hospital, where she met her new doctor for the first time, and her baby came three months early. Where there are school-age children, the company tries to keep the father's team in one place until the term ends. With children, our odyssey is complicated by measles, mumps and the poxes, and sitters aren't easy to find. But we manage somehow. Without the small fry, we wives would probably go mad.

There are times, as it is, when we feel we just drift from one cultural desert to another. We daren't gossip in our tiny circles. We don't participate in P.T.A., Cub Scouts or other affairs of our many home towns. Some of us don't even qualify to vote. The day comes inevitably when you can't take one more word about babies or geology. You must make some recreation.

I give concerts and dance recitals, some of them quite impromptu. There was, for example, the time Ernie didn't trust the piano on our rickety cabin steps. I had to practice in the trailer. The mountain folk drifted by to say it "sounded just dandy hearing that pianner tinkling in the woods." We read everything in the little local libraries and take family trips over the old emigrant trails, up into Oregon, down to Mexico and over into Arizona and Utah—where P-38 planes from World War II are photographing desert the fellows will work later. Often we're in trout or salmon country, and though our men would rather read their technical journals and rest their feet after days in the field, they take us fishing. We pan gold in the streams and try for silver in the Nevada slot machines—though the less said of that the better. Practical chaps, like Ernie, say you can't win and have pledged us to binding treaties.

It's a fun life, as I said at the outset. We're getting ahead in our profession faster than many people our age. The year-round field work affords concentrated training for the men, and the pay is good—$400 to $500 a month and up, depending on education and experience. The company pays all living expenses for single men and part of those of the married ones. None of this expense money is taxable. Some of the fellows study the Wall Street Journal and make collect calls to faraway brokers. One of the men—single, of course—has built a stake of $20,000 in stocks.

Occasionally someone leaves our gypsy band. One fine young Chinese-American geologist quit because he was lonely; there weren't enough eligible Chinese girls where we went. Two others have resigned and four have been fired, one after he took to his bed with a bottle of whisky and confessed he felt inadequate to the project.

We all feel that way at times. But we improvise and adapt and keep our chins up. Even with ticks, tarantulas and pregnancy, we're having the time of our young lives. As we've learned, life's basic needs can be stowed in a few packing cases and barrels, with room left over for another baby. (Mother: this is NOT an announcement.) THE END

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Had Enough of the Old Rat Race?

(Continued from Page 31)

shining. He concludes that going after the Big Job is, after all, the most important objective to which he can set his life—or rather, the only objective available to him.

That is the theme. It describes a situation popularly referred to as the Old Rat Race. It has been repeated so often that people are beginning to believe it.

Note that this was not the theme of Babbitt. George F. Babbitt, created by Sinclair Lewis a generation ago, was a flabby, frightened boor, crude and insensitive. But he was not cynical; he never thought of himself as being trapped in the net of business. On the contrary, he liked being a businessman. It did not occur to old George, however pathetic he may have been in other respects, that business was anything but a glorious end in itself.

But a new prototype businessman has been pushed onto the stage since the end of World War II. He was first—and, perhaps, best—personified by Charles Gray, the central figure in John P. Marquand's Point of No Return. Charley Gray was no Philistine. He was intelligent and perceptive. In his code of values, money and position and membership in the best country club in town did not add up to the 100 per cent Full Life. Yet, as he found himself carried along in the relentless currents at the Stuyvesant Bank, moving perilously near a vice presidency, he discovered himself powerless to resist the currents. What if the vice presidency of a bank, Charley concluded, was not a worth-while altar upon which to lay one's life: what was one to do? A man, after all, had some responsibility to his family. He couldn't just walk away from a secure, respectable job, as did the French painter Paul Gauguin, and go off to contemplate the placid beauties of Tahiti.

Tom Rath was confronted with the same dilemma in Sloan Wilson's The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit. John Keats' recent book, The Crack in the Picture Window, is less a diatribe against the soul-wrenching monotony of life in present-day housing developments than a polemic essay against the willingness of the modern male to sell himself to business at the expense of all else.

Louis Kronenberger, long-time drama critic of Time magazine, takes an even more morose view of the situation in his book, Company Manners. "Selling out," he says, "argues a period of idealism or integrity, a moment, however botched, of moral crisis. But this new breed experiences no such crisis; there is no struggle; they don't sell out at forty, they sign up at twenty-two."

In addition to these and other books, there have been countless magazine articles in which the same subject has been exploited. The good dramatic shows on TV have not neglected frequently to portray the awful predicament of the young man, pulled mercilessly between his early ambitions on the one hand, and the necessity of giving himself over to the corporation on the other—with the corporation usually winning out.

Nor have the movies defaulted in the field. The other night, while watching a ten-year-old film on television, I heard Henry Fonda explain to Gene Tierney why he had been putting aside, for the purchase of a small seagoing boat, half his sixty-five-dollar-a-week salary as a junior accountant: "Look, do you think I want to spend the rest of my life sitting in a swivel chair in a New York office?" His clear implication was that he must liberate himself from the office, quickly and completely, before it was too late.

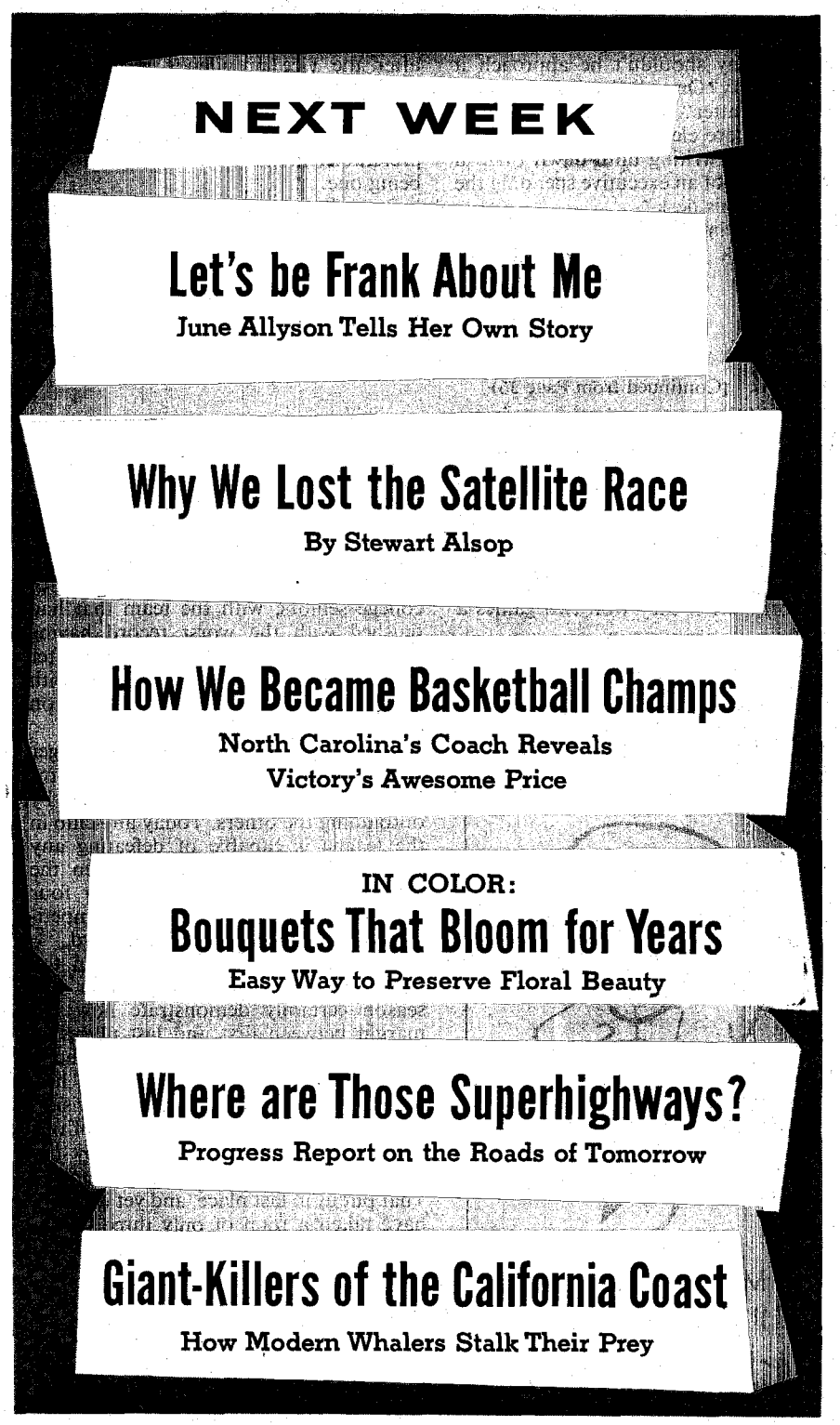
What this all comes down to is that the modern male, unless he is illiterate, cannot avoid the nagging notion that there is something terribly wrong with his involvement in business and with his life. Even the fellow who enjoys his work at Federated Fittings and who likes living in Suburban Acres senses that somehow he is prostituting himself. When he meets a college professor or a writer or a Bohemian, he feels a little uncomfortable and apologetic. It is not surprising that frustration has become the universal illness of our age.

Against this dismal background the time has come for someone—anyone—to raise his voice in defense of the Old Rat Race. I hastily clear my throat. Let us begin by admitting there is an overtone of truth in the melancholy portrait which has been drawn of the American Male. Recognizing that truth should cause no trouble or conflict. The difficulty comes when we are so blinded by the glimmering nugget of truth in the mountain of rubbish that we buy the whole mountain.

Likewise, it is one thing for a man to recognize the annoyances and inadequacies of his mode of existence. But it is something else, is it not, for him to assume that these defects render the whole fabric of his life worthless? Is it not also juvenile for him to identify certain similarities between himself and the morose characters who inhabit a fictionalized suburbia, and then to assume that he is totally, as they, trapped in the same net?

Life has never been, for anyone anywhere, a serene uninterrupted flow of ecstasy. Happiness comes, at best, in infrequent periods of contentment or bursts of triumph. And it comes just as often, I strongly suspect, to the residents of Stamford, Connecticut, as it does to the beachcombers of Capri.

In the next place, please observe, things are—and always have been—pretty tough all over. A trainee in the accounting department at General Electric may be frustrated indeed with the prospect of spending eight hours a day, five days a week, for the next several years, preparing payroll problems for an electronic computer. You may sympathize with him. At the same time, however, note that millions upon millions of other men throughout the world would gladly donate ten years of their life for the simple privilege of trading places with the fellow.


NEXT WEEK
Let's be Frank About Me
June Allyson Tells Her Own Story
Why We Lost the Satellite Race
By Stewart Alsop
How We Became Basketball Champs
North Carolina's Coach Reveals
Victory's Awesome Price
IN COLOR:
Bouquets That Bloom for Years
Easy Way to Preserve Floral Beauty
Where are Those Superhighways?
Progress Report on the Roads of Tomorrow
Giant-Killers of the California Coast
How Modern Whalers Stalk Their Prey

Distress is relative. Human anguish, which has never been in short supply, comes in a variety of forms. Boredom is one of them. A gnawing sense of futility is another. But the list does not end there. Hunger, fear, poverty, cruelty and abject despair are other forms of human anguish. The American system of social and economic activity, with its incessant emphasis on competition and the importance of money, certainly invokes a feeling of futility in us now and then. Even so, the system holds these other forms of human agony to a tolerable minimum.

We have some distorted values in this country. Our tastes can be tawdry, our advertising vulgar, our behavior, at times, idiotic. Granted. But when a man can spend eight hours a day in an air-conditioned office for approximately 220 days out of each 365, and manage in the process to provide himself and his family with food, a house, medical care, entertainment and other creature comforts, he has reached a plateau of human existence beyond the most extravagant dreams of other times and places. If you doubt this, check the United States immigration quotas.

One man's rat race is another man's paradise.

All right, you say. So what if the Old Rat Race is not so glum as depicted? So what if the American accountant trainee is better off than an impoverished Bolivian sheepherder? There are still more noble and gratifying ways in which to spend one's life than in riding commuter buses and selling plumbing fixtures or writing advertising copy.

Perhaps. But let us look closely.

Take the man—any man—who is dissatisfied with the way things are going for him now. His very soul aches, he tells you, to do something with his life other than pursue the district managership and ultimately possess the biggest car in the neighborhood. What about this fellow?

Well, if he does not like his present mode of existence, it is entirely fair to ask what alternative he would select for himself. Given the opportunity of withdrawing from the Old Rat Race, what, precisely, would he do?

The chances are he will be rather vague in his initial reply. He might, in an offhand way, mention travel: Mexico, Sweden, France, the Caribbean. Or he might mention something nebulous about getting away from the traffic, the hypocrisy of business, the endless commuting, the scrounging to pay month-end bills. But don't let him stop there. You know what he wants to get away from. But where does he want to go? Pin him down.

If he tells you, well, what he would really like is, well, you know, a really nice home with maybe a thirty-foot pool in the back yard and, oh, let's say, a good chunk of money stashed away, and, well, a nice boat up on the lake, and the kids' education paid for and —— If he tells you this, or something similar to it, do not accept his answer. He does not propose to escape from the Old Rat Race at all. He merely wishes to hurry through it; to take a short cut. He desires the ultimate rewards of a system which he ostensibly despises, but he does not wish to earn the rewards by conforming to the rules of the system.

Suppose, on the other hand, the fellow tells you he has something more specific in mind, such as—

Going back to his old home town and publishing the weekly newspaper.

Moving to Florida and opening up a little camera shop.

Getting a job in the Foreign Service.

Writing a novel.

Running for Congress.

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Becoming a professional cellist.

Now these are all perfectly valid alternatives to the Old Rat Race. They are also, I would say, commendable goals. But his protest will be that they are unobtainable:

"What can I do? I've got nine years with the company now, you know. I can't just quit. The way things are, if I missed even one pay check we'd be sunk. Car payments to meet. The boy's teeth need braces. Furniture to pay for. I tell you I would like nothing better than to get out of that damned office and this damned housing development and open up a nice little cabinet shop, say in San Mateo. That's what I really like to do, you know. Work with my hands. Make things out of wood. But what can I do?"

What can he do? It is very simple. He can, if he wishes, quit his job, sell his house, ignore the fact that little Johnny may have crooked teeth when he grows up, move his family to a modest place in San Mateo and, by George, open up a little cabinet shop. That's what he can do!

But wait, you say. Won't that be pretty rough?

It will indeed!

And now, of course, we are approaching the core of this whole matter. The alternatives to the Old Rat Race can be rough, relatively speaking. In fact, they usually are. But note that the alternatives are available. Other men choose them every day. The fact that most of us reject them does not mean there is no escape. What it does mean is this: we conclude that being in the Old Rat Race, with all its defects, is preferable to being out of it.

In this world, which is a good deal less than perfect, the mature man is the one who takes such opportunities and talents as he finds available to him and does with them what he can. If he makes a decision, for example, not to open a cabinet shop in San Mateo, he is simply recognizing reality. Most human difficulties and conflicts stem from a failure to accept reality, or, more accurately, they stem from a tendency to quibble with reality. The fellow who acknowledges to himself that in his own time and circumstances, he can make the best use of his opportunities and talents by selling toilet seats to the wholesale trade is not being ignoble. He is merely exercising his intelligence.

The most recurrent criticism of the man in the Rat Race is that he gives too much of himself to his job. Instead of reading "good" books in the evening, he reads trade journals. Instead of playing golf for fun, he plays for contacts. Instead of entertaining friends, he entertains customers.

Again there is an element of truth in this charge. But it should be noted that the satisfaction derived from almost any form of human activity varies in direct ratio to the degree of intensity with which one approaches it. This is true whether the activity is playing tennis, performing surgery, writing a book, making love or selling life insurance. The people who perform best in any human activity are those who "give it all they've got." They are also the ones who derive the most from the activity in the form of human satisfactions.

If a man enjoys his work, whatever it may be, why shouldn't he approach it with intensity? Or with absolute abandon, for that matter? Why should there be anything more elevating in the spectacle of a novelist writing until dawn than in the spectacle of an executive spending the weekend at his desk?

"Trapped in my job? Yes, I suppose I am," a bank trust official told me not long ago. "But don't put it down as tragic. I used to fret when I realized I was working on trust agreements in the evenings while my friends played poker. Then one evening I laid aside my work and went to a poker session. Didn't really enjoy it at all. It occurred to me that I—not anyone else, perhaps, but I—get much more satisfaction out of planning a trust agreement than out of doing many of the things other people consider fun. Well, then, why should I delude myself? If I get a basic pleasure from my work, why shouldn't I be intense about it?"

Why indeed?

One or two other aspects of the American Style Rat Race need to be mentioned.

The first is that it permits an individual wide latitude in choosing just how fast he wants to run. If a man wishes to go after the Big Job and its rewards, the opportunity is available to him. True, he may sacrifice his family life, his hobbies, his cultural ties and even, perhaps, his health in the process. But the choice is his. On the other hand, if he chooses to "run slow," he is perfectly free to do so in our system. He can cling to a forty-hour week, escape extended business trips and avoid heavy responsibility, if he wishes. The material rewards will not be nearly so great, of course, but the point is that *he* makes the decision. Marquand's Charles Gray was not compelled to go after the vice presidency at the Stuyvesant Bank. He chose to go after it only because he weighed the consequences and concluded that being a vice president was preferable, in his circumstances, to not being one.

Secondly, any advanced order of civilization can accommodate only a minimum number of people who are—to use the accepted term—doing "really worthwhile things." We cannot all paint. We cannot all write. We cannot all lecture. We cannot all spend our lives contemplating beauty. Someone has to manufacture and sell doorknobs, gasoline, toenail clippers, spark plugs, umbrellas, bar stools, picture frames, screw drivers and all the other assorted miscellany which distinguishes our society from that of, let us say, the Eskimo. Without the complex commercial activity which makes these things available, the lives of all of us—poets included—would not only be uncomfortable; they would be deathly dull.

This being true, is it not better for a man to be a reasonably good accountant in his lifetime than to be a mediocre sculptor? Isn't the net contribution—to himself, his family, his society—of a dedicated nuts-and-bolts salesman superior to that of an inept philosopher?

Individual men will, of course, continue to withdraw from the Old Rat Race. Sales managers will resign and become college professors. Corporation lawyers will pull out and write novels. Advertising men will pack their gray flannels and open up *objet d'art* shops in Nassau. Fine! These people deserve our approval.

But those who stay—those who elect to continue in the Old Rat Race—require neither apology nor explanation. They need not rationalize. When you look at the total picture, it is not the militant nonconformist, cultivating a beard and painting seascapes in Sausalito, who is the hero of our age. The real hero is the fellow you see there with the brief case, waiting to catch the night plane to Houston to see what he can do about sacking up that big double-threaded pipe order.

My Forty Years in Pro Football (Continued from Page 36)

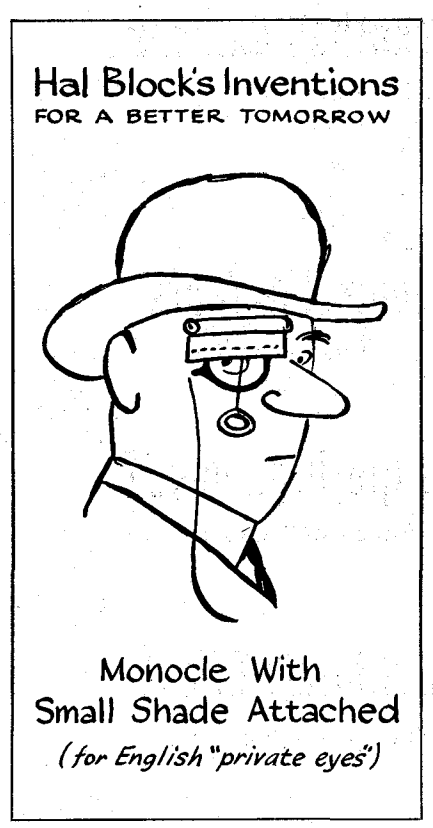
the New York Giants in 1929. He couldn't toss our "cantaloupe" with the accuracy which Sid Luckman and Otto Graham later achieved with a streamlined ball, but he was accurate enough to jolt our defenses with unexpected passes on first and second down. He demonstrated that the pass could be mixed with running plays consistently and effectively.

In my opinion, this was the first of three major steps in the evolution of pro football from a predominantly running game into the balanced running and passing game which prevails today. The second step took place in 1933, when the rules committee permitted the passer to throw from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage, instead of from at least five yards back, as previously required. The streamlining of the ball was the third step.

These developments opened the way not only for the passers but also for the pass receivers. The first of the great receivers was Don Hutson, who went from Alabama to the Green Bay Packers.

Certainly I'll never forget my introduction to the fleet and elusive Mr. Hutson in our 1935 opening game at Green Bay. On the first play of the game Hutson streaked downfield from his seventeen-yard line. Beattie Feathers was in the safety position for us, and well past midfield he allowed Hutson to get past him. Arnie Herber let fly with a tremendous pass. Hutson made an over-the-shoulder catch without breaking stride and raced to a touchdown. That was the only score of the ball game! For the next ten years Hutson was doing that sort of thing to every club in the National Football League.

All of the clubs began to look for receivers and strong-armed passers who could produce long touchdowns. The game was becoming more and more a crowd-pleasing spectacle. All too frequently, however, the competition was one-sided. A few teams dominated the league, and some of the weaker clubs were fortunate if they won two games a season.



At the league meeting in February, 1936, Bert Bell—now our commissioner—came up with the solution. Bell was then an owner, coach, ticket seller and head cheer leader with the Philadelphia Eagles, one of the "have-nots" of the league. He proposed a draft each year of college seniors, with the team that had finished with the worst record having first choice. So it would go, round after round according to the standings, with the champions having last selection on each round.

Bell's plan was adopted. No longer was it possible for the wealthier teams to keep getting the cream of the talent by outbidding the others. Today any club in the league is capable of defeating any other on any given Sunday. Even the champions generally lose three or four games during a season. That's competition in the finest meaning of the word.

And speaking of close competition, the Bears' unhappy experiences earlier this season certainly demonstrate how the margin between first and last places in pro football has been narrowed to a hairline. Although most pro critics had picked us to repeat as Western Division champions this year, we lost four of our first five games—three of them by the identical ulcer-popping score of 21 to 17! That put us in last place, and yet it would have taken a total of only three touchdowns in the right spots to put us on top with a four-one record.

Anyway, getting back to that initial draft meeting in 1936, the Bears surprised everyone by making Joe Stydahar, a little-known tackle from West Virginia, their first choice. However, Stydahar had been highly recommended to us. Our final pick, on the other hand, was strictly a shot in the dark—Danny Fortmann, of Colgate.

Am I glad I took him! Danny was only nineteen and a medical student. He was small for a middle lineman at six feet and 200 pounds, but he had tremendous speed and tremendous desire. He was all-pro five times, and I'll rate him as one of the best guards who ever played football. He's now team physician for the Los Angeles Rams.

Stydahar, who later coached the Rams and the Cardinals, was a giant of a man, standing six-four and weighing a solid 245. He was a perennial all-star at tackle, and, playing alongside Fortmann, gave us a terrific pair. I recall one game when, blocked almost out of the play, Joe reached out and made a one-handed tackle with such a mighty swipe that he inflicted a knifelike cut. The officials actually stopped the game and searched Joe for concealed weapons!

The Bears picked up another mighty fine young football player that fall—Ray Nolting, a halfback from Cincinnati with an explosive start and high knee action which made him hard to tackle. We didn't choose him, though. He came to us. Everyone had passed him up in the draft.

With this nucleus of good youngsters, the Bears were ready to build another championship team, but it was a while coming. For one thing, we had to streamline our T offense. Clark Shaughnessy, who then was trying to nurse football through its dying days at the University of Chicago, became intensely interested in the Bears through watching our games on Sunday afternoon. As a hobby, Clark became a (*Continued on Page 120*)

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(*Continued from Page 118*) sort of advisory coach in 1937. Although Clark was a single-wing coach who never had worked with the T, I was impressed by the soundness and originality of his thinking.

Shaughnessy worked out the signal-calling system which virtually all T-formation teams use today, and also developed many blocking combinations which vastly improved our end runs. In addition, Clark conceived our "counterplay series," permitting our attack to strike in the opposite direction to our man-in-motion. This prevented the defense from overshifting on our man-in-motion, which Coach Curly Lambeau's Green Bay Packers had been doing effectively.

The thinking and planning which produced the Bears' modern T-formation was a staff operation, with all our coaches making valuable contributions. Hunk Anderson, one of the great line coaches, had the knack of anticipating our opponents' probable defenses, and Paddy Driscoll and Luke Johnsos were adept at designing specific plays to crack those defenses.

Our biggest need was a quarterback—one who was exceptionally smart, could handle the fakes and feints and—most important—throw strikes with a football. We finally found our man. He was Sid Luckman, who starred for Columbia from 1936 through 1938.

At Columbia, coach Lou Little was using the single-wing offense. Consequently, Sid had a lot to learn about playing quarterback in the T. We broke him into offense gradually, spotting him behind our veteran quarterback, Bernie Masterson. During the early part of the 1939 season, Sid played mostly at left half, where we could capitalize on his fine running ability and passing while he was still mastering the ball-handling tricks of a T quarterback.

When the 1940 season rolled around, Luckman was ready to assume his role as "Mr. Quarterback"—the finest the game has known, in my estimation. By 1940 we had struck it rich at other positions too. The Bears' rookies that year included Clyde (Bulldog) Turner at center; George McAfee, Harry Clark and Scooter McLean at halfback; Ken Kavanaugh at end, and Lee Artoe and Ed Kolman at tackle. Each ranks among the best players ever to wear a Bear uniform.

At last we were ready to roll—and we rolled, although the club was still pretty green. We lost three games on the way to the championship playoff—one to the Cardinals, one to the Lions and one to the Redskins. The latter defeat was especially significant in light of what was to follow.

We were losing by 7 to 3 with some forty seconds remaining when Bob Snyder passed to McAfee, who was finally brought down on Washington's one-yard line after a gain of forty-nine yards. McAfee feigned injury to get a time out. Unfortunately, we already had used up our allotted four time-out periods, so we drew a five-yard penalty. That meant we had to pass. Snyder managed to throw two before the final gun, but both were incomplete.

On the last play Bill Osmanski complained that a Redskin was holding his arms, so that he had no chance to catch a pass which bounced off his chest. All our boys complained so bitterly about this bit of interference—which escaped the eyes of the officials—that the Redskins called them "crybabies."

This provided me with the exact psychological needle I wanted three weeks later, when we played the Redskins in Washington for the championship. I kept throwing it in the faces of my players throughout the final week of preparation. We never drilled more thoroughly for a game. We knew what to expect from Sammy Baugh and that fine Washington team—trouble. Sammy always caused trouble when he was throwing a football around.

The best way to stop him, we decided, was to give him as little opportunity as possible to pass. Ball control—that was to be our strategy. To guarantee that ball control, we devised some new plays. We gambled that the Redskins would use the same defensive pattern which stopped us so thoroughly in the first game. Luckily, they did.

Luck was with us in everything that day. On the second play of the game the ball went to fullback Osmanski on what was intended to be a straight off-tackle slant, but McAfee's block hadn't taken out the right end, so Osmanski swerved and swung wide around end and ran sixty-eight yards to a touchdown.

I've seen plenty of hard blocks in my time, but never one like the one which made this touchdown possible. George Wilson, who now coaches the Detroit Lions, threw it, and it flattened both Ed Justice and Jimmy Johnston.

Then we got another break. Baugh flipped a long pass to Charley Malone, his end, who was in the clear with no one between him and our goal line. Malone was one of the best pass receivers in the league, and wouldn't have dropped a pass like that once in a hundred times. This was the hundredth time. Had he caught that ball to tie the score, we would have been in for a tough afternoon.

At half time we had a nice 28–0 lead. Between halves I reminded the boys, just in case they were getting complacent, what the Redskins had said about their being quitters and crybabies and a "first-half ball club." I said, "Show them that you are a second-half ball club too."

They did with a vengeance. In all, we intercepted eight passes that day, returning three for touchdowns. And ball control? We gained 372 yards rushing, to only three for the Redskins. The final score? 73–0!

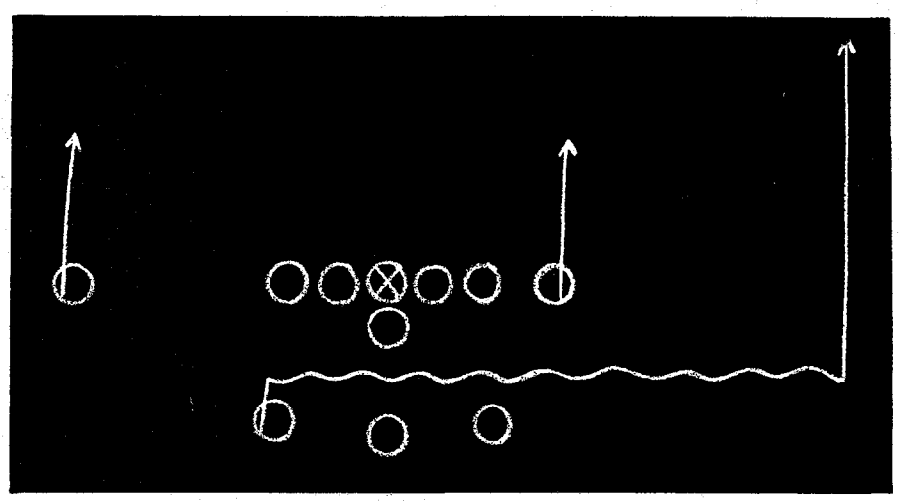
Some observers said the Bears were a perfect football team that day. I can't quite agree. Looking over the movies, I can see where we should have scored another touchdown.

This was one of the most important games in football history, in my opinion. The lopsidedness of the score focused nationwide attention on the T-formation. A few weeks later, Clark Shaughnessy's Stanford team, also using our T, scored a thumping victory in the Rose Bowl, and the stampede was on.

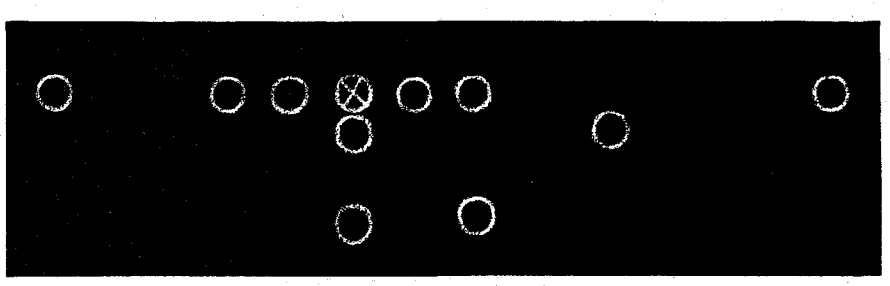
Shaughnessy had also played an important role in our victory over Washington. Clark joined us in Chicago in late November after Stanford's regular season ended and spent about two weeks with the Bears before rushing back to Palo Alto to begin his own preparations for the Rose Bowl. During those two weeks, Clark worked incessantly reviewing the movies of our 7–3 loss to the Redskins. He pinpointed every facet of the Redskins' defense, and his observations were incorporated in our explosive T-formation attack.

After those smashing successes by the Bears and by Stanford, the T immediately became the dominant offense in football. The story of pro football since 1940 has revolved around the evolution of the T-formation. So let's take a closer look at what's happened.

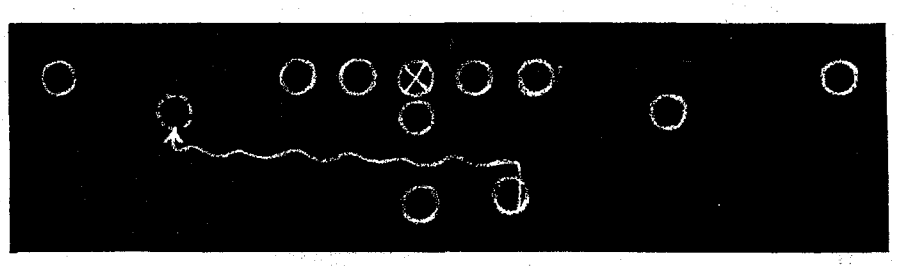
There's scarcely any resemblance between the modern T and the old-fashioned T the Bears started out with in 1920. Our ends, backs and linemen shift into all sorts of offensive patterns from the time they leave the huddle until the center snaps the ball.



A. BEARS' 1940 "WIDE-OPEN T" with man-in-motion.



B. BEARS' 1950 "SPREAD-SLOT T."



C. BEARS' "DOUBLE-SLOT T."

For example, a halfback may race to a new position outside the end and close to the side line. He becomes a flanker. The other halfback or the fullback may start running, left or right, toward the side line and parallel to the line of scrimmage. He becomes the man-in-motion.

One or both of the ends may split out wide from the tackles—anywhere from six to fifteen yards—into better pass-catching locations. The guards and tackles may also shift laterally, varying the spacing between their positions. This shifting often enables them to take better blocking angles on their opponents.

So when the actual play starts, the Bears rarely are lined up in their original T. Instead, they're poised to attack from any of literally hundreds of combinations which can be worked out easily and quickly from the initial T alignment.

So in the Bears' football alphabet, T really stands for Total Offense Football, because from the T our players can shift into attacking combinations which make up the sum total of virtually every known method of scoring touchdowns.

Probably the most graphic way to illustrate the evolution of Total Offense Football is simply to contrast the so-called "wide-open T" (Diagram A) which triggered our 73–0 touchdown avalanche against Washington in 1940 with the "spread-slot" offense now widely used by the Bears and many other pro teams. The "spread-slot" offense (Diagram B) splits both ends wide about fifteen yards from the tackles, and moves one halfback up into the "slot" on either the right or left side—that is, he's halfway between the tackle and end, and a yard behind the line of scrimmage.

The "spread slot" puts three potential pass receivers out wide where they can maneuver. What's more, the number of potential receivers can be increased to four simply by making use of a man-in-motion to produce the "double-slot" formation (Diagram C).

As a result of all this, there have been some major changes in offensive tactics. For example, the spread ends—out on the flank anywhere from ten to fifteen yards from the tackle—have overshadowed the running backs as long-yardage touchdown producers. It was a spread end named Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch, of the Los Angeles Rams, who knocked the Bears out of the championship running in 1951 with the most spectacular catch of a touchdown pass I've ever had the misfortune to witness.

We had piled up a 14–0 lead in the first eight minutes, and had the Rams in the hole—or so we thought—on their nine-yard line. But quarterback Bob Waterfield faked a hand-off to Tank Younger, held the ball behind his hip for a one-two-three count, then retreated to the goal line and arched a long pass. Hirsch made a leaping grab on the Rams' forty-four and raced another fifty-six yards for a touchdown—a ninety-one-yard scoring play. There was no holding the Rams after that. They stunned us, 42 to 17.

In twelve games during that 1951 season Hirsch caught a total of seventeen touchdown passes and led the league in scoring, with 102 points. He also gained a total of 1495 yards, shattering Don Hutson's pass-receiving mark of 1211 yards set in 1942.

To some, those figures might indicate that the pass had become immensely more productive than the run in pro football. I can't agree. After all, the ball traveled only forty-four yards in the air on Hirsch's ninety-one-yard touchdown effort against us. Elroy ran fifty-six yards after catching the ball.

The Rams simply maneuvered Hirsch into a position (*Continued on Page 122*)

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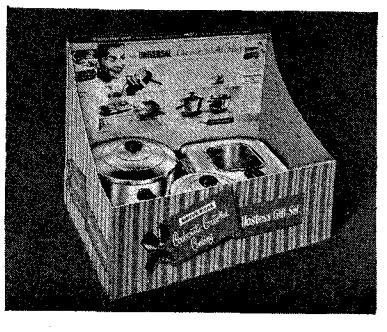

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(*Continued from Page 120*) where he could run with the ball; then Waterfield delivered the ball. That's the basis of Total Offense Football. You spot your potential ball carriers over a wide front, and then your quarterback delivers the ball to the back or end who's in position to make the maximum gain against your opponent's spread defenses. That's true no matter which of three ways the quarterback uses to deliver the ball—the hand-off, the lateral or the pass.

When the Bears clinched the Western Division title last December by beating the Detroit Lions, 38 to 21, our big fullback, Rick Casares, took a hand-off from quarterback Ed Brown in the second quarter and slashed off left tackle for a sixty-eight-yard touchdown run. On what looked like the same play in the third quarter, Brown faked a hand-off to Casares, then lofted a twenty-five-yard pass to our left end, Harlon Hill, who grabbed the ball on the Detroit nineteen and ran into the end zone.

The only real difference between the two plays was the way Brown delivered the ball. I doubt very much that Casares would have run sixty-eight yards if our split ends hadn't spread the defense and made the Lions vulnerable to runs up the middle. Also, I doubt that Hill could have broken loose behind the Lions' excellent zone pass defense if the threat of Casares' power runs hadn't pulled their defensive backs up a step or two closer. And I'm certain neither play would have worked if Brown hadn't delivered the ball to the right man at the right spot at exactly the right time. You've got to have a quarterback who can fire the ball accurately and keep those defenses spread if you want to win in pro football.

To go all the way to the title, you've got to be both good and lucky, as I've said before. For instance, after winning the championship in 1946, the Bears had the best aggregate won-and-lost record in the league over the next four years, yet we finished second in the Western Division every time. We couldn't get quite hot enough in any one season to win.

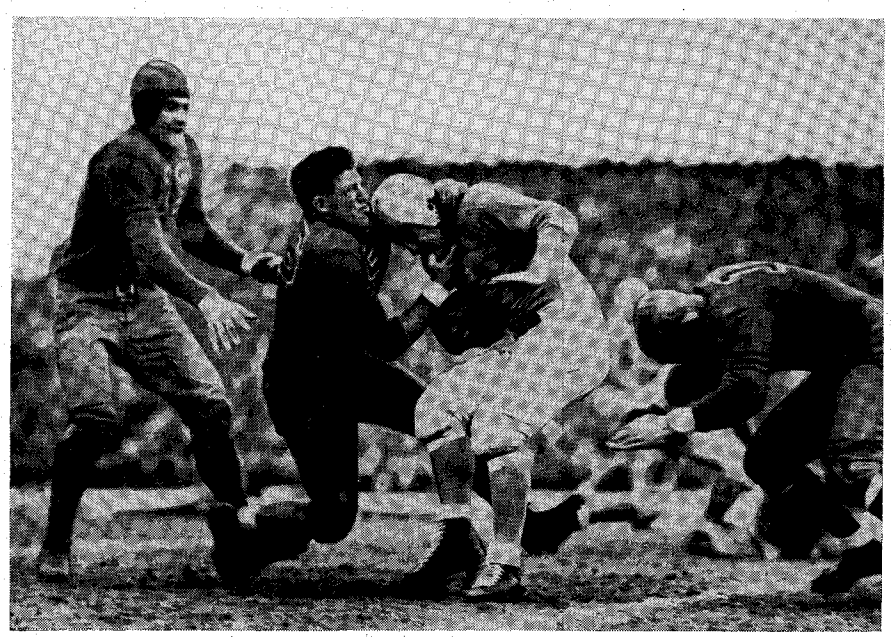
The Bears slumped to fourth place in '51 with seven victories and five defeats, and then we dropped to fifth in '52 with a five-seven mark. When we fell off to a three-eight-one record in 1953, I made a couple of decisions.

First, the team had to be rebuilt. Second, the task of handling the business affairs from the front office and coaching the team on the field was becoming a bit too tough. The smart thing to do, I figured, was to move into the front office and turn over the coaching to somebody else. However, I didn't want to saddle my successor with a run-down ball club. So, I made a mental bet with myself: *I'll put another contender together, then quit at the end of the '55 season.*

Actually, the Bears already had a pretty fair nucleus of promising young ballplayers, including middle guard Bill George, ends Bill McColl and Jim Dooley, and offensive guard Herman Clark, a 255-pound Hawaiian from Oregon State who since has developed into one of the finest blockers in the business. For 1954 we had some tremendous new prospects, such as quarterback Zeke Bratkowski from Georgia, tackle Stan Jones from Maryland and a big offensive center named Larry Strickland from North Texas State. Jones and Strickland quickly developed into offensive linemen of all-league caliber. Bratkowski turned out to be a tremendous passer and a take-charge signal caller. But the big, happy surprise of that '54 season was Harlon Hill, a lanky end from Florence State Teachers College in Alabama.

We discovered Hill—the finest offensive end since Don Hutson—through a lucky accident. Advisory coach Clark Shaughnessy was scouting for talent at the annual Blue-Gray post-season game at Montgomery, Alabama. Sitting in the hotel lobby the morning of the game, he overheard someone say, "The greatest football player in the country isn't even in this game—Harlon Hill, that big end who plays just down the road at Florence State. They didn't invite him because they're just interested in big names who can draw a crowd."

Shaughnessy penciled the name Harlon Hill into his notebook. It was merely another tip then—similar to hundreds of such items we check out every year—but our investigation into Hill turned up some interesting data. Harlon was six-three, weighed 200 pounds and ran the hundred in ten seconds. When Hill's coach, George Self, sent us a game movie which showed Harlon streaking away from everybody on the field, we decided we'd found the ideal man to play the spread end in our "slot" offense.



In a 1936 game, "Stinky" Hewitt (who never wore a helmet) copes fiercely with this Detroit ball carrier, but the Lions won, 13–7.

We never had any doubts about Hill from the moment he joined the team at training camp. Not only was Harlon fast, he could change pace and, most important, turn on a baffling burst of speed when shaking a defensive back. And he was tireless. He could run all afternoon, as we discovered when we took on the 49ers at San Francisco in mid-October. All Harlon did against the 49ers was catch four touchdown passes to provide our 31-27 victory margin. Later I charted the movies play by play, and discovered that Hill ran a total of 5600 yards during that 49er game.

I'd say that's an average day's activity for Harlon when he's operating as a spread end in our "slot" offense. Harlon really works hard, but it pays off. Over the last three seasons he's caught thirty-two touchdown passes.

Well, we ended up second with an eight-four record in 1954, and the overall results were vastly encouraging. We'd uncovered three youngsters—Hill, Bratkowski and Brown—who looked like real game breakers to me. I mean the kind of performers who make the big plays. Squad for squad, there isn't much difference between the twelve teams in the National Football League. You'll find about thirty good, solid ballplayers on every roster. The extra something that separates a contender from a tail-ender is having a couple of game breakers in the line-up.

Sometimes just one game breaker can make all the difference. The Cleveland Browns, for example, won the championship in 1955, then fell entirely out of contention last year when their star quarterback, Otto Graham, retired.

The Bears picked up another game breaker when fullback Rick Casares reported for the 1955 season. I figured that we'd finally assembled all the horses required to make the "slot" attack really click. Casares quickly demonstrated that he was the ideal fullback for our type of offense—he could power up the middle or run wide with equal effectiveness. We had a pair of swift, maneuverable spread ends in Harlon Hill and Gene Schroeder. We had burly Bill McColl in the slot halfback position. Bill was a fine blocker, and he made a great pass target for those quick, short tosses over the line which come in handy when you need first-down yardage.

Of course, we'd lost Bratkowski—Zeke had gone into the Army for a two-year hitch—but Brown was throwing the ball beautifully at quarterback. And we'd picked up Bobby Watkins, a hard-running 190-pounder from Ohio State, for the left halfback spot. Watkins was tremendously effective popping through the line on quick openers.

Theoretically, we had all the gridiron components we needed to make the "slot" work. Instead, we lost our first three games—to the Green Bay Packers, Baltimore Colts and the San Francisco 49ers. We simply couldn't get our attack co-ordinated. Although we bounced back to win eight of our last nine, we missed out on the Western Division title by half a game.

Anyway, when I retired as coach at the end of that '55 season, I turned the club over to Paddy Driscoll with a clear conscience. The Bears were a solid contender, and I knew Paddy would do a great job with them. Paddy did just that. He won the Western Division title in his first season as head coach. He really got the Bears "up" for the final league game, in which the Bears walloped the Lions, 38 to 21. It was an astonishing comeback when you remember that the Lions had clobbered the Bears just two Sundays previously at Detroit, 42 to 10.

The situation reversed itself when we took on the Giants in the championship playoff at New York. They walloped us, 47 to 7. Yet only five weeks before, we'd battled the Giants to a 17-17 tie, and in an August preseason meeting at Dallas we'd beaten them, 21 to 16.

How do you explain these abrupt score reversals in pro football? Literally hundreds of fans asked me that question after our sad 1956 experience with the Giants. Frankly, I don't like to try to explain defeats. Explanations always sound like alibis. But I'm never surprised by so-called form reversals. Here's why.

There is a considerable difference in the way thirty-five individual players on a squad perform from week to week. In an average game, I'd say roughly one third of your squad members will play even with their ability. Another third of the squad will be "hot," and the remaining third will be "cold." The same ratio usually holds true for your opponents. So in the average game, the "hot" and "cold" players cancel themselves out, and you wind up with a close contest which invariably is decided on what happens in half a dozen key plays.

But sometimes all the factors go in favor of one team. Everybody on one squad may get "hot," while the other squad goes "cold." That's one of the things that happened against the Giants. Their whole squad outplayed our whole squad.

Another thing, the Giant players happened to make all the key plays. Take their first touchdown drive, for example. They had the ball, third down and nine on our forty-four, when quarterback Don Heinrich floated a pass toward halfback Frank Gifford along the right side line. Gifford was well covered by our defensive halfback, J. C. Caroline, but in the last instant Gifford whirled and literally stole the ball off Caroline's finger tips. It was a tremendous play—executed on an icy field in near-zero temperature—and it led directly to the Giants' first touchdown. Once the Giants opened up a two-touchdown lead, we had to take bigger chances. Everything we tried backfired, and the Giants capitalized on our mistakes to run the score higher and higher.

That's the way things go in pro football today. There usually isn't two touchdowns' difference between any two teams. But when one team suddenly catches fire and makes a disproportionate share of the key plays, the difference can mount to five or six touchdowns.

In our victory over the Lions for the division title last year, the key play came early in the third quarter, when Ed Brown hit Harlon Hill with a forty-four-yard touchdown pass to put us safely out in front. As Hill skipped into the end zone, a big guy in a black coat leaped to his feet in a box seat behind the fifty-yard line and sailed his hat high in the air. Then he hopped down on the field, sidestepped two ushers and started running down the side line to help the Bears welcome Hill back to our bench.

The big guy in the black coat was a Los Angeles real-estate man named George Trafton—better known as Trafton the Terrific when he was playing center for the Bears thirty and more years ago. Looking down from my booth in the upper deck, I got a big wallop out of Trafton's excited dash down the side line.

It reminded me of that time back in 1920—the year the Bears started—when Trafton dismantled a Rock Island halfback named Joe Chicken, and the Rock Island fans became so incensed they chased him right out of the ball park and about 200 yards down the road to Davenport.

The sight of Trafton running down the side line thirty-six years later gave me a strange feeling. I couldn't help thinking: *By golly, this is where I came in.*

Editors' Note: This is the last of three articles by Mr. Halas.

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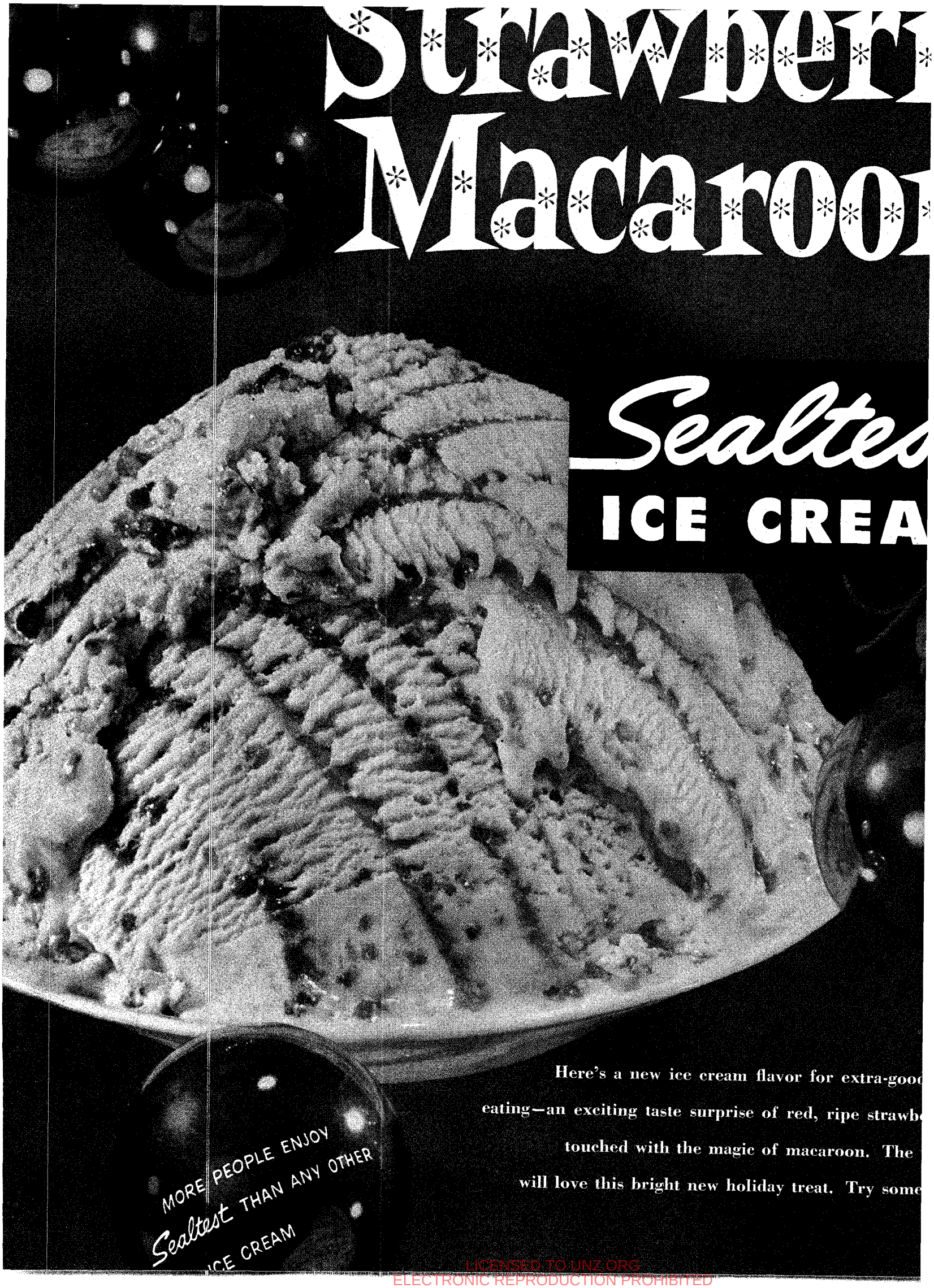
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Surgeon's Decision (Continued from Page 30)

He shook his head. "Not much any of us can do." He was staring at her. But his eyes, like X rays, seemed to be boring right through. When he spoke again there was a touch of bitterness. "It's a hell of a note, isn't it, when there's not much any of us can do?"

She started to say "Yes, doctor," but he had left the lab, and the gleaming door closed with a soft swoosh. A little bewildered, she glanced at her wrist watch. In one hour she had a date to go to the beach with an intern. So she returned to her microscope.

The patient in Room 730 was dozing. Doctor Sullivan studied the finely molded, huskily masculine face. The doctor took the patient's pulse and simultaneously his eyes focused on the peculiar swellings around the neck.

"Hello, doctor." The young man's eyes, which were the autumn brown of his hair and drowsy from sedation, were open.

"Go on back to sleep," Doctor Sullivan suggested gently. "I think you dream very happily."

"I do. I was dreaming about Susan."

The doctor nodded. His eyes were still on the glands.

"We're getting married next month. Going to spend our honeymoon down on the Keys."

"It's lovely down on the Keys," Doctor Sullivan said. He glanced again at the patient's chart. "Tell me a little more about you—Robert Merrill. You're twenty-one, that I know. You've been with a local insurance company for one year. Had four promotions. Do you remember what happened this morning?"

Robert Merrill grinned. "Sure. I had eggs, toast, two cups of coffee and ——"

"I mean after breakfast."

"Well—I felt a little short of breath so I took an aspirin and ——"

"Wait a minute. This shortness of breath. Something new?"

"Not exactly, doctor. I've been getting short of breath and had kind of a nagging cough for about a year. Just wouldn't let them get me down."

Doctor Sullivan repeated the words grimly. "Just wouldn't let them get you down, eh? What about after breakfast?"

"I started walking to work. I got as far as Hemming Park and that's all I remember until a nurse woke me up in here."

Doctor Sullivan's voice was cheerful, but his face was grim. "You collapsed, Bob. Tell me—do your parents live in Jacksonville?"

"No, sir. Lost my dad four years ago. Mother remarried. She's living in California. Doctor, right after the honeymoon I have a leave of absence. Six months National Guard training in South Carolina. Will—will this interfere?"

"I'm afraid it will, Bob."

Briefly, the brown eyes flashed the terror of the unknown. Then the steadiness returned. "I've been slapped down before, doctor. Always came back for more. And in my business we're trained to be realistic."

Doctor Sullivan hesitated. He had a sudden presentiment that young Bob Merrill knew. He also had a sudden swelling of anger; anger at nature and some of her sordid secrets, anger at his profession, which still could be baffled and stumped by corpuscles and cells and viruses and fungi.

Bob Merrill was studying the doctor's face. "It's pretty serious, isn't it?" He spoke so frankly, so matter-of-factly, that he brought Doctor Sullivan down to earth and back to the bedside.

"Ever hear of Dr. Thomas Hodgkin?" Doctor Sullivan asked.

Young Merrill shook his head. He grinned again. "No, but if he wants any insurance you just tell him I can handle it right here and ——"

"Doctor Hodgkin," Doctor Sullivan interrupted, "made a discovery about 1832. Unfortunately, he was unable to do much about his discovery. Nor has much been accomplished since. Hodgkin's Disease attacks the lymph glands. It is progressive."

"I see." Bob Merrill was quiet for a long time. Then he said, "Do you have a cigarette? They took mine away."

The doctor lit two cigarettes and handed him one. Tiny blue curls of smoke wavered over the patient's head and drifted toward the open window.

Bob Merrill said calmly, "I suppose they always ask you. How long?"

Doctor Sullivan nodded. "It is the most natural question in the world. The average, Bob, is about two years. Some have lasted much longer. As long as fifteen."

Again a long silence. Then, "Do the"—he raised his hands and touched the neck glands with his finger tips—"do the swellings get larger and ugly?"

"Not necessarily. We control them with radium. X ray." The doctor motioned toward the window. They heard the roar of a powerful plane. "That's the afternoon plane from Washington. They've probably got some cartons from Oak Ridge aboard. In the cartons are some lead-lined packages. We've been doing some rather wonderful things with radioactive isotopes and, more recently, with the nitrogen mustards. Chemotherapy, we call it."

The patient took a deep breath. "Two years. That's seven hundred and thirty days. Fellow can do a lot in seven hundred and thirty days." Again that infectious grin.

"Especially," Doctor Sullivan said, "a fellow with a sound heart and solid intestines. The lights in the lab are burning all night, Bob. Look what those lights have done to malaria, to yellow fever, to polio. We'll do everything possible."

Doctor Sullivan headed for the door but the patient said, quietly, "Doc."

"Yes, Bob."

"Susan is coming in at seven. Nurse told me she phoned."

Doctor Sullivan nodded. "Have you met my wife, Bette? She's night supervisor."

Bob Merrill nodded. His eyes were shining. "I sure have. She woke me up. Gosh—she's wonderful!"

"Bette is pretty good at those things. I'll have Bette take Susan in tow."

"I—I just don't know how to thank you."

"Don't try. Just go back to sleep for a while."

The doctor took the elevator to the third floor and then walked grimly down the long corridor. An orderly passed him, pushing a wheeled stretcher. Beneath the sheet was an inert lump. The sheet had been pulled carelessly over the head. The doctor passed the wide, swinging doors of the operating room. The doors opened and Doctor Whittaker, gloved, masked and ritually robed in white, emerged. Doctor Whittaker was Doctor Sullivan's assistant Resident in Surgery. Doctor Whittaker's eyes, above the mask, reflected stunned dismay and disbelief. He tore at his mask, nodded shortly and moved on.

It happens to all of us, Doctor Sullivan thought unhappily. *To the best of us. In spite of the years we spend listening and learning and trying.*

He made a mental note to check on Doctor Whittaker within the next half hour, because Doctor Whittaker possessed a keen sensitivity. The last time he lost a patient he had vanished for three days. Doctor Sullivan had found him in an isolated fishing cabin along the St. Johns River, straightened him out and spread the word that Doctor Whittaker was stricken with pneumonia.

Doctor Sullivan made a quick check on two patients in Recovery Room and then took the elevator to the cafeteria. Termite, chief orderly of Mathers Unit, was at the controls. Termite had the long, lean, hungry face and soulful eyes of a giraffe. Nature had compensated. He was efficiently able and cheerfully willing to perform tasks that others shunned.

"Termite," Doctor Sullivan said, "you're always hunting a nocturnal game of gin. Try Room 730 tonight. There's a lad in there who needs a tubful of morale."

Termite nodded and chewed vigorously on his gum. "Maybe I can get that new night nurse to go along. Doc, that gal is bulging with morale. Doc, she ——"

He stopped talking abruptly as he saw the doctor's eyes inspecting the skin around his jaw.

"Oh-oh," Doctor Sullivan said, "stop by my quarters in about half an hour."

"Huh?" Termite asked, alarmed.

"Sycosis," the doctor said.

"Oh, no, you don't, doc." Termite shook his head vigorously. "You ain't giving me no shock treatments. No psychoses in my family—ever!"

"Sycosis," Doctor Sullivan said patiently, "is barber's itch."

"I think you skipped a page, madam."

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In the cafeteria, the doctor spotted Bette in a remote corner, sipping coffee and leafing through a magazine. Her Gulf Stream eyes sparkled as he approached. The black curls, poking from beneath her white cap, were soft and lovely and gleaming.

"Hey!" she said cheerfully. "About set for some beachcombing?"

His smile was deeply affectionate. The look in his eyes was something his patients never saw. "Pretty soon. Couple of loose ends to tie up."

"Need a suture nurse?"

"You suit me fine."

"Do you realize it's been over three months since we had a weekend together?"

He nodded. He seemed to be lost in thought. "Three months make about ninety days. Young Merrill's got seven hundred and thirty—maybe."

"What on earth, Dennis?"

He told her about Bob Merrill. He saw the clouds drift over the blue eyes.

"I only hope Susan's as solid as he," Bette said. "I'll handle her, Dennis. Perhaps we'd better ——"

The cafeteria intercom interrupted with, "Doctor Sullivan, Emergency, please. Doctor Sullivan, Emergency."

"It's beginning to look," Doctor Sullivan said to Bette, "like another lost weekend."

On the bench outside Emergency, the doctor observed a middle-aged man and woman. His face was gray, hers white. Their eyes followed him, almost beseechingly, as he passed them and entered a room that reeked of iodoform and ether.

Four people were in Emergency: Doctor Skinner, assistant administrator of the hospital, Doctor Whittaker, the charge nurse and the patient. Doctor Sullivan was glad to see Doctor Whittaker had responded. The patient was unconscious. His left leg, from knee to ankle, was horribly mangled. His right leg was badly battered.

"Sorry to disturb the coffee breaks," Doctor Skinner said.

He spoke sarcastically. Doctor Skinner and Doctor Sullivan got along like two bulldogs with one bone. The bone was one of contention. The hospital grapevine whispered, hopefully, that Doctor Sullivan was in line to succeed Doctor Fincannon, aged and retiring hospital director. Doctor Skinner had once remarked to his secretary that such a development would be "only over my dead body." Aside from that, Doctor Sullivan considered Doctor Skinner a first-class cockalorum, and Doctor Skinner had once described Doctor Sullivan as a bungling barber.

"My," Doctor Sullivan said politely, glancing at his wrist watch, "I thought you had left for the club long ago."

Doctor Skinner glared at him through his steel-rimmed glasses. "Take a look at this, doctor," he said, motioning toward the patient's left leg.

Doctor Sullivan took a very thorough look. As he inspected the leg, he was muttering to himself—a habit he had during exploratories. The quotations were verbatim: "The knee joint is the strongest of all joints, governed by ten muscles, held together by ten ligaments and surrounded by thirteen mucous bursae. In front it is protected by the patella—a flat, triangular bone composed mainly of dense, cancellous tissue. It articulates with the femur and ——"

"Well?" Doctor Skinner snapped.

Doctor Sullivan took a deep breath. "The patella is hopelessly shattered." Now he pointed to the mangled shin bone. "A large splinter from the tibia is missing. How did it happen?"

Doctor Whittaker, still obviously shaken from the loss of a patient, said quietly, "The boy was riding on a motorcycle. Swerved in front of a truck on the Miami Road."

Doctor Skinner, who was washing his hands in a basin, said shortly, "Amputate."

"Now hold on," Doctor Sullivan said. "That large splinter of bone must be at the scene of the accident. If not, we have the bone bank at Bethesda."

Doctor Skinner had reached the door. "I said amputate," he repeated.

The door was open. The woman who was sitting on the bench leaped to her feet. "You can't!" she said hysterically. "You mustn't! He's only seventeen, doctor. It would kill him! He's leaving next month for the academy."

"I'm sorry, madam," Doctor Skinner said stiffly.

The woman's husband joined her. He ignored Doctor Skinner. His eyes—and they were a crisp, alert blue—met those of Doctor Sullivan. He extended a leathery hand.

"I'm Luther Reeves, doctor," he said quietly. "Navy—retired. That's my boy, Sidney, you have in there."

Doctor Sullivan, who was ex-Navy, almost saluted. There was something about Luther Reeves that commanded both attention and respect.

"Doctor." Reeves was struggling with his emotions. "Sidney was recently selected for the United States Naval Academy. It was what he has wanted—all his life. His heart and soul are beamed on Navy."

"I can understand," Doctor Sullivan said softly.

"Doctor, I'm afraid his mother is right. If you cut off his leg, it will be like killing him. Doctor, I've done well in real estate since my retirement. If it's a question of money—of expense ——" He raised his hands helplessly.

Doctor Sullivan had placed his large right hand on Mr. Reeves' left shoulder. He could feel the father trembling. "Mr. Reeves," Doctor Sullivan said, "right now a piece of shin bone is far more important than money."

The father tapped his leg eagerly and started, "I'll be ——" Doctor Sullivan shook his head. He turned to the charge nurse who was standing beside the door. "Put in a call—immediately—to Bethesda. Another to the Duval County Highway Patrol."

Doctor Skinner, who had been ignored, was growing redder by the minute. Now he spoke acidly. "Doctor Sullivan—you know the hazards of delay as well as I—moist gangrene, osteomyelitis. You will amputate. Furthermore ——"

The nurse interrupted, "I have a Lieutenant Driscoll, of the highway patrol, on the phone, doctor."

Doctor Sullivan grabbed the phone and started to explain. Halfway through, he sounded pleased as he said, "Oh—you investigated the accident? Well, lieutenant a large splinter of tibia"—the doctor hesitated and then rephrased it—"a piece of his shin bone is missing." The doctor described it in detail. "If it can be found, we might be able to save his leg."

"Doctor," the lieutenant said, "I'll have the entire squad down there in ten minutes. Call you back."

Doctor Sullivan hung up, raised his head and glanced at Doctor Skinner, who still looked as angry as a horned toad.

"A couple of hours—one way or another—can't make too much difference, doctor," Doctor Sullivan said mildly.

Doctor Skinner glanced impatiently at his wrist watch. "A couple of hours can make the difference between life and death, and you know it, doctor," he said.

The nurse interrupted. "Excuse me, doctor. Bethesda has had a violent storm and a flood. Operator says the lines will be out all night."

Doctor Skinner looked smug. He glanced at his watch again. "I'll give you exactly one hour. Then amputate."

"Thank you," Doctor Sullivan said simply.

"If there are any complications after amputation," Doctor Skinner added maliciously, "the responsibility is all yours, Doctor Sullivan. All yours." He looked at the nurse. "I have a witness."

"We all have a witness," Doctor Sullivan said soberly.

He walked over to the stretcher. Again he studied the mangled left leg. His eyes roamed over the patient. Strangely, he thought of Bob Merrill in Room 730, and how this Reeves boy and young Merrill resembled each other.

Except for the color of the hair, Doctor Sullivan thought, *they could be twins.*

He felt the dainty touch of a hand against his and he turned around a little and looked down. Bette was standing beside him. She, too, was inspecting the mangled leg—professionally—without an iota of horror or dismay.

"Can do?" Bette asked, very softly.

Doctor Sullivan nodded. "If I can get the bone."

Bette said, "I'll get prepared."

Preparations proceeded. Doctor Sullivan paced. He chain-smoked. He strolled to his quarters, met Termite and applied some ointment to Termite's inflamed neck.

"Don't shave for three or four days," the doctor warned.

Termite shrugged. "That's all I shave anyway. Thanks a lot, doc."

The phone in his quarters buzzed and Lieutenant Driscoll said, "Doctor, we've been over the accident area with a fine-tooth comb. Can't find a thing. I'm terribly sorry."

"So am I," Doctor Sullivan said. "Sorrier than you'll ever know. Thank you, lieutenant."

He glanced at his wrist watch. Forty-five minutes had elapsed since Doctor Skinner had delivered his ultimatum. Doctor Sullivan sighed. Reluctantly, he scrubbed. The phone buzzed again. This time it was Myrt, the veteran switchboard operator. Myrt knew more about the hospital, its doctors, interns, nurses, nurses' aides, specials, probationers, students and orderlies than either the Board of Trustees or the director himself knew. She sounded sympathetic—an unusual role for Myrt.

"If you've got time," said Myrt, "young Merrill in Seven-Thirty wants to see you. He sounds as excited as a pregnant bride."

Bob Merrill was sitting up in bed. His eyes were flashing silver dollars. His face had a hibiscus hue. Immediately, Doctor Sullivan took his pulse. It was nearly normal.

"What gives?" Doctor Sullivan spoke curiously.

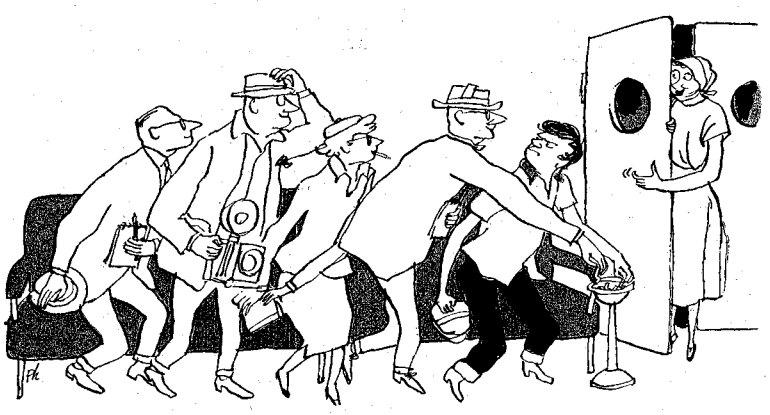
"Susan was here, doctor."

"Oh." The word was a sentence.

"We're going to get married on June first. That is—if you think it's all right."

Doctor Sullivan's eyes were warm, his handshake even warmer. "Sounds like you picked a winner, Bob."

(*Continued on Page 129*)



You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Daisybelle attained fame by becoming a mother at the age of twelve. When the press headlined her achievement, her twenty-year-old husband stormed into court and sued.

"All this newspaper stuff causes folks to make fun of us," the husband alleged. "We said we didn't want publicity or pictures, and even put a sign on Daisybelle's hospital door to keep out reporters. Now my wife is suffering mental agony because her privacy has been invaded."

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If you were the judge, would you award Daisybelle damages?

• •

Daisybelle lost. The court said that the right of individual privacy is not absolute, especially where freedom of speech and press are involved. It added that the law does not recognize the right of privacy in inherently public matters, such as the vital statistics of births, marriages and deaths, nor does it protect supersensitiveness.

Based upon a 1956 South Carolina decision.

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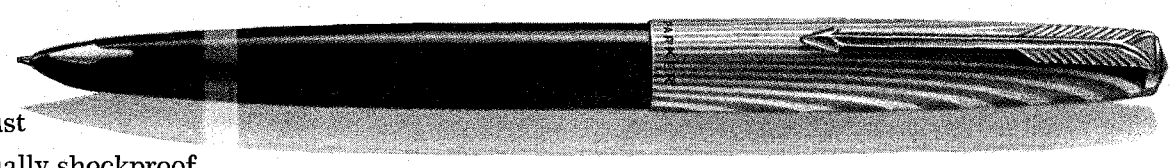

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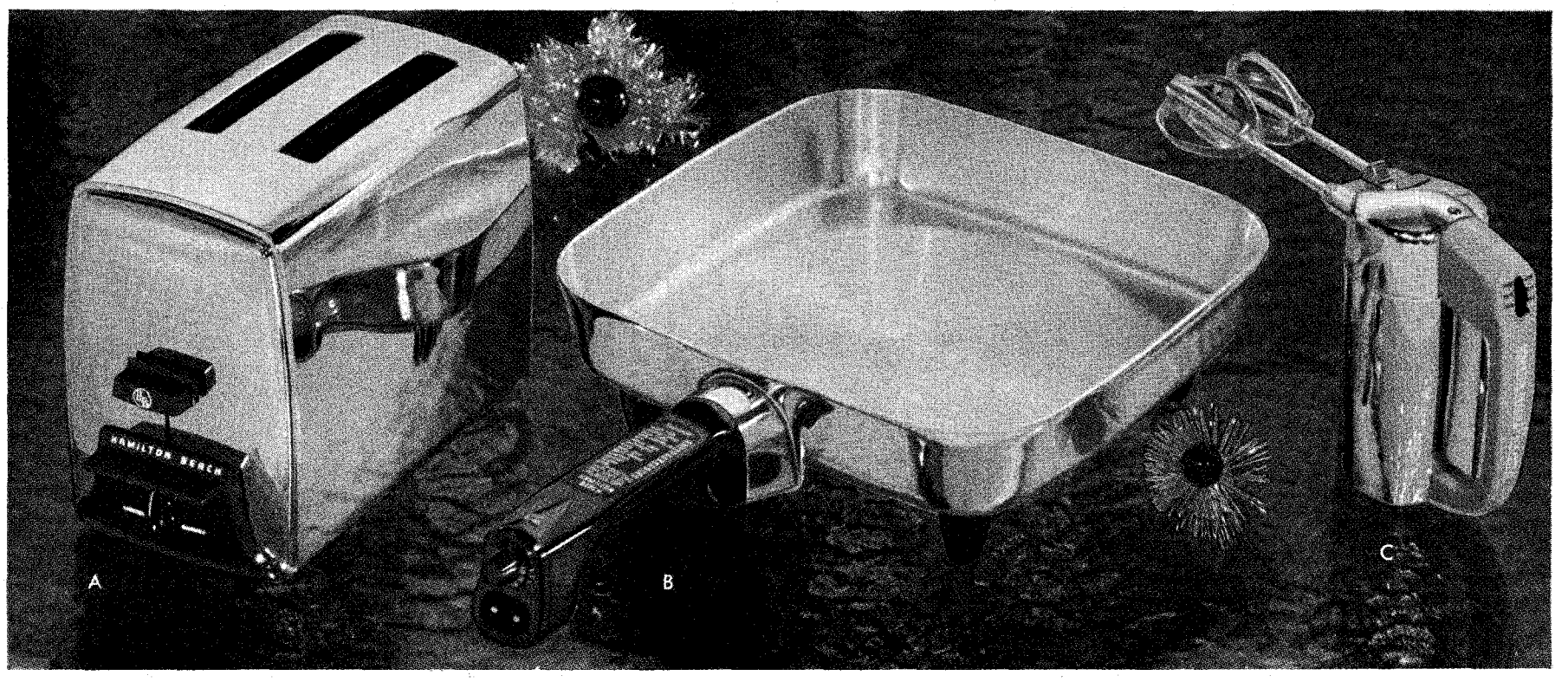

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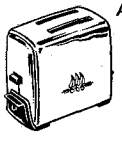

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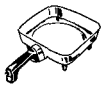

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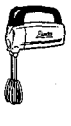

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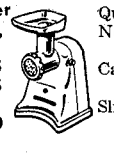

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(*Continued from Page 126*) "Doc—that'll give us"—young Merrill quickly studied some figures he had scratched on a pad—"about seven hundred days, maybe. That's—why, that's sixteen thousand, eight hundred hours, doc."

The doctor smiled. "Fellow can do a lot."

Now Bob Merrill was deadly serious. "Is this thing hereditary, doctor?"

Doctor Sullivan shook his head. "So far as we know, it is no more hereditary than contagious, Bob."

The patient gulped. The grin returned. "Would you be my best man?"

"Bob, I would consider it a great honor."

Now the grin was wider than ever. "Gosh, everything's about settled. When I got into insurance, first thing I did was to set up my own comprehensive program. Susan doesn't know it yet, but she'll be pretty well taken care of."

It was the doctor's turn to gulp. He thought, *Today's youngsters, with their ambition and their foresight and their planning are perpetually astonishing.*

"Susan and I made another decision, doctor," Bob Merrill was very serious again.

The doctor barely nodded.

"We want to help out that boy in Emergency—Sid Reeves. Susan and I have agreed that, if it's possible, you can take my left leg and ——"

Doctor Sullivan spoke sharply. "How did you hear about him?"

"Termite dropped in for some gin rummy. He told me all about it."

Doctor Sullivan scratched the tip of his nose. He thought, *The Associated Press, The United Press and International News Service like to glory in fast news coverage. Their men could take basic training—right here.*

"It's a most generous offer." Now the doctor spoke professionally. "But there are many complications. Releases—by you and your next of kin. Blood type. The fact that you'd be lame, perhaps crippled. The fact that ——"

"Doctor Sullivan!" Bob Merrill was sitting on the edge of his bed. His jaw was thrust forward. His eyes were nearly as intense as those of the doctor's. "My next of kin—my mother—doesn't actually give a whoop about me. Never did." He tapped the swollen glands in his neck. "I'm crippled already. You know that. Susan and I will sign any papers you want. So will Doctor Franklin. He's dean at Jacksonville University. He is, well, sort of my legal guardian."

Doctor Sullivan was absorbed in the past. One of his instructors—his greatest instructor, Doctor Brunner, was staring at him and saying:

"We cannot—we must not—we must never, ever be guided by personal emotions. A right-thinking surgeon—I repeat—a right-thinking surgeon, would never transplant the tissue or the bones of a diseased patient to those of a healthy man. We cannot—we must not ——"

"Bob"—the doctor was talking automatically—"you might even have to use crutches at your wedding."

"Shoot!" The grin returned. "Susan says she'll marry me even if they have to roll me up the aisle on a stretcher."

Doctor Sullivan edged over toward the phone.

"You're both being impulsive, you know."

Bob Merrill's jaw squared. "Let's get this straight. It's not pity. It's not sorrow. It's not any idea of being a—a hero. Susan and I know the score. A lot of people have given us breaks. We'd like—we want to give Sid Reeves a break."

Now the doctor was talking, but to himself.

"Milton was blind—Beethoven was deaf—Byron was lame. But they gave. They most surely gave."

He picked up the phone.

"Lab, Myrt," he said. To the party in the laboratory he said, "I want a quick check on blood types—Merrill in Room 730—Reeves in Emergency. I want a quick job, very quick indeed, on bone marrow and X rays on spleen, liver and kidneys. Hop on it, will you, please?"

He hung up on laboratory and again talked with Myrt.

"Ask Mr. and Mrs. Reeves to come up to Seven-Thirty," he said. "Urgent, Myrt."

"Someday," Myrt grumbled as she shuffled with the switchboard plugs, "we're going to have quints in Delivery. Then people around here will know what 'urgent' means."

Doctor Sullivan outlined the proposal to Mrs. Reeves. Mr. Reeves never even hesitated. "I think it's splendid of young Merrill," he said gratefully.

Mrs. Reeves was less sure. "Sidney wants the Navy next to life, doctor," she said gravely. "But are you sure ——"

"Mrs. Reeves," Doctor Sullivan said firmly, "we are not sure. Actually, the only point we are sure about is"—he glanced at his watch—"that time is running out."

"We'll sign the necessary papers, doctor," Mr. Reeves said.

About half an hour later, while Doctor Sullivan was preparing, the chief radiologist called him. "Negative on all counts, our preliminaries indicate," he said. "No evidence of Hodgkins in bone marrow, spleen, liver or kidneys."

Doctor Sullivan sighed. Now there was one item to button up. He picked up the phone and said to Myrt, "Please connect me with Doctor Skinner."

Myrt said, "Humph! Doctor Skinner and his wife took off an hour ago. An overnight cruise to Daytona. Won't be back till Tuesday. Probably got the 'Do Not Disturb' sign hanging on the stern."

"See if you can reach Doctor Fincannon at his home," Doctor Sullivan said.

Doctor Fincannon listened carefully. Then he said, "Dennis, a right-thinking surgeon would ——"

"Never transplant the tissue or the bone of a diseased patient to those of a healthy man," Doctor Sullivan concluded.

He heard Doctor Fincannon chuckle softly. Then the aged administrator said, "Dennis, if it was—say, your brother, or your sister, or your mother—would you transplant or amputate?"

"Transplant," Doctor Sullivan said without hesitation.

"You are the Resident in Surgery, Dennis. The acting administrator cannot be reached. Any previous instructions, in my opinion, have been canceled out by emergency developments."

"Thank you, doctor."

"Good luck to you, Dennis. Wish I could be there."

The gleaming, almost blindingly lighted operating room was crowded. Around the tables were Doctor Sullivan, Doctor Whittaker, two other surgeons, six nurses and two anesthetists. Bette, masked and gowned like the doctors, her hair tightly turbaned, stood inches away from her husband. Her hands moved rapidly, deftly. Doctor Sullivan would toss a gleaming instrument on an adjoining table. Instantly, Bette would slap another instrument into his hand.

Concentration prohibited conversation. Cyclopropane hissed. The air-conditioning unit rattled. Doctor Sullivan's forehead and temples were wet with perspiration. Occasionally, beads of sweat would roll down to be absorbed by his mask.

"Ready?" Doctor Sullivan said hoarsely to Doctor Whittaker.

"What seems to be the trouble, operator? I don't have all day, you know."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Ready, doctor," Doctor Whittaker said.

Gloved hands exchanged sterilized forceps. The forceps gripped a long, blood-smeared bone splinter. It was followed by a large segment of a kneecap. Doctor Sullivan joined Doctor Whittaker. They both worked on Sidney Reeves. The two other surgeons took over on Bob Merrill.

The hands on the chrome clock moved with maddening deliberacy. Two and a half hours passed before Doctor Sullivan, after careful inspection of both patients, stripped off his gloves, lowered his mask and placed his large right arm around the shoulders of the perspiring Doctor Whittaker.

"You were splendid, Al," Doctor Sullivan said. "Simply splendid."

The morning paper on June second reported:

"Miss Susan Graham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Graham, of Jacksonville, and Robert Merrill, of Jacksonville, were married at 4:30 June 1 in First Baptist Church. The Rev. James Longacre was officiating minister. Mr. Merrill is the son of Mrs. David Smathers, of Los Angeles, California.

"The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, looked lovely in Chantilly lace over nylon net and satin. She carried a prayer book with a shower of white carnations and lilies of the valley."

The morning paper didn't mention the fact that the bridegroom used crutches; nor that his friend, Sidney Reeves, romped merrily around the reception hall in a wheel chair and promised the bride he'd dance with her after the honeymoon. Nor, naturally, did the papers report that the bride's mother wept, that Bette Sullivan wept, and that Doctor Sullivan, the best man, nearly panicked when he couldn't find the ring, which he had put in his watch pocket.

"Happy honeymoon," Bette said to Mr. and Mrs. Merrill. Her eyes were still moist.

"Gosh," Bob Merrill said. His eyes were wide and shining. "Everything's been arranged. Mr. Reeves insisted. Way he puts it, he owns a piece of a motel at Key West and a piece of a hotel in the Virgin Islands. We'll be gone a month."

"That's wonderful," Doctor Sullivan said.

"When we get back, Mr. Reeves wants me to work part time handling some of his real-estate insurance problems. All right?"

"Perfectly all right, Bob."

The wide grin was still there. "Mr. Reeves says he feels he owns a little piece of me too—and has a little priority. And, well—I figure when we get back, I'll still have another six hundred and seventy days. Right?"

Doctor Sullivan glanced at Bob Merrill's neck. The glandular swellings were barely visible. The doctor spoke soberly. "It could be longer, Bob. Much longer. Every day I'm getting more encouraging reports about the new chemicals."

The bride kissed the doctor. It was a long, warm kiss. A taxicab arrived. Showers of rice fell and someone fastened two old cans to the cab bumper.

On their way home from the ceremony, Bette, still dewy-eyed, said huskily, "The bride did look lovely, Dennis. Simply lovely, didn't she?"

"She looked ravishing," said Doctor Sullivan.

Bette's eyes flashed briefly. "Is that what you tell all the girls, doctor?"

Doctor Sullivan nodded. "All three of them. My helpmate, my sweetheart and my wife. You look ravishing, darling."

THE END

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Toyland for Hollywood Kids

(Continued from Page 38)

One of the stock toys of the Menagerie on which Uncle Bernie likes to grind out music is a hurdy-gurdy on wheels, made in Spain, with a price tag of $300. He likes this item so much that he has sold forty-two hurdy-gurdies, which, as anyone with a flair for figures can see, is a nice piece of business.

Whenever he closes a sale of this kind, Uncle Bernie says to the customer, "Well, you have bought something for yourself. Now how about buying some toys for the kids?"

By such tactics, Beverly Hills' happy toy merchant usually winds up by selling several smaller items to go with the hurdy-gurdy or the $500 stuffed baby elephant from Germany, or the $135 four-horse beer truck from Switzerland, or the $125 bear-that-blows-bubbles from France. No matter what the toy costs, Uncle Bernie insists that it be a cash-and-carry deal. If the customer doesn't have the cash with him, or in a bank on which he can draw a check, he can send the money down with the chauffeur, who picks up the toy. Uncle Bernie tapes a lollipop to the candy-striped wrapper of the package, however, whether it is a fifty-cent or one for several hundred dollars.

"Bet I've given away more lollipops than anyone else in the world," he boasts.

The cellophane-wrapped lollipop is Uncle Bernie's mark of trade, more or less by accident. When he took over the Toy Menagerie on North Rodeo Drive, which is the Fifth Avenue of Beverly Hills, he was unhappy about two metal posts in the store. They were an offbeat note in the symphony of toys.

"Why don't you make them into tree trunks?" suggested his Hollywood script-writer brother.

"Terrific," Uncle Bernie exclaimed. "One will be a lollipop tree and the other a lemonade tree."

An ingenious gadgeteer as well as a showman, Uncle Bernie soon had the lemonade tree equipped with a rubber lemon for a spigot. By squeezing the lemon, a moppet could fill his cup with lemonade that seemed to trickle out of the tree trunk. The rest of the fruit, hung on branches by the ceiling, was out of reach and unsqueezable.

The lollipop tree was a cinch. Limbs sticking out of the papier-mâché trunk were hung every morning with lollipops which youngsters visiting the store could pick. Sper estimates that between those tacked on packages and those plucked off the tree, he has dispensed about 1,000,000 lollipops.

The lollipops were the means of making friends with the kids of Beverly Hills and the surrounding area, whom the local society writers refer to now as the Lollipop Set. Uncle Bernie is Dutch uncle to all of them. The progeny were the introduction to parents, including most of the movie, radio and television personalities of Hollywood. These were the people who turned Uncle Bernie's hobby into a thriving toy bazaar. The carriage trade and the motoring public soon followed the stars to the Toy Menagerie, as did visiting Texans, who invariably bought the biggest and most expensive toys bagged in the course of the annual springtime safaris to the toy fairs of this country, Europe and Japan.

"A lot of things we bought were for conversation pieces," explained Uncle Bernie, pointing to a delicately carved, $550 ivory-and-ebony player piano complete with animated pianist and dancing ballet girl. "First thing you know, people buy them."

Showing how you never can tell what toy shoppers will go for, a Chicagoan walked out of the store last year with six German-made whistling country yokels leaning against old-fashioned lampposts whose lamps lighted when the bumpkins began to whistle. They sell for $100 apiece. One expensive toy that has been a good seller is a motorized jeep from England. Henry Kaiser, Jr., whose family manufactures plenty of full-sized jeeps, bought one of these; so did Henry Ford, II.

Uncle Bernie now worries because the Toy Menagerie is in danger of becoming "the Tiffany of toy stores," suspected of catering only to the rich. To convince his customers that he is not running the store solely for the posh filmland trade, Uncle Bernie keeps 100 drawers on the balcony stocked with small toys priced from ten cents to a dollar, for little shoppers clutching a quarter or a dime who come in asking, "What can I buy with this much money?"

At home in Hollywood, actor Guy Madison helps his daughter Bridget open a Christmas present from Uncle Bernie's. Sheila Madison is holding the baby, Erin.

The "Uncle Bernie" act has become so much a part of Sper's life that he sometimes signs checks with his nickname and they bounce. Neither employees nor customers nor merchants of the swank area would think of addressing him by any other name. The label was stuck on him in his early twenties, when he worked as riding master for the Grossinger Hotel, a resort in New York's Catskills.

Born in Brooklyn in 1901, Sper was sent during his teens to a farm in Maryland, where he learned to handle horses. Later, after he finished his schooling, he landed a job with a New York furniture store, worked up to assistant buyer, had a breakdown, went to the Catskills to recuperate. When the riding master suddenly quit, Mrs. Jennie Grossinger pressed Sper into service as the hotel's horse wrangler. The guests, many of whom were twice or thrice Sper's age, found it highly amusing to call him Uncle Bernie.

Sper didn't mind the nickname until a stunning young stylist from Manhattan named Gudy Dworkin arrived to convalesce from an automobile accident. An impulsive fellow, Sper decided forthwith to marry Miss Dworkin, but ran into some rough courting because she couldn't see being hitched to a husband known as Uncle Bernie. Fortunately she got over this and has been calling him Uncle Bernie for the past three decades. Gudy Sper is in charge of the party department for the Toy Menagerie, but somehow has never become "Aunt Gudy." She is Mrs. Sper, pronounced "Spear."

The party department, incidentally, is a lavish display of favors, noisemakers, paper hats and whatnots for birthday parties or other Lollipop Set celebrations. All a mother has to do is call up the Toy Menagerie balcony and say, "I want to give a party for fifty children." Gudy Sper provides the presents, decorations, noisemakers, even arranging for the catering and entertainment, which is sometimes the magic tricks of "The Great Bernardini," who is—one guess.

A few years back, Sper became intrigued with magic tricks, took lessons, then built a small theater stage for open-air magic shows in the back yard of his home. After the death of Bernard Giannini, the banker-magician, Sper bought his props and accouterments and his stage name. So now Sper's nickname, Uncle Bernie, has sprouted a stage name, The Great Bernardini. Uncle Bernie performs mainly at parties or before impromptu gatherings in the Toy Menagerie. The shows are strictly for free. A member of the Society of Amateur Magicians, Uncle Bernie would not risk losing his amateur standing for anything.

Since he could not shake off his nickname, Sper years ago decided to capitalize on it. His first venture, Uncle Bernie's Showboat, which cruised with funmakers from Brooklyn to Staten Island, was a complete financial flop and soon folded. The next, selling ready-to-wear clothes, was almost as bad, except that this time it was his employer who went broke. Scouting around for another meal ticket, his eye was caught by some three-dimensional display figures. He had a brainstorm. "Why not make three-dimensional toys the same way?"

All he lacked was some lumber and a jig saw. Luckily his wife had just received a few hundred dollars as settlement for the fortuitous accident that had sent her up to the resort where they met. She agreed to buy him a jig saw and some plywood. Sper set up shop in the basement and made the first in a series of "Uncle Bernie's Educational Toys."

Designed for kindergarten-age tots, they caught on quickly. After moving into larger quarters half a dozen times, the Spers wound up on a Long Island farm, where they turned out toys by the tens of thousands during the war. In toy-hungry stores of the country, their wooden playthings, which required no strategic materials, were the answer to merchants' prayers.

When the war ended, Sper made one of his worst guesses—namely, that a post-war depression was just around the corner. He sold out and banked his money. The Spers put their daughter in boarding school, bought a new car and took off on a two-year motor trip that ended in Beverly Hills, where writer-brother Norman lived. Sper was still in the money, but "was gradually growing wacky doing nothing." Then, in 1947, he paid $5000 for the defunct Beverly Hills Toy Menagerie, whose owner had lost money the previous year. Other toy merchants were sure that their new competition was daffy, particularly after he announced his unorthodox ideas for toy merchandising.

One heresy was that there would never be a live Santa Claus in the store, because "store Santa Clauses are disillusioning to youngsters." Another was putting nearly all the toys in cases, where they couldn't be broken by customers before they were bought. The third was the cash-and-carry policy, with no charge accounts and no deliveries—unheard-of in Southern California. Finally, Uncle Bernie, who coupled his nickname to the Toy Menagerie, allowed that if any other merchant undersold him, he would refund the difference between his price and the competitor's.

Though these heresies did wipe out breakage, returns and credit losses, the major headaches of the established toy venders, his competitors gave him only six months to go broke. When he was still in business and making money at the end of the year, they were amazed. When he outgrew the old Toy Menagerie and opened in 1952 what he modestly styles "the most beautiful toy store in the world," most of his rivals concluded that he was crazy but cunning.

Uncle Bernie's openings, both the original store in 1947 and the enlarged Toy Menagerie in 1952, were in true Hollywood style. Sper had managed to wangle the names of most of the children of movie, TV and radio personalities. He sent the youngsters invitations to the openings, with the legend in small type, "You may bring your parents if you wish." They all came and brought their elders. When they arrived, they were announced, Hollywood style, as "Master Christopher and Miss Christina and mother, Joan Crawford," or "Liza, Connie, Duncan and Douglas West and mother, Eve Arden," or "Jay and Cissy and mother, Jane Powell." At the previews, nothing was for sale, but Uncle Bernie had a gift for every guest.

In almost no time, Uncle Bernie was a pal of Hollywood's precocious offspring and their parents as well. He became something of a Hollywood character himself. His stunts were copy for the gossip columnists. One gimmick was to carry a pocketful of "diamond" engagement rings, which he slips on the finger of damsels under ten. This goes over great with the pint-sized demoiselles of filmland, but

(Continued on Page 133)

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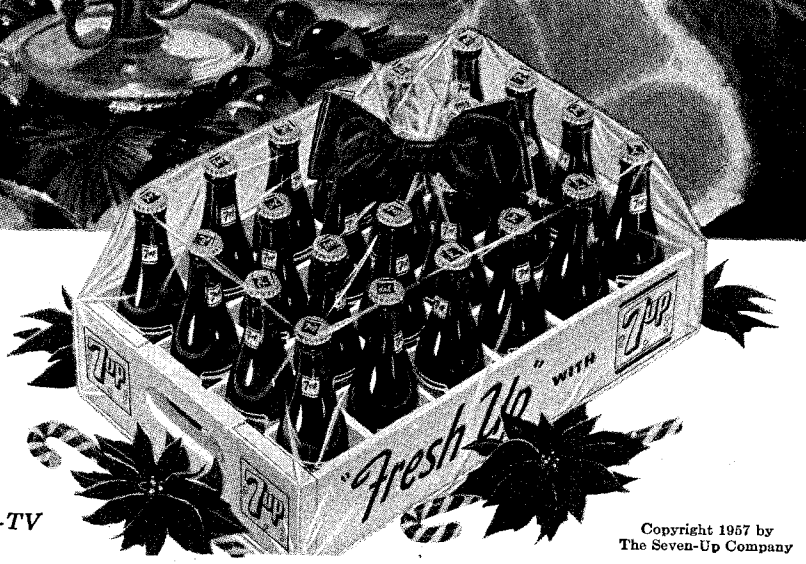
Hooray! Buffet–with Seven-Up!

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!

● Merry drinking and happy eating! And that's what you'll have with 7-Up! Sparkling 7-Up has a fresh, clean taste that makes holiday fare taste better than ever. And this is the drink for *everybody*—even the youngest eaters! Have plenty on hand for all your holiday doings.



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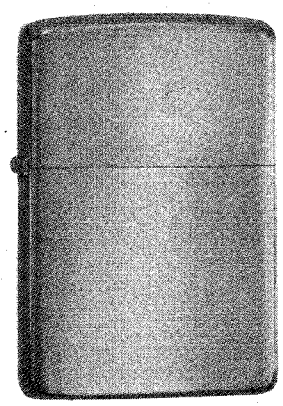
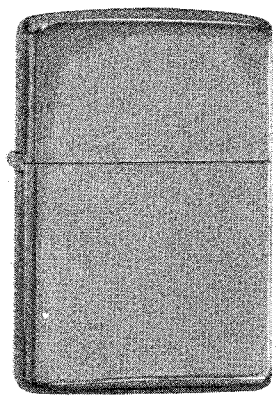
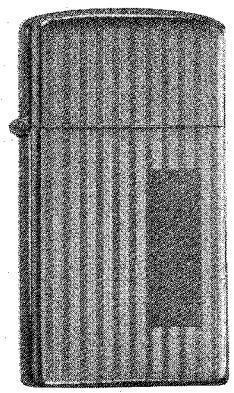


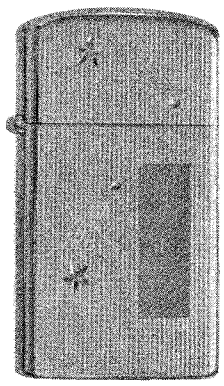
Regular Zippo, the lighter that made Zippo famous. In brush-finish chrome. Guaranteed to work or we fix it free. **3.50**



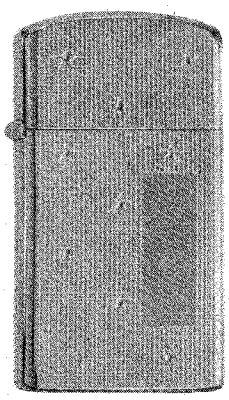
De Luxe Zippo, finished in highly polished chrome for a sparkling gift that's backed by the famous Zippo guarantee. **4.75**



Zippo Slim-Lighter, same dependable Zippo slimmed down for purse or pocket. Guaranteed. Polished chrome. Three designs. **6.00**



Silver Zippo, graceful Slim-Lighter, durable, silver-filled—not just plated. Choice of three designs. Guaranteed by Zippo. **11.50***



Gold-filled Zippo, the elegant gift. 10K gold-filled Slim-Lighter. In three designs. Like all Zippos, it works or we fix it free. **20.00***

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(*Continued from Page 130*) sometimes backfires. When one young lady delightedly showed her ring to her father and explained that she was engaged to Uncle Bernie, the outspoken papa demanded, "Who the hell is Uncle Bernie?"

Uncle Bernie doesn't know how many times he has been engaged, nor how long the engagements last, but he buys engagement rings by the gross. His wife takes a tolerant view of the goings-on.

"He has never grown up," she says. "All the women and children are in love with him."

Uncle Bernie manages to come up with enough childlike inspirations to keep youngsters and oldsters talking about the Toy Menagerie and feeling that they had better drop in frequently or they'll miss something. He has dreamed up candy mountains, a peppermint-stick mine, bonbon-and-ice-cream caves and orange-juice falls. In the latter, the orange juice spilled out of dwarfs' buckets and over illuminated cascades to a pool where youngsters could dip up a drink. He had to discontinue the falls, though, "because it wasn't good for the kids; between the falls and the lemonade tree, they got to mixing their drinks."

... ...

Mother Views a Holiday

Breakfast is served from
8 to 11,
Lunch from 11 to 3;
Dinner is also a staggered
affair,
And who does the
staggering? Me!

May Richstone

... ...

Another inspiration made up for the Santa Claus missing from the Toy Menagerie. For the pre-Yule rush he devised a huge telephone with a receiver almost as big as a three-year-old tot. This was a direct line into Santa's workshop, over which small tykes could make their Christmas wishes known. One lass almost stopped this act with an order for a baby sister. Santa reported back, via Uncle Bernie, that this would take some time, maybe until Christmas a year off. Uncle Bernie's gamble that the customer would forget the order by then turned out all right; her mother, Dorothy Lamour, had a girl in the meantime.

One of Uncle Bernie's brighter inspirations was a TV show, largely to collect used toys which the sheriff's staff of Los Angeles County rehabilitated for children in orphanages. Sper figures this was a program that paid off four ways. It kept people coming into the Toy Menagerie to leave the used toys; it got surplus toys out of the homes of customers; it provided good works for the sheriff's men; and it put the rehabilitated old toys into the hands of youngsters who couldn't afford to buy them.

The Spers climaxed this with a pre-Christmas show at their home to which the kids of movieland came, each bringing as admission an old toy which was collected at the door by Roy Rogers and his wife, Dale Evans, and their son, Dusty. The party netted a truckload of toys for the orphans.

This affair inspired Uncle Bernie to give a birthday party for himself, to which he invited fifty-one orphans of various racial backgrounds from institutions in the Los Angeles area. At the door each orphan was given twenty dollars in stage money by Sper's daughter, Pamela. With the stage dollars, the guests bought brand-new toys pilfered by Uncle Bernie from his Toy Menagerie. He persuaded some of his movie and TV patrons to come over to the Rich-for-a-Day party, so that the orphans could meet some live stars in the flesh.

During the past decade, Uncle Bernie has jelled some ideas about what people like in toys. The best toys to sell, he says, are those that appeal to parents, but the best toys to buy are those that youngsters choose. He says most children walk right past the hundred-dollar toys and pick out inexpensive dolls or trucks or educational toys that they can put together themselves. Uncle Bernie prefers to sell to small fry, particularly when he can demonstrate a mechanical toy like Bat 'Em and Catch 'Em, but says he would go broke on the toys that they pick out.

"Youngsters go for pulleys and pegs and things to put together, but those don't appeal much to grownups," he added. "Grandparents are good customers, better than parents. But the best customer of all is the man married late in life. He goes completely overboard."

Sper's plan, when a new toy comes on the market, is to "plunge on six." If the six sell fast, he plunges on sixty or 100. One recent toy innovation was a space helmet that enabled the wearer to see out, but outsiders couldn't see who was inside. Another was a flying saucer, powered by rubber bands, that sailed up seventy-five feet into the air. "There was a toy that caught both boys and fathers," he said.

The greatest doll, in Uncle Bernie's experience, is one known as "Cissy," with something of a Monroe figure and equipped with a bra, silk undies, nylon stockings, petticoats, high-heeled shoes and other fine clothing. Arms, legs and head move, eyes open and close. The lifelike animated doll sold in the raw for sixteen dollars, but by the time a girl, or more often her mother, bought Cissy's complete wardrobe, with a miniature trunk, it usually added up to a $150 sale.

Sper's policy of never buying anything to sell that he would not buy to keep, and of plunging on six only, works out most of the time, but now and then he makes some bad guesses. One last year was a yarn octopus, invented by a sixteen-year-old girl. Sper said nobody would buy an octopus, particularly one made of yarn, but he was talked into buying six. They sold immediately. So did the reorders that followed.

"I sure guessed wrong that time," he recalled.

The No. 1 dilemma of the Toy Menagerie is what to stock for youngsters who have outgrown the juvenile-toy years and who haven't reached the parenthood-toy years. Uncle Bernie figures there are several teen-age years during which the Lollipop Set outgrows lollipops and slips away from him. He has partly licked the problem by stocking cosmetics, handbags and costume jewelry for the girls, but hasn't room to put in power tools for the boys.

"That would keep them coming until they get married and have kids of their own," he says.

Uncle Bernie figures his most appreciative customer is Little Monie, daughter of screen star Mona Freeman. As he slipped an engagement ring over Little Monie's finger, just before Christmas last year, he asked what she wanted Santa Claus to bring her.

"Just one thing," she replied.

"What's that?"

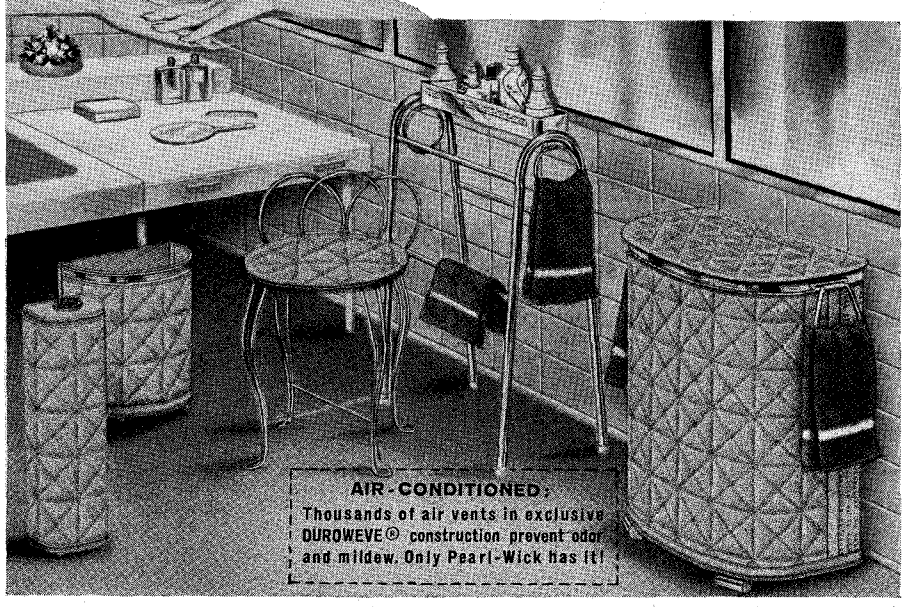
"An Uncle Bernie's Toy Menagerie."

THE END

PEARL-WICK

TRANSFORMS YOUR BATHROOM

SO EASY TO DO...
SO GENTLE ON YOUR BUDGET...
AND WHAT A GIFT IT MAKES!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Montana's Galloping Swede

(Continued from Page 49)

much in common with the mountain men who peopled the area more than a century ago. His former neighbors, the Blackfoot Indians, christened him Chief Awa-kema, meaning, "One Who Runs After Buffalo."

Bearing out his English nickname, the Galloping Swede has a strong Swedish accent and relishes physical activity.

"There's more yak-yak and less done in this job than any I've ever had," he grumbles, as he strides restlessly about his office. He waves his huge wrists and hands as he talks, not expressively, but as if he wants to employ them for something more challenging than signing proclamations. Whenever he meets an oil-field roughneck out of his past, they exuberantly slap and wallop each other, as one observer put it, "like a couple of old grizzly bears."

Famed for his brawn as a younger man, Aronson likes to demonstrate that he still has some of it—as when he tossed a 200-pound drill press about while campaigning in the Butte copper mines in 1956.

Aronson won re-election a year ago by whipping glib, handsome Arnold Olsen, then the thirty-nine-year-old attorney general of Montana, by 7390 votes. Party-wise, it was a lonesome victory. President Eisenhower carried the state, and the Republican candidate for state superintendent of public instruction, Harriet Miller, also won; but the Democrats swept all other state offices, including the lieutenant-governorship, both of Montana's congressional seats, and both houses of the legislature.

The Democrats have been exasperated by the governor's method of campaigning. Olsen agrees that Aronson is "a good guy and a great character." But Olsen says, "He's tough to campaign against because he won't take a stand. He's the best kind of politician because he's no politician at all."

In 1956, Aronson ran on the record of his first term and, as in 1952, he did not make a single promise. He simply galloped up and down the state, shaking hands and meeting, for the most part, with small groups, where his personality comes across strongest. He was probably the only gubernatorial candidate in the United States who avoided all "live" television and radio appearances.

Well aware that he has no polish or style as a platform speaker, Aronson put it this way to his aides: "You think I'm goin' to work twelve hours a day makin' votes and then go on the air at night and lose 'em?"

Addressing an audience off the cuff and in person, however, the governor is a formidable operator. He has a keen sense of the comic and a treasury of slapstick anecdotes about his colorful career, in which he is invariably a Charlie Chaplin-like butt of the joke. He portrays himself as the traditional "dumb Swede" and plays the part superbly.

Many a suave speaker in Montana has complained of having to precede Aronson on the rostrum. As one of them recalls with a shake of his head: "By the time Hugo got through telling them he was no orator—like me—and had them howling over his dumb-Swede gags, he had me cheated out of that audience."

Aronson's habit of scrambling his *y*'s and *j*'s and butchering his English diphthongs is much imitated in Montana—usually, but not always, with affection. Interestingly, he pulls some of his heaviest votes in areas where Montana colleges are located. His bad English only adds to his overwhelming impression of man-of-the-soil honesty and sincerity. So does his tendency to blurt out, "I don't understand that," when some complex governmental problem is being explained at public or private meetings. So does his sometimes brutal frankness in dealing with people.

For example, a minister came to his office and ticked off at considerable length what he thought was wrong with the state prison system. Aronson heard him out patiently and then delivered his jolt.

"I'm always glad to have constructive criticism, reverend," he said. "But you're in the wrong business. You ought to be either governor or warden."

Nothing irritates Aronson more than the eagerness of an office seeker to take over the job of someone whose corpse is not yet cold. Once, arriving at the Capitol at his customary seven A.M., he found an applicant waiting for him on the front steps. Referring to a state employee who had died during the night, the man said to the governor, "I'd like to take his place."

"Well, you'd better go down and see the undertaker," Aronson grunted, brushing past him.

Having made no campaign promises or commitments, Aronson glories in the freedom this gives him to choose his appointees. Its effect, however, is to make him abnormally self-conscious in trying to pick the right man for the job. The consensus in Helena is that, on the whole, the more than 700 appointments he has made as governor are excellent. But he is as skittish as a colt in using regular patronage channels. Some Republicans complain, "He's always afraid of being 'had' on an appointment. He'll ask everyone's advice and then take no one's."

The forthright simplicity which Aronson exudes on the dais apparently does not always carry over to his private relations. He is said to be suspicious of lawyers and distrustful of politicians.

"He's the most complicated man I've ever studied," says one associate who has made it his business to study men. "It's impossible for me to predict how he'll act or react. He has a cunning that is well concealed but quite deep. He will not tell you what's on his mind. He will not think out loud."

Aronson also is considered difficult to deal with by the Democrats who surround him on the numerous boards through which the business of the state is administered. Aronson has a vote on these boards, but his executive power is diminished by the fact that he does not enjoy a G.O.P. majority on any of them. In dealing with the governor, the Democrats confess they are baffled by his shifting tactics; one day he bulls things through and the next day he is as sly as a fox.

The stubbornness in Aronson, according to a prevailing theory, springs from "a powerful, unshakable sense of his honesty and convictions." Sam Ford, who served as Republican governor of Montana from 1941 to 1949, supports this by saying that Hugo "tries as hard as any man I've ever known to do what he thinks is right." Ford served as Aronson's attorney during the 1930's. He recalls that oil drillers were willing to pay 20 to 25 per cent above the going rate to have Aronson's trucking firm haul their derricks because "they could count on his word that the job would be done on time and done right." Significantly, Aronson never had a written contract with any of his customers until he was required to do so on a Federal Government job in World War II.

As a former truck driver, Aronson is intimately acquainted with automobiles and is an expert at the wheel. He prefers to drive his own expensive car, and at a good clip on the open highway, rather than ride in the chauffeur-manned limousine provided by the state. But, following a policy he laid down for his own truck drivers, he always stops to aid motorists in trouble. He delights in the fact that he has sometimes accomplished a complete wheel change before a distressed female driver recognized the man with the jack as the governor.

Aronson cannot resist machinery. When the heating plant for the gubernatorial mansion broke down, he happily cleaned the valves, replaced a sixty-five-cent gadget and got the system going again. The state plumbing inspector pronounced it a professional job, and the state plumbing board issued the governor a master plumber's license.

The governor and Mrs. Aronson—a vivacious redhead of Scotch-Irish extraction—are somewhat awed by the cavernous mansion, which was built in 1887 by a Helena gold miner and contains twenty-one rooms and seven open fireplaces. They have one daughter, eleven-year-old Rika, who has made a devoted slave of her father. They have no servants except a part-time cook and a part-time housekeeper and, aside from rare, formal occasions, eat all their meals in the kitchen. Aronson never touches liquor, but he enjoys all forms of food and is an impressive trencherman at the table. His only hobby is running the tractor on his farm.

The governor's strong pull toward the land and simple living comes naturally. John Hugo Aronson was born on September 1, 1891, in a log cabin on a tenant farm near Gallstad, Sweden. He says that his parents were "simple, God-loving people," and that he and his four brothers and sisters learned backaching labor early. After completing the eighth grade and being confirmed in the Lutheran Church, young Hugo was apprenticed to a large farm for twenty-five dollars a year. But the lure of America, that Utopia for the ambitious, was irresistible, and in 1911 his parents permitted him to borrow steerage passage for Boston. His father said the only thing he had to give him was this parting advice: "In dealing with men, never make a promise unless you think you can keep it. Always keep a promise once you've made it."

Upon arriving in Boston, Aronson took a trolley to Lowell, Massachusetts, and got a factory job for seven dollars a week. Already America seemed fabulous. Knowing no English, he enrolled in a school for Scandinavians. But when the teacher called on him to repeat a few words of English, he floundered so badly that the whole class burst into laughter at the greenhorn. Mortally embarrassed, Aronson fled the classroom and never returned to school. He thinks it left him with an inferiority complex that lingers to this day.

To keep him from starving, a new friend taught the young immigrant to say "ham and eggs," and he lived on that diet for months. Finally another friend took pity on him and taught him to say "cheese sandwich."

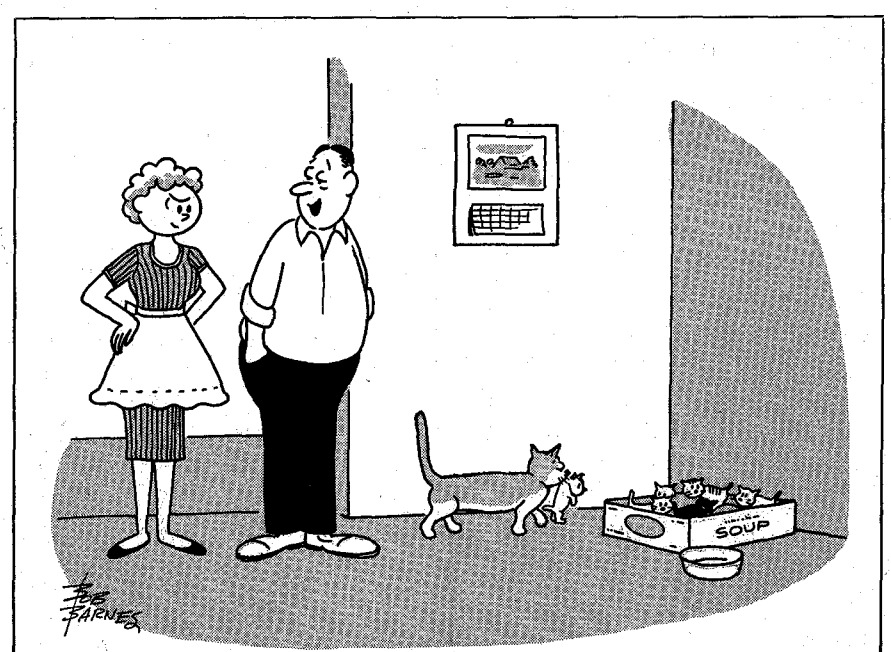
"But when I ordered a cheese sandwich for breakfast the next morning," Aronson relates, "the waitress came right back at me with 'White or rye?' So I had to shrug and yell 'Ham and eggs' again."

Later that year, Aronson teamed up with another Swede—who was several meals beyond the ham-and-eggs vocabulary—and headed west. They traveled via what Aronson calls "side-door Pullman." His fellow travelers were career hoboes, and he slept in hobo jungles and haystacks. Wherever he could, Aronson found work, but it was always temporary—with railroad crews, in lumber camps, on West Coast docks, in brickyards and strip mines and in other capacities too numerous to be remembered.

Aronson took out his first citizenship papers on the second anniversary of his arrival in the United States. He happened to be passing through Duluth, Minnesota, at the time. To celebrate the occasion, he purchased a secondhand fur coat, for three dollars. Thus resplendently attired, he caught the next freight west.

Arriving in Seattle on a hot day in April, the big fur-clad Swede was picked out of a crowd in an employment office and put to work running a steam shovel on the construction of a golf course. When that job ended, he started east again. World War I had just broken out, and the railroads were becoming stuffy about nonpaying passengers. He eluded policemen and brakemen scouting for bums at every stop—until he was booted off the train at Columbus.

Ever since, Aronson has been thanking that anonymous brakeman for forcing him to "discover Columbus"—and Montana. He walked away from the freight car and immediately got a job as a hand on a farm owned by a man named Frank Young. Then, to clean up, he bathed in the nearby Yellowstone River, only to have his limited wardrobe chewed by some passing (*Continued on Page 137*)



"She did all right, for a cat that didn't know a soul in the neighborhood three months ago."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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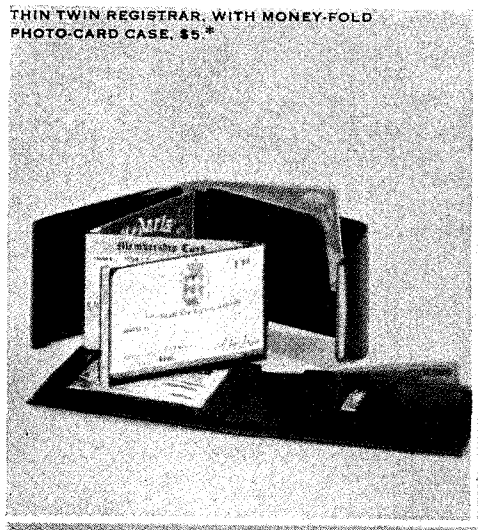

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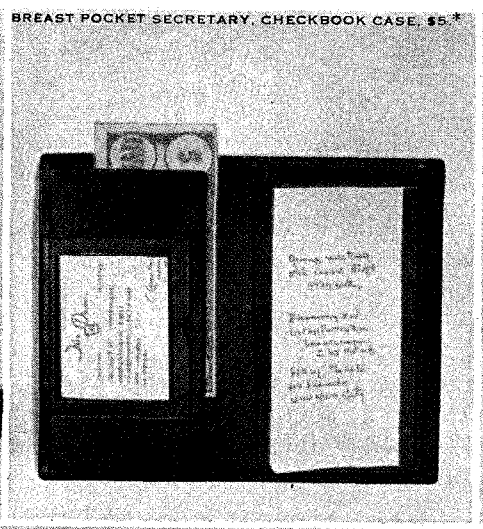

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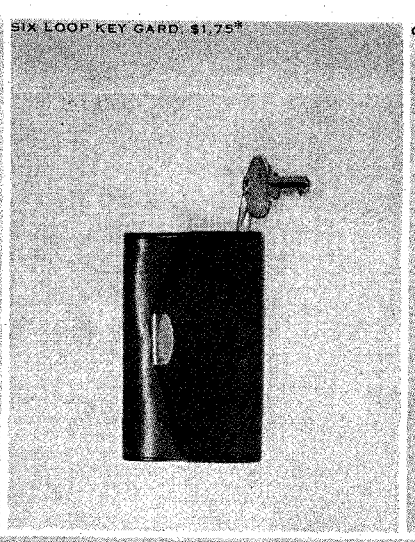

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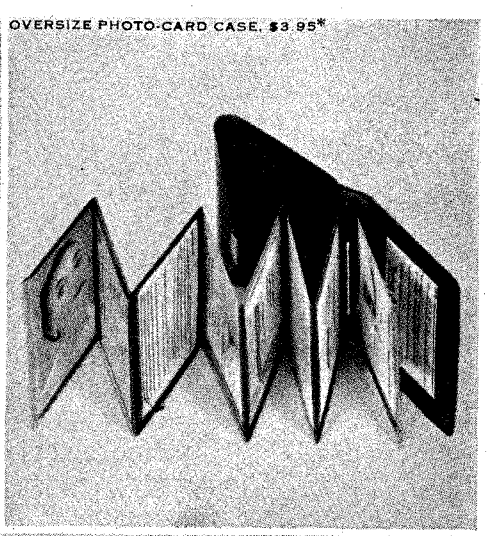

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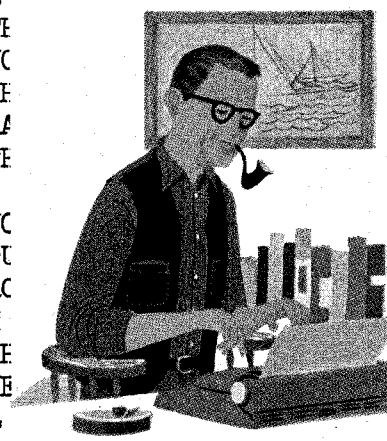

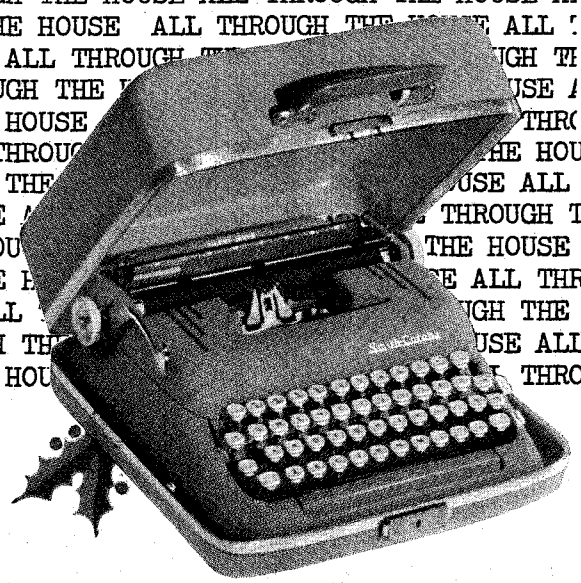

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(*Continued from Page 134*) mules. This proved fortunate, for Young fitted him out in a new suit of clothes. Aronson had a strange feeling that a new life was about to begin.

Young was impressed with the strapping young Swede's zeal in performing heavy chores, but he told him that there was more to life than being able to pick up two 100-pound sacks of potatoes and run with them. Young gave the immigrant a short course in American politics, recommending the Republican brand. He also urged him to strike out for himself as a homesteader.

Aronson filed for a 320-acre homestead site on the Montana-Wyoming border. He recalls that never in his life has he felt prouder than the time he first drove across it with a wagon and two teams of horses he had obtained on credit. He used the horses for side jobs, hauling freight, as well as for farm work—and included them in pictures he sent back to Sweden illustrating what an American landowner looked like.

In 1917, though he was not yet a citizen, Aronson enlisted in the Army and went to France with the 20th Engineers. En route, in Washington, D.C., he drew the attention of President Wilson. As his outfit was marching up Pennsylvania Avenue, Aronson was a platoon guide. At "Eyes right!" he recalls, his eyes went right but his feet went left, on a slippery spot in the pavement. He landed on the seat of his pants in front of the President.

He came back from France with newfound confidence. He had met and married Mathilde Langane, a Red Cross worker and former secretary to Premier Georges Clemenceau. She was a dark-haired, well-educated, well-dressed Parisian, and he worried about how she would take to homesteading. Surprisingly, she took to it very well. Soon she was shocking grain in the fields while her husband operated the horse-drawn binder.

They lived in a makeshift tenthouse, and the governor ruefully says now that his 320 acres was good only "for raising sagebrush and rattlesnakes." Seeking other employment to help them eke out a living, he went to Sunburst, Montana, and learned skilled jobs in the oil fields. He was a lean 185 pounds in those days. "I had more muscles than bones," he recalls nostalgically. His colleagues began to call him "the rig builder's mule." He could carry a water-soaked plank, three by twelve inches and twenty feet long, that normally required two men to move. Once, when the foreman happened along and saw Aronson running with such a timber, he said, "Hugo, take five," meaning, of course, five minutes.

"Five!" objected Aronson in dismay. "I can hardly carry one!"

His penchant for running while he worked earned him the "Galloping Swede" nickname. He became better known by this than by his real name after he and another worker formed a rig-building firm in 1924. A year later his partner sold out, and Aronson operated the company by himself, with Mathilde as his bookkeeper. The firm's trade-mark depicted a figure resembling Paul Bunyan—or Aronson—leaping across the plains and holding an oil derrick in the palm of his hand.

Aronson had devised a system for moving the giant derricks across the oil fields by means of an elaborate arrangement of dollies, jacks and tractors. This saved the drillers valuable time and money, since previously they had to dismantle and reassemble the rigs in order to move from one place to another. In time, there was virtually nothing Aronson would not transport, including houses, garages and, on one precarious occasion, a 10,000-barrel oil drum. For a drilling operation in an isolated sector, Aronson would set up a complete temporary town. One of these, constructed in North Central Montana in 1929, was named Gallup City, in his honor.

With his business eventually expanded to truck hauling of all kinds, Aronson at his peak owned some $200,000 worth of equipment and had sixty-five employees. Even in the colorful company of truck drivers and oil-field roughnecks, he stood out—literally. When he had set up a derrick, for example, he would joyously signal its completion by standing on his head on the six-foot platform, eighty-two feet above the ground.

Aronson never asked an employee to do anything he wouldn't do himself. The only trouble was that the boss could—and would—do just about anything. And he would not tolerate even a suggestion of loafing. Part of the Aronson legend is that he once came upon one of his men who appeared to be momentarily idle. Aronson asked him what he was supposed to be doing. The worker, not recognizing his boss, explained that he was an all-around man, but had nothing to do at the moment.

"Well, if you're workin' for the Swede," Aronson told him, "and you haven't anything else to do, yump up and down. Nobody stands still on my time."

Aronson's former attorney, Ford, recalls that he was a tough competitor in a rough business. Once, seeking a permit to extend his operations to another area, Aronson went with Ford to a hearing before the Montana Railroad and Public Service Commission. A competitor took the stand and testified against Aronson.

"Hugo got madder and madder," Ford relates. "Finally, he doubled up his ham fist and said, 'How much will it cost me to hit that ——? He's lying like a — — trooper!' I told him to sit still, but he kept his fist doubled up. Then he took the stand for the rebuttal. And he got his permit."

In 1935 Aronson suffered a personal tragedy. His beloved Mathilde contracted cancer of the lungs and was given six months to live. He took her back to Paris to be with her folks when she died.

Aronson had meanwhile bought a small house in Cut Bank, in Northwest Montana, and was becoming one of its leading citizens. He was elected a city-council member in 1934 and council president in 1936. In 1938 he ran for the state house of representatives and became the first Republican to represent Glacier County there in eighteen years. He served two more terms in the house and was elected to the state senate in 1944.

He jokes now that the race was so close that he married a Democrat just to make sure of winning. She was Rose McClure, the Glacier County superintendent of schools. Since she always had been a conservative, she explains, it was not hard to switch to her husband's party later on.

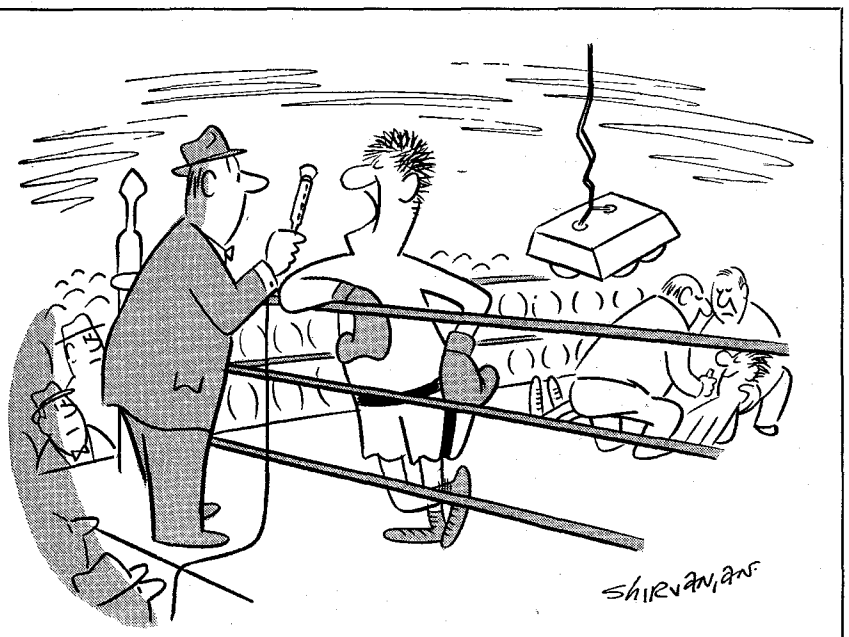
Re-elected to the state senate in 1948, Aronson sold his trucking business and purchased 5000 acres from the Blackfoot Indian Reservation near Cut Bank. Doing most of the tractoring himself, he converted it largely to wheat and added forty-seven head of cattle. He also became president of the Toole County State Bank in nearby Shelby.

In 1952 Aronson's friends prevailed on him to try for the G.O.P. gubernatorial nomination. He won it easily from Leonard Young, a Montana railroad commissioner, and then squared away to take on the incumbent Democratic governor, John Bonner. To demonstrate Aronson's bone-cracking grip and earthy personality, eye-to-eye campaigning obviously was called for, and he undertook to cover every hamlet and outpost in the state.

This was a large order. In Montana a candidate must travel farther for a handshake than anywhere else. Geographically the third-largest in the Union, the state is 700 auto miles from end to end and officially estimates that it has more wild animals than people. The humans are outnumbered by 700,000 to 633,000. To find the voters, Aronson climbed down into mines, up onto railroad cars, across pigpens, and under barbed-wire fences. "And I lost my hair crawling under Indian tepees," he jokes today.

"Everywhere I went," he recalls, "I'd just stick out my mudhook and say, 'I'm Aronson, the Gallopin' Swede.'" He made no promises, discussed no issues, delivered no formal speeches. Friends say now that he was "very nearly tongue-tied." But he did assure Montanans that if elected he would run the state government as he would his own business. And he had his stock of small gags, such as, "At least, I'm not two-faced. If I had another face, do you think I'd be wearing this one?"

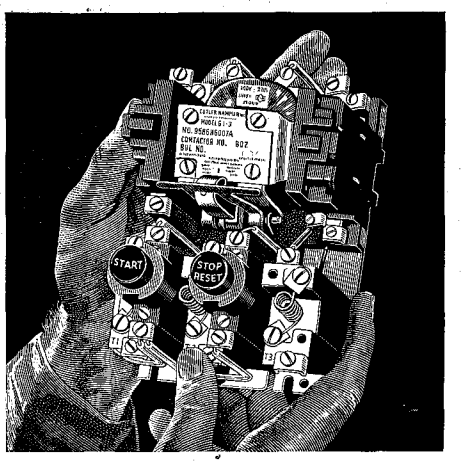
Aronson won the election by 5054 votes. This was perhaps not a large majority, considering that Bonner was laboring under a self-inflicted handicap. In



"I set him up with a left jab to the nose, feinted with my right, and then when the ring lights fell on him I went to a neutral corner."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

WHAT'S NEW IN MOTOR CONTROL?



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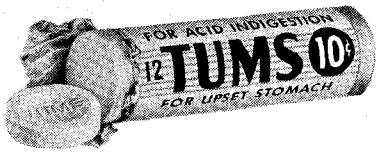

PUTS ALL THE FIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

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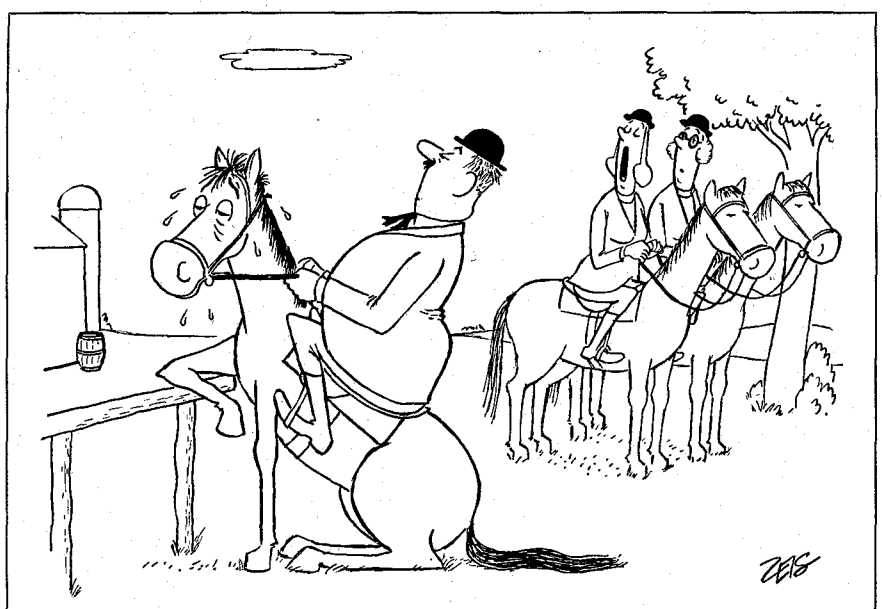
1950 Bonner had been arrested in the French Quarter in New Orleans for being noisily inebriated and had spent the rest of the night in a cell. The Montana newspapers gallantly did not play up the incident and Aronson did not allude to it in the campaign. However, Republican workers circulated a photo of a New York Daily News picture and story headlined, MONTANA GOVERNOR DRINKS WAY TO JAIL.

Running for re-election last year, Aronson pointed to the achievements of his administration. He had more than doubled the state highway mileage while at the same time reducing the cost of road construction per mile. He had sponsored a rehabilitation program in the state prison system, and had taken the pardon-and-parole board away from elected officials and put it under a picked board of citizens. Perhaps his most notable accomplishment was that his administration had been free of scandal. No longer were the highway department and the liquor-control board used as political footballs. For once, within the memory of Montanans, the legislature had been unable to find anything to investigate.

The race between Aronson and Attorney General Olsen turned into one of the bitterest in recent Montana history. The state's oil leasing was the big issue between them. In 1953, Olsen had challenged a new law which, in effect, set up indefinite-term leases on state oil lands instead of the former twenty-year limit. Aronson favored it, arguing that the longer leases would encourage more wildcatters to come into the state and thus result in more lease and bonus money for the state schools.

Olsen claimed that the law was unconstitutional and the state supreme court upheld him on a 3-to-2 vote. The decision was appealed all the way to the United States Supreme Court, which reversed it unanimously in 1955. In the campaign, Olsen called Aronson a tool of the big oil interests—the governor owned stock in two small oil companies—while Aronson charged that Olsen had deprived the schools of an estimated $10,000,000 in oil-lease money because no new leases were filed during the two years in which Olsen's suits dragged through the courts.



"Howard sits a horse well."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

At first, Aronson couldn't get anyone interested in a complicated leasing law, but he found himself in the kind of controversy that could happen only to a Montana governor. Everyone, it seemed, wanted to talk about the late, beloved Charles M. Russell, Montana's famous painter of cowboys and Indians. Ever since Russell's death, in 1926, Montanans had been trying to agree on a Russell statue to represent the state in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol in Washington. Under Aronson, a sculptor on the staff of the Montana Historical Society actually began turning one out. But his intention to show the artist, palette in hand, brought an outcry that he was not achieving "the real Charley."

The complaints came principally from dissident artists, armchair cowboys and an astonishing number of persons who claimed to have been Russell's close pal. Some thought he should be shown mounted on a horse; some wanted him swinging a lasso, and a few thought he should be completely in character—packing a whisky bottle. Aronson temporized by halting work on the statue and scheduling a public hearing for after the election. The hearing gave all sides a chance to call one another names and air personal theories of sculpture.

The Montana Fine Arts Commission, of which the governor is chairman, thereupon announced that qualified sculptors would be permitted to submit Russell entries and that a statue would be chosen in July, 1957. In January, the pressure groups appealed to the legislature to have the judging done by a jury of cowboys, but they were rebuffed.

In the campaign, the ultraliberal Olsen had the support of the influential labor unions in Montana, but Aronson defeated him despite the 1956 Democratic tide that was running just below the presidential level.

Aronson did not look forward to dealing with a Democratic-controlled legislature, and his worst fears were realized. Aside from refining the science of lobbying and political horse trading, little was done in the legislature which met early this year. For their part, the Democrats blamed the governor for failure to put pressure on Republicans in the senate and house to force important bills through. Their complaint is that he doesn't make enemies because he doesn't make policies.

Aronson's policies, stated broadly in his addresses to the legislature, are those of a conservative businessman. The theme in his first two addresses was: "We can and must substitute business for politics." As for his relations with the legislators, he points out that when he was one of them he always resented it when the governor intervened there with individuals. Like President Eisenhower, he feels that the chief executive should not tinker too much with the lawmaking branch.

Beyond that, Aronson's reluctance to throw his weight around has something to do with his intense gratitude for the opportunity America has showered on him. Gripping the sides of his desk, he said to a visitor not long ago, "You know, I still can't realize it's possible for me to have risen to this great position in the sovereign state of Montana."

Aronson met Eisenhower in the 1952 campaign, and since then they have had several private meetings, devoted largely, it is said, to discussing their mutual farm problems. After Ike dedicated a smokejumpers building in Missoula, Montana, in 1953, the governor wrote the President to express his appreciation of the great privilege he had had in being able to escort him while in the state.

The President replied to the letter by saying: "It touched me deeply. I assure you it was an equally great privilege for the farm boy from Kansas to walk at the side of the boy from Sweden. That in itself is representative of the greatness of America."

Wonderful Day (Continued from Page 40)

seen it in my hand and had it off me before I could open my mouth to shout.

"You what?" said Larry, closing his hand until I thought my shoulder would break. "By the holy, that's the last time I'll ever give you so much as a sixpence in advance. Now listen to me. I've promised that salmon to Mussoo Charles by midday tomorrow, and if he doesn't get it there's going to be trouble. Do you understand?" He kneaded the bones of my shoulder between his fingers.

"Con Doyle said he'd have me jailed if he caught me again," I said.

"Then don't let him catch you," said Larry. "What Con Doyle and the guards would do to you wouldn't be the half nor the quarter of what I'll do to you if you don't have a salmon for me by breakfast time tomorrow." He gave a last twist at my shoulder, and tugged a strand of Cait's hair. "How is the little vixen?" he whispered. Then he was gone, picking his way between the legs and the mugs of porter on the floor.

"The fine hero you are," said Cait.

My cousin Padraic was singing now, and my mother looked round at us to shush our whispering. So I sat and smoldered until the song was done. It was late then, and the evening broke up, with the doors flung open and the cold night air swirling in to tear the smoke of the turf fire to tatters.

"What are you going to do?" said Cait.

"What can I do?" I said, and I felt the world lie on me with its weight.

If there had been anywhere to run away to, I would have run to that place and hidden, but there was nowhere. I would have cried if Cait hadn't been there. Her eyes were green in the starlight, like a cat's eyes, and I thought for a moment that she was going to jeer me again. But instead she put her hand inside mine.

"I'll come, too," she said, as if she could read my thoughts. Because there was nothing else to do but get Larry another salmon, and I couldn't do it by myself. But I would have let my tongue wither before I would have asked her to help me.

"Brigid's pool, then," I said. "An hour before daylight."

She turned and ran down the hill after her father, who was already halfway home ahead of her, and I went back indoors. But it was a long time before I slept that night.

It was almost a relief when morning came. I dressed in the dark, putting bread in my pocket from the cupboard and taking a pull of milk from the can on the window sill. There was only the sound of breathing in the cottage, and even my mother wouldn't be stirring for an hour yet. But outside, the night was already at the heel of her strength, with a kind of grayness in her, and the stars pale. You could see the shapes of the stones on the hillside.

I went down to the road and across it and up the other side of the valley toward the little fold in the mountains where St. Brigid's Well was hidden, and it was as though a great fan of light was opening behind and above the mountains ahead of me, winnowing away the flying darkness. I was late, and began to run, panting up the mountainside with my hand under my heart.

Cait was already there, lying face downward on the shelf of rock that juts over the pool. They call it a well because the river springs there, and the water is always pure as black crystal and cold as a winter's night. But it is a pool, really, maybe thirty feet across, and very deep in its heart under the shelf of stone. Hazel and whitethorn and willow trees grow down to the edge of the water on the other three sides of it, arching over the small river as it leaps down, pool by small pool, to Lough Rinn below. I knew that there was a salmon there, a big cock fish that must have spent five winters in the sea before he came back to his breeding place. I'd only caught a glimpse of him, but I'd reckoned him at sixty pounds.

That's why I hadn't tried to get him before for Larry. In that place you can only get at a fish by lying on the shelf of rock, and a sixty-pound salmon could likely pull me and Cait into the pool from the shelf as we lifted him out of it. And drown us afterwards. But now there wasn't any choice.

Cait looked over her shoulder and put her finger to her lips. I slipped my shoes off in the grass and crept up beside her. We knew what we had to do too well for there to be any need for talk. The sky was pale now, and the water lay like gray steel under us. Beyond the water the trees were black as soot marks on the sky. The salmon would be sleeping still, but already stirring in his dreams, thinking of the fine hen fish that the day might bring, her sides sleek as silver from the sea, her tail winnowing the stones for their loving place. The sound of the splash of her leaping would be in his bones.

I slid forward inch by inch until my chin was at the lip of the stone shelf. I felt Cait's shoulder against mine and it was good to feel her there, the two of us alone by the pool in the tail end of the night, and the day before us. I had forgotten Con Doyle by now, and Larry Dooley. The small wind of the morning touched us, and I put my hand over Cait's small one to thank her for being there. And then I saw the salmon lifting out of the depths below us. Only a shadow at first in the darkness of the water. Like blue steel. Up and (*Continued on Page 141*)

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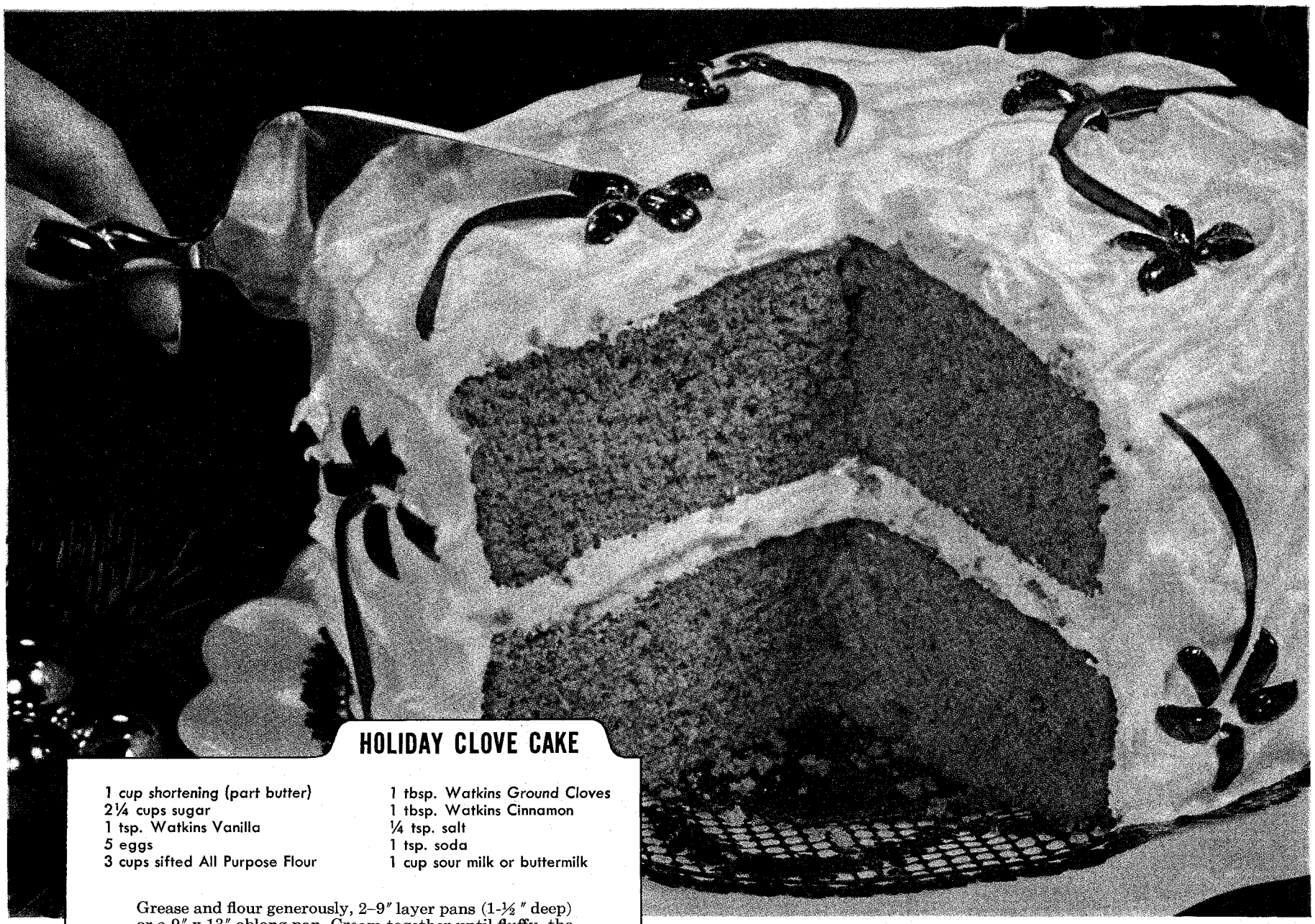
December 7, 1957

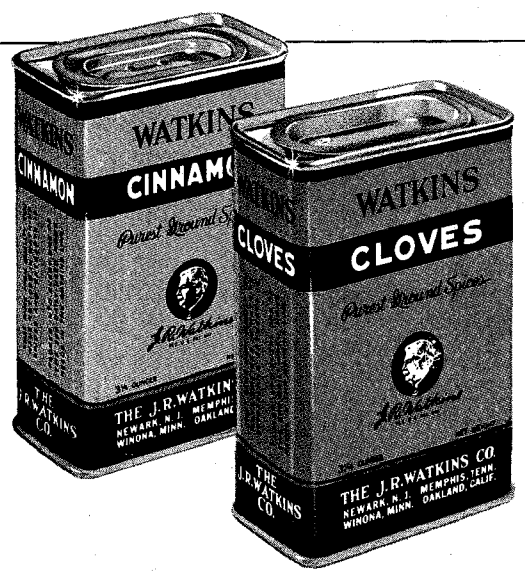
New Holiday Cake!



HOLIDAY CLOVE CAKE

1 cup shortening (part butter)
2¼ cups sugar
1 tsp. Watkins Vanilla
5 eggs
3 cups sifted All Purpose Flour
1 tbsp. Watkins Ground Cloves
1 tbsp. Watkins Cinnamon
¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk

Grease and flour generously, 2–9″ layer pans (1-½″ deep) or a 9″ x 13″ oblong pan. Cream together until fluffy, the butter, sugar, vanilla and eggs (5 minutes at high speed on mixer or by hand). Sift together the dry ingredients and mix in (at low speed) alternately with sour milk or buttermilk, beginning and ending with dry ingredients. Pour into prepared pans. Bake. Remove from pans and cool on racks. Frost with a fluffy white icing or whipped cream. Decorate as desired. Temperature: 350°(Moderate Oven). Time: 45 to 50 minutes.



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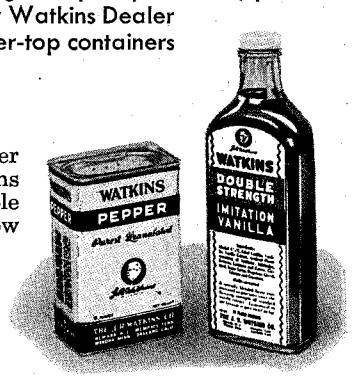

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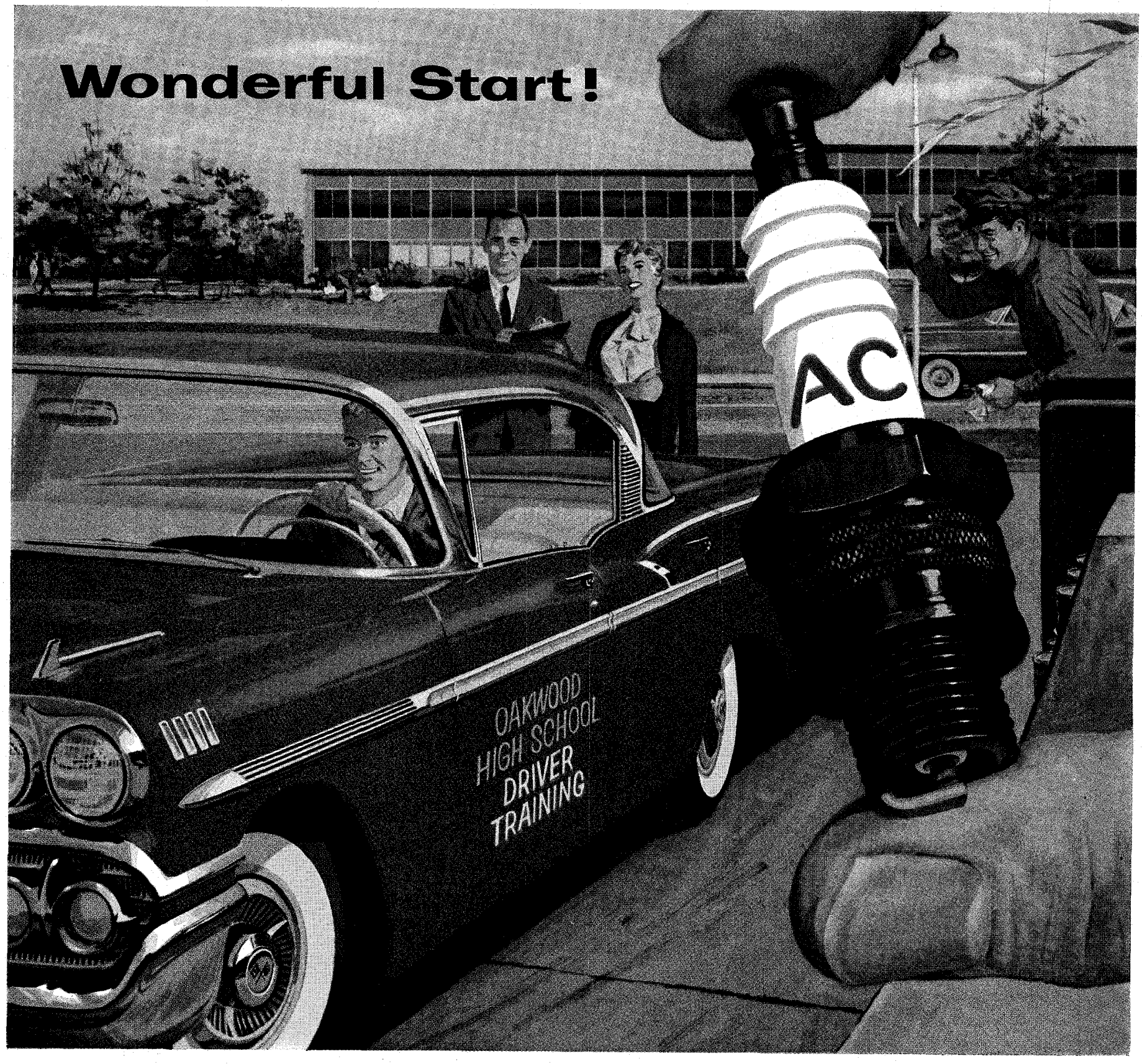

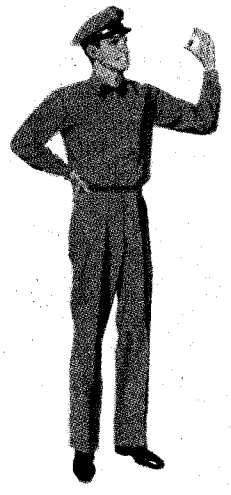

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FORWARD. FROM FIFTY

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(*Continued from Page 138*) up out of the heart of the pool toward us until I could see the fierce hook of his jaws and the faint moving of his silken tail. He rose like a king of the salmon people in his midnight armor. Rose and rose until I could see the silver of his belly and the red breeding spots along his huge curving sides.

I slid the wire loop out of my pocket, thin steel wire with a wooden handle, and a strip of cotton lapped round the wire to prevent it cutting right through a fish's tail. Beside me Cait was readying her hands. Her bare arms were brown and smooth as the hazel branches across the water. Soft as a bird I moved the loop of wire. Down behind the salmon's line of vision as he lay, still half sleeping, waiting for the sunlight, the cotton-wrapped wire touching the steel surface of the water barely an inch from his faintly stirring tail. Into the water without a ripple, and Cait's hands waiting like otter's on the stone, fingers curved.

I drew the wire forward. Over his tail until the loop encircled it. Further, until it was level with his vent. And still the great steel-blue bow of his back was motionless, the dorsal fin kissing the surface of the water. The sky was burning now with the dawn, and the rose shadow of the flames was on the pool. Cait's right hand came out, hovered.

"Now," I whispered, and we both struck with the one breath, the loop tightening like a trap on the torpedo tail of his body, her hands over and under the great curve of his belly. Up and out, clean as if he was leaping of his own will, and onto the shelf. Cait took a flat stone from the grass and hit him with the edge of it behind the skull, and he lay still and ended. And in that second we heard a shot. A flat slap of sound that echoed and re-echoed in the stillness of the sky.

The bailiff was out. And we were trapped by the pool because St. Brigid's Well lies in a hollow and there's no way out except by crossing one of the ridges and showing yourself on the sky line.

I felt Cait tremble beside me, and I knew that she was thinking of yesterday. "They shan't touch you," I said. "They shan't touch either of us." And I was surprised myself at the sureness in my voice. "We'll have to swim for it," I said. "Over to the trees. That way we'll leave no trail. You go first, and I'll bring the salmon."

She slid into the water and struck across to where I had pointed, a place where the trees grew thicker than any other and reached far out over the water. I lowered the fish into the pool and myself after it, and swam slowly behind Cait, trailing the salmon behind me.

Then we were in the shadow of the trees and it was almost dark. We scrambled up the bank of the pool and crawled into the heart of the thicket. Right in there, there was a small hollow like a round nest, maybe five feet across, with moss and fallen leaves like a bed on the floor of it, and the thorn branches and the hazel twigs braiding themselves above us like a roof of osier.

I made a bed for the salmon, digging down through the dead leaves until I came to dampness, and then covering it over. "They'll not find us here," I said.

Our eyes were used to the shadow by now and I looked at Cait and she looked at me, and suddenly there was something strange between us, or in the close stillness under the lacing branches of the trees, or in the singing of the blackbird above our heads. Almost as if we were strangers. At least, that's how it seemed to me. As if I hadn't seen Cait clear before. The way her mouth was, and the way her eyes were warm and soft. My throat was tight as I looked at her.

"Cait," I said. She didn't answer. Only put her fingers in mine, and we crouched there together, facing each other until she lowered her head, and I saw her body shiver in a strange way.

"You'll be catching cold," I said.

"I'm not cold," she whispered, lifting her head again, and the blackbird sang as if he had made the morning.

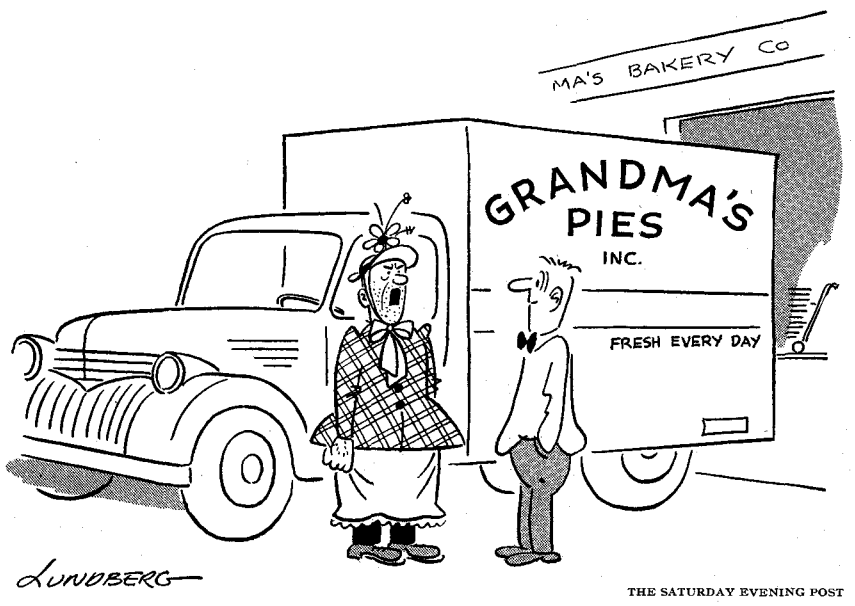
"Oh, Cait," I said, "I feel very queer." And without meaning to, without knowing what was in my mind to do until I had done it, I leaned forward and kissed her on the mouth.

For a long second we stayed together, and then we pulled back and apart, afraid of what we had done.

"I'm sorry, Cait," I said. "Truly." She was looking down, pleating the wet hem of her skirt between her fingers.

"Are you?" she said, not looking up.

I looked at her, and I wondered how long ago it was that I had thought she was like another boy. "No," I said. "No, I'm not sorry after all," and she looked up at that, and smiled. And somehow, I still don't know how, we were kissing again, and it was quite different from the first time. Entirely different, as if in the time between we had learned how. I barely listened to the sound of voices across the pool as Con Doyle and his man came down to the edge of the water. And then there was a shout that lifted us out of our skins. For a second I thought they had seen us in our hiding place. And then I (*Continued on Page 143*)



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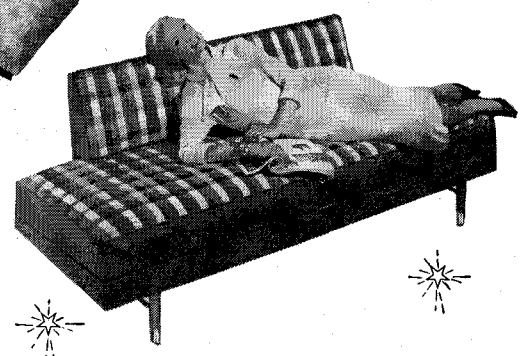

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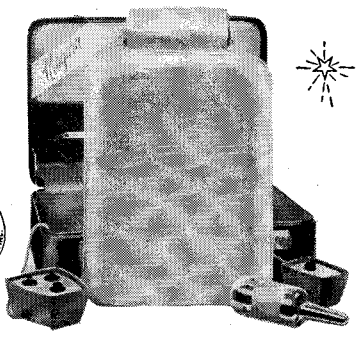

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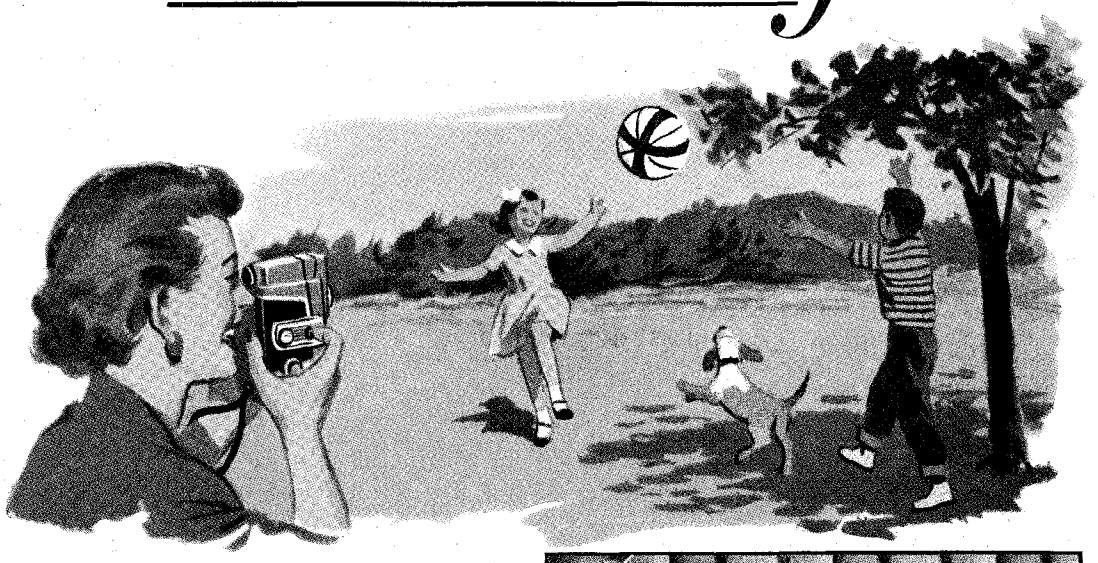

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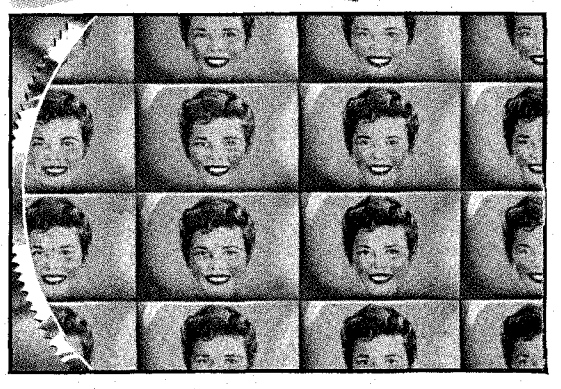

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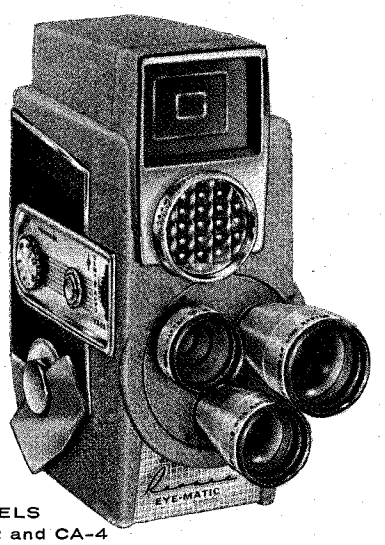

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(*Continued from Page 141*) remembered my shoes. Con Doyle had found them.

"The larrikins," he was yelling. "The thieving dirty spalpeens. They've been here again. I'll skin them. I'll have them hanged. You, you useless omadhaun, why in heaven's name didn't you see them? They must have bolted out of here when you fired that shot, you imbecile. Scragging hares when there's poaching going on under your very nose."

There was a murmur of another voice then as the assistant tried to defend himself. And Cait and I knelt, hugging ourselves, a bare ten yards away from them.

"Don't answer me back," Doyle yelled. "Find them. Get after them, you lout. . . . Where will they have gone? Where do you think they would have gone? To Larry Dooley's cottage, of course, up the mountain road, if they had time to lift anything. Do you want me to carry you there? I'll go down to Paud Raftery's cottage with these shoes in case they're there instead. And if that villain of a son of Paud's can't produce a pair of shoes as his own, it's going to be a bad day for him, I promise you that."

I heard their feet ring for the length of two steps on the stone shelf, and then there was quietness. Three minutes later when I crawled to the pool's edge and peered through the branches, they were gone. But they had taken all the brightness of the morning with them, along with my shoes. Because, like everybody else, I had only the one pair, and my bare feet would be proof to the world that they were mine. More proof than the fit of them would have been, because they had been my father's originally, and they fitted me like sea boots. But without any shoes at all I was lost.

I went back and uncovered the salmon mechanically. What good was it now, with the assistant bailiff watching Larry's cottage and Con Doyle down at my own? I might as well throw it back into the well. Ten shillings' worth of salmon. As much as you'd get for a day's work. And I wondered how much Larry would have got for it from Mussoo Charles.

"What are you thinking?" said Cait. She reached out and touched the salmon with her finger tip as I told her and then put her finger to her lips. "Throw it back?" she said. "I'd die first." And suddenly a light came into her face. "What do we need Larry for? Why shouldn't we sell it to Mussoo Charles ourselves? Listen," she said, "that's the very thing that we'll do. We know where Con and the other one will be, because they've just told us. What's to stop us taking the path along the shore? No one'll see us there. It's longer, but we can keep wetting the fish in the sea. And what does Mussoo Charles care who brings him the salmon so long as he gets it?"

"But when we get home ——" I said.

"Pooh," said Cait. "Who knows what will happen when we get home? We'll have had the day of our lives first. We'll get the bus into Killymeen, and go to the cinema and buy chocolate. . . . Why, we'll have such a day," said Cait, "that it won't matter if the sky itself falls on us when we get back."

And that was something of how it went. But not all of it; far from all of it. Because when we got to the hotel it wasn't ten shillings that we got. We came up to the hotel from the shore, carrying the salmon wrapped in my wet coat, and we had to walk across the lawns and the gardens, with the people in their fine clothes staring at us as they sat on the verandas.

"Let them stare," said Cait. "Isn't it us that's bringing their dinner to them?"

And we walked like the owners of a shop across the velvety grass, with a hundred diamond-shining windows glinting down at us, until a waiter in a black suit came running at us, flapping his napkin.

"We want Mussoo Charles," I said, and I let the waiter peep at the hooked snout of the salmon cradled in my coat. "Feel the weight of him," I said, and the waiter put his two hands under the salmon's tail.

"Gob," he said, and pushed the pair of us into a kind of a fenced-in yard to wait. A minute later a man with a little black mustache and a shiny gray tie came out.

"Where's Larry?" he said, although he called him Lahree.

"He's been held up," I said. "We had to come ourselves."

"Across the lawns like that," said Mussoo Charles, holding his head. "If anyone saw that fish, oh, my license. Quick, children. Take your money and go away quick out of here." And he put into my hand not ten shillings, but five pounds.

Out in the road afterward we looked at the five notes, one after the other, crackling them and rubbing them between our fingers. Five pounds. And Larry telling me that it was taking all the profit out of it to give us ten shillings. Five pounds. It was a long while before it came to us how much money that was. But when we did realize, what a day it was. We went in to Killymeen on the bus from the hotel, sitting on the front seat with the money tight in our hands, and the road racing by us as if we were millionaires in a car.

But that was nothing to going into the shops with five pounds to spend. I bought a scarf for Cait that had great crimson flowers on it; and an apron for my mother, with "Mother" embroidered on it in yellow silk; and a new pipe for my father; and a box of sweets for my brothers; and a pair of slippers made out of wool for Cait's mother. But Cait kept her half of the money in her hand, and wouldn't spend a threepenny piece of it on anything, until we reached the far end of the street.

"There," she said suddenly. "There's the shop I want." And before I knew what was happening she was pulling me across the road into a shop hung to the door with strings of boots and shoes. Black, brown and two colors. Sea boots and leather boots. And a smell of leather like a tannery thick as dust in your nose.

"We want a pair of shoes for himself," said Cait to the shopman. And in a minute he had me sitting down in a chair and was sliding shoes on my feet. One pair. Two pairs. Three pairs. Until one of them went on like one hand sliding over the other, and I knew that there weren't any shoes in the world would fit me like that pair for softness and comfort.

"They're not so strong as the others," said the shopman, but I didn't care.

I wanted to dance in them as Cait paid for them out of her hand, and all the time afterward in the cinema I was feeling my toes in them, and creaking them with little creaks under the seat, until the woman with the torch came and told me to stop. And after the cinema we sat in a café and had lemonade to drink, and pink cakes, and every now and then I'd stretch out my two feet to look at them in their new shoes, and then I'd look at Cait, and we'd think of Con Doyle rampaging down to my father with the old shoes, and the face that would be on him when he saw the new shoes on my feet. Until it was dark at last, and our pockets were empty except for the presents, and there was nothing to do except go home.

But there was no hurry on us and we walked slowly along the road as far as the hotel, and then down along the hidden edge of the sleeping gardens to the shore path and the sea.

"I'll remember this day forever," Cait whispered. "Forever and ever."

I put my arm round her and it seemed natural for it to be there and for her head to be resting on my shoulder. The moon was young and rode on the breast of the sky like a silver brooch. And the sea lay black and silver beneath it, the thin white edges of its waves whispering toward us across the slanting sand. I had taken off my shoes, and so had Cait, and we had the cool sand under our feet, and now and then the smoothness of a rock still warm with the day's sun. But it's the quietness I remember about that walk. As if even our hearts were quiet after the day, and listened to the sea instead of beating. I would have had that walk go on forever. But at last I recognized the shoulder of our own cliff that guards one side of the bay, and the way the beach narrows as it comes to it. Even at low tide there are never more than ten yards of seashore in that place. And as we came close to it, I saw a man standing there.

I knew who it was even before he stepped forward into the moonlight, out of the shadow of the cliff. It was Larry. I felt Cait's fingers tighten on my arm, and a lump came up in my breast like lead and I couldn't breathe. I think I would have run, but I couldn't move either. He came very close, his long arms hanging a little way in front of him, and his shoulders stooping, his big, clumsy-looking head leaning forward.

"A fine night," he said. I tried to answer him, but I couldn't. "I hear you went over to the hotel," he said, "and that Mussoo Charles gave you some money for me. I hope you kept it safe."

"It wasn't for you," I whispered. "It was for the salmon. It was us that caught it. Why should you get the money?" My lips were so dry and my throat so tight I could hardly say the words.

"What?" said Larry. "Give me that money." He shot his hand out and gripped my shoulder.

"Leave him alone," said Cait. "Why don't you hit me?"

"All right," said Larry. "If you want me to." And he swung his free hand and

Duck Blind

By Elizabeth Landeweer

The cattails shed among
the reeds
Where teal and mallard
dip their spoons
Among the mirrored water
weeds,
And rimmed by shining
sun gadroons,
The salt slough winks a
silver eye,
While crouching hidden,
cramped and chill,
With every moment passing
by
I feel the less inclined to
kill,
And only want to enter
more
Into the stillness and the
gleam,
To feel my heart expand
its shore,
And watch wind dapples
on a stream.

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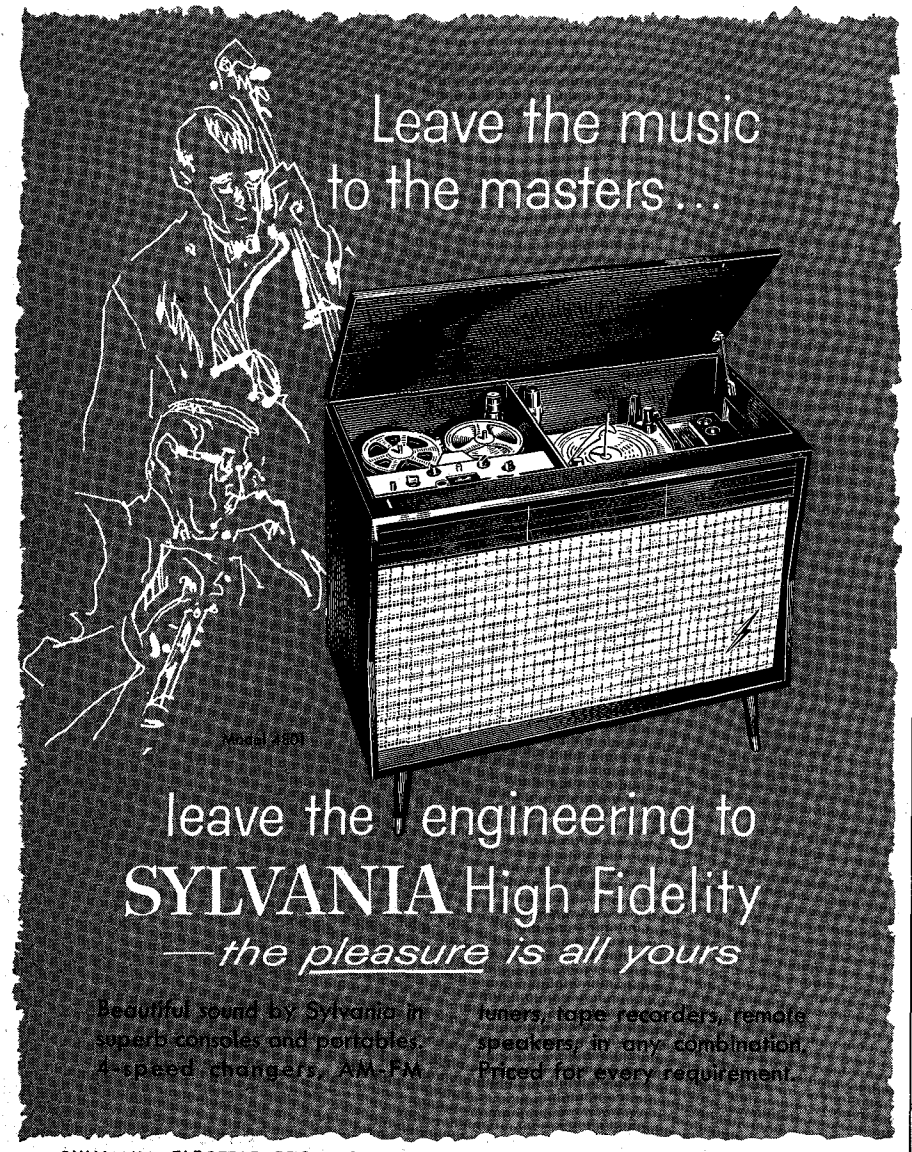
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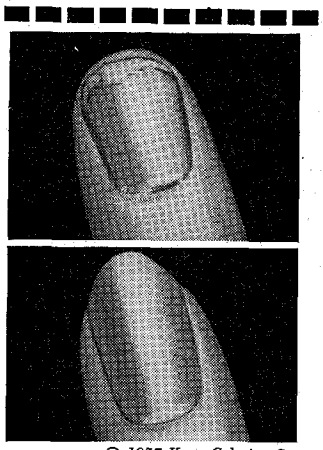

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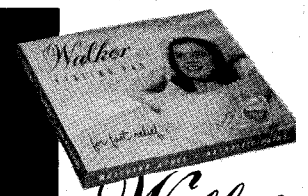

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hit her across the side of the head with a noise like a pistol shot.

She had been carrying some of the parcels, and I saw them spin upward into the moonlit sky as she staggered sideways and fell. In that flash of seeing them, the small things that Cait and I had bought together and she had carried, something burst in my mind, and I wasn't a child any longer, facing a man. I was a man too. Larry had turned back to me, the big, ungainly head between me and the stars, the hand forcing me down onto my knees. I felt the shoes in my hand, and almost before I could think, I swung one of them backhanded at his chin; up from my knees almost and round with the full swing of my body.

The heel took him under the jaw and I saw his teeth click shut like a mousetrap and his head snap back as if I'd broken his neck. Then his hand was off me and he was staggering back across the rocks. I dropped the shoe out of my hand and jumped after him, hitting him with my fists, and he staggered back and back, bellowing now, his hands holding his jaw. Bellowing like a cow driven out of a pasture, without lifting a fist to defend himself. And suddenly we were on smooth sand again, at the entrance of the bay, and he turned and ran, ran for his life, still holding his jaw and bellowing, leaving me standing like a conqueror.

I heard light footsteps, but I couldn't turn. I was too full of astonishment and pride. "He ran," said Cait, unbelievingly.

"Why wouldn't he," I said, "and I after him?"

And then we both laughed until we cried, and danced together on the smooth sand like hares in spring, widdershins to the moon. And after we were tired we picked our fallen parcels up and went swaggering along the sand of the curving bay, with the lights of the cottages like warm stars scattered up the darkness of the mountain.

We never lifted another salmon for Mussoo Charles. I don't know why; it seemed different, once we knew how much money there had been in it. Almost like stealing. And we were different too. Not children any more. But I still get a warm joy from the memory of Con Doyle's face as we walked into my mother's kitchen, and I with my new shoes on my feet.

He had been sitting there all day, my father told me afterward, with the old shoes cradled in his lap, and trying to trap the small children every now and then into saying that they recognized them as mine. But not a soul in the cottage had ever clapped eyes on those shoes for all that the bailiff could discover.

And then in we walked. "Ah," said Con. "The hard lad himself. Now," he said, beginning to enjoy himself, "I wonder would you do me a strange favor and show me the pair of shoes you wear when you're wearing any ——" And in that moment he let his eyes fall to my feet. He knew he was beaten then, and I'll grant him he took it like a man.

"So that's them," he said. "Ah, well, I just wanted to see them. You wouldn't know who owned these ones, would you?" and he held out the old ones under my nose. But not with any real hope.

"I wouldn't know at all," I said. "Unless maybe you tried Larry Dooley. He's a class of man that might wear broken-down old shoes like that."

"I'll ask him so," said Con, and went very heavily out of the cottage. The minute he was outside I heard him throwing the shoes against the cottage wall with a terrible passion. I wouldn't have liked to be his assistant the next day or so.

"And now," said my mother, putting her hands on her hips, "will you tell me what's at the back of all this before I leather the answers out of you?"

My father stirred on his chimney seat, leaning forward so that the light of the fire made strong shadows of the lines and folds of his face. "Hush, woman," he said. "Leave them be." He reached out and took one hand of each of us, Cait and me, and drew us down until we were close to his knees. "What they would tell you wouldn't be what has really happened to them this day," he said. He took Cait's chin between his thick brown fingers and turned it this way and that so that the firelight and the lamplight fell on it and mingled, like differing shades of gold. "They were by the pool of the nine hazels where the salmon of knowledge lives."

"We were by St. Brigid's Well," said Cait.

"It's the same thing," said my father. "God give you joy of all you learned there." And we have had great joy from it.

THE END

"Wal, guess I'll be moseyin' along."

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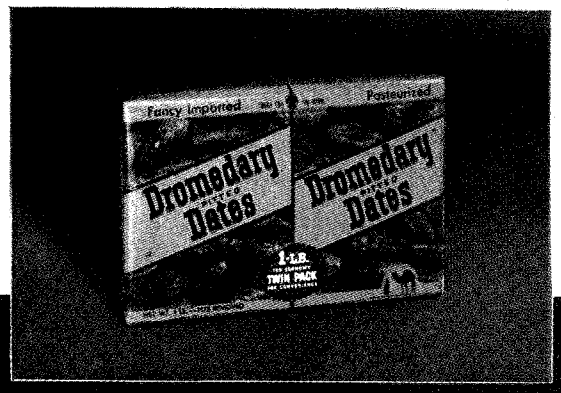

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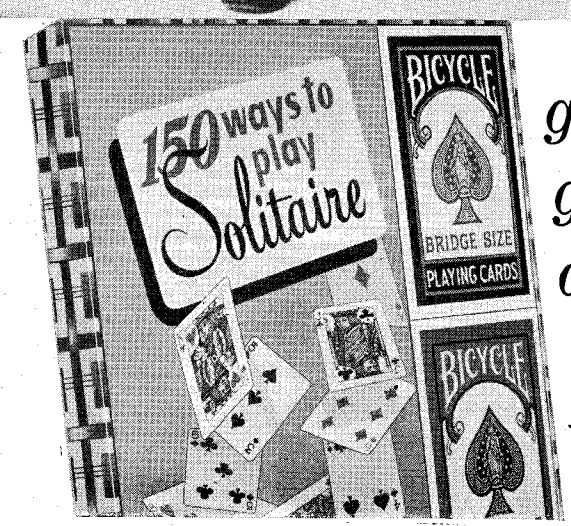

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Television's Desperate Numbers Game

(Continued from Page 35)

the same this season as it was last year in only one half-hour spot, Wednesday from 9:00 to 9:30 P.M. In all other periods at least one program has been dropped or changed to another slot to get away from stiff competition or to take advantage of a weak counterattraction.

N.B.C. is challenging C.B.S.'s leadership in the ratings with new shows that account for 55 per cent of its night schedule. It is a predictive cinch half of them will fail to finish the thirty-nine-week steeplechase. A revealing footnote on program mortality is the fact that of the eighty-three new network shows launched in 1952, only eight still are on the air.

No one is immune to fallen ratings, the most virulent of all occupational diseases. Borrowing TV's favorite device, let's make this an audience-participation show and see what has happened to the panjandrums who dominated each night of the week three short years ago.

Monday: I Love Lucy still was the rating champion last season, for the fifth consecutive year, but the big surge made by Twenty-One prompted Lucy's switch to Wednesday night this season.

Tuesday: Milton Berle was knocked out by Phil Silvers, who, in turn, has been passed by Cheyenne, a Western.

The small boy who liked to walk through puddles is now a big boy who drives through them at fifty m.p.h.

DAN BENNETT

Wednesday: Arthur Godfrey, the best pitchman in broadcasting history, yielded to Disneyland and no longer is on with his variety show. And this season another Western, Wagon Train, is giving Disneyland a run for the money.

Thursday: Dragnet has been on the low end of a seesaw battle with Climax.

Friday: Topper, a weak pacemaker on a weak night, folded two years ago. Frank Sinatra is the current champ.

Saturday: Jackie Gleason was knocked out by Perry Como.

Sunday: Ed Sullivan still is in front, but Steve Allen is breathing heavily down his neck.

Recent developments have made the rating war more intense than ever before. Until a few years ago, high ratings often were gained and held by default. Sponsors were reluctant to buck entrenched leaders, but so many giants have been overthrown that this situation no longer exists. Further, the A.B.C. network's expansion from seven to eighty-two stations in the last four years has cut heavily into audiences formerly monopolized by N.B.C. and C.B.S. "Stiffer competition makes it impossible for any show to get the runaway ratings once piled up by Berle and I Love Lucy, and the sooner we recognize it the happier we'll be," says Jay Eliasberg, head of C.B.S. research.

The most compelling factor in the rating rat race is the prevailing headache in every business—rising costs. "Talent and time charges for a little situation comedy come to one hundred thousand dollars a show," says Rod Erickson, of the Young and Rubicam advertising agency. "That means a sponsor who signs up for thirty-nine weeks is taking a flyer on a four-million-dollar crapshoot. You've got to fight for every decimal point in the ratings to justify the expense when a client is putting up that kind of money."

It is axiomatic that the pressure of competition improves the quality of a product. Has this principle, which applies to every other field, held true in TV? Steve Allen casts a loud, vehement negative vote. "TV is the only thing I know that doesn't conform to the rule. Emphasis on ratings forces us to cater to the lowest common denominator in public taste. It would be diplomatic for me to say there is growing appreciation of good stuff, but I honestly don't see any evidence of it. The better a program is, the lower its rating. We seem to be a nation of artistic illiterates."

Before investigating the validity of Allen's indictment, it is imperative to ask a question that goes to the heart of the matter. Do ratings reflect what audiences really want to see or what they merely accept because TV is free and convenient? This proposition is profoundly important to everyone concerned with the intellectual climate of the country.

On any given night during the winter, when 65 per cent of all sets are in use, some sixty million Americans stare fixedly at the magic box that is television. Moreover, the opinions and attitudes of the great majority are influenced by one of three network programs. The average set is turned on six hours a day, a figure that privately appalls people associated with the industry.

"It scares the hell out of me," Arthur Godfrey declares. "Doesn't anybody read or carry on a serious conversation any more? I don't understand how people tolerate the junk on TV. How often do I watch? With the exception of a few interviews on Sunday afternoon, I never look at the damn thing."

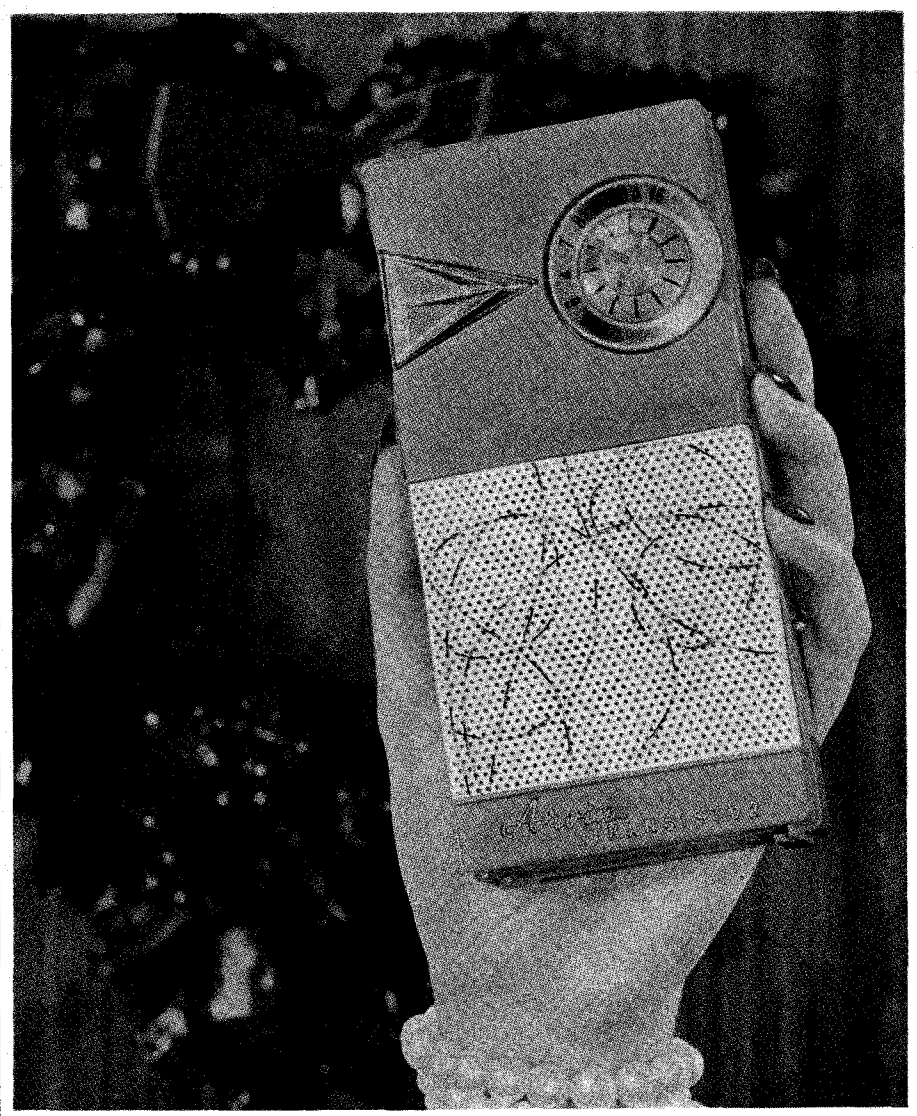
When the question we posed three paragraphs ago was put to the presidents of the networks, there was no doubt in their minds that the audience is getting what it wants. They implied that the balance between popular and highbrow programs would be much the same as it is today if ratings never had been invented.

"Culture holds no burning fascination for millions of people," C.B.S.'s Merle Jones said. "There is, however, a small, but definite, increase in audiences attracted by shows like Omnibus and The Last Word. Their ratings are not high, and perhaps they never will be, but the record proves an honest and determined effort has been made to present such programs."

"If we listened to the eggheads we'd be out of business in six months," N.B.C.'s Robert Sarnoff said. "The blunt truth is the public has a decided preference for light, escapist entertainment. It's the same in every mass medium. Comic strips outpull newspaper editorials by a wide margin, the movies' box-office smashes are musicals and action pictures, and I hate to think of the books with genuine literary merit that died on the vine while Peyton Place was Number One on the best-seller list for nearly a year."

"We must be satisfying people, because viewing during the prime evening hours is holding steady," A.B.C.'s Leonard Goldenson said. "And don't forget the audience is getting more selective all the time. It's no accident that I Love Lucy, Wyatt Earp and Dragnet remain far ahead of imitators. The prototypes stay on top with superior scripts, casts and productions. The ratings prove quality is not incompatible with mass appeal."

(*Continued on Page 149*)



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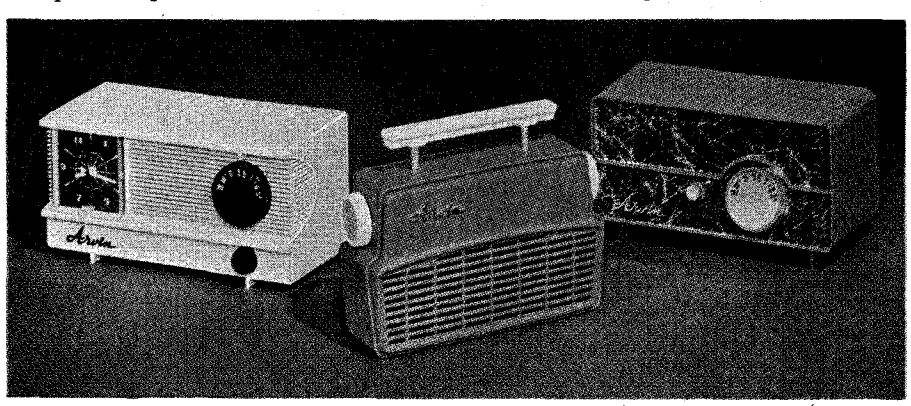

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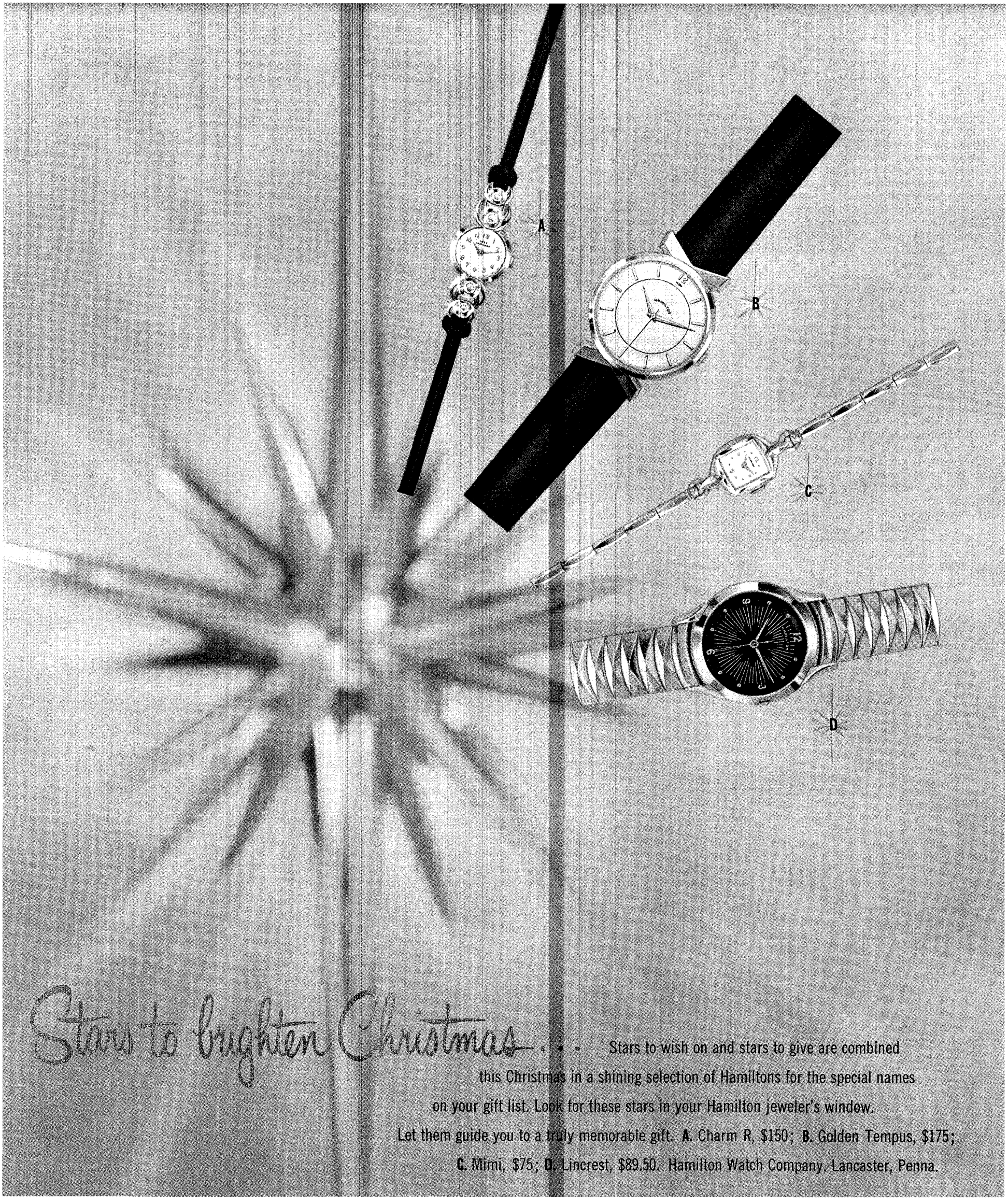

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(*Continued from Page 147*) Sometimes it seems TV's partisans grasp at random straws to demonstrate that its easy availability has stimulated interest in "good," provocative programs. A volume as thick as the telephone directory can be filled with conspicuous examples to the contrary.

On September eighth, A.B.C. scored a notable scoop by getting the first interview with Gov. Orval E. Faubus, of Arkansas, six days after he called out the National Guard to delay school integration in Little Rock. The story had been carried under flaring headlines on page 1 of every daily newspaper in America for a week. The issues involved were of paramount importance to every thoughtful citizen regardless of emotional or political convictions—but an overnight Trendex rating revealed that only 8 per cent of the sets in use were tuned to the interview. A western on C.B.S. drew 48 per cent of the audience, and a mystery drama on N.B.C. had 37 per cent.

In March, 1956, while the Near East situation was building to a crisis, Edward R. Murrow's See It Now spent $150,000, the biggest budget in the history of the series, for an on-the-spot report. The ninety-minute program topped in the ratings only one of the six half-hour spots on opposing A.B.C. and N.B.C. networks. Comedy and drama had substantial leads over See It Now.

N.B.C. saluted with loud fanfares a lavish production of Romeo and Juliet featuring the Old Vic Company of London, the world's finest Shakespearean troupe, last March fourth. The Bard, with an average rating of 14.5, was clobbered by the competition on C.B.S. I Love Lucy had 51.2, Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts 37.4, and Burns and Allen 32.4.

"When ratings are translated in terms of people, you get a more encouraging perspective," says Hubbell Robinson, executive vice president of C.B.S. "Twelve million people saw Romeo and Juliet, a total audience Shakespeare never approached in his lifetime. On that one night TV brought him to more people than Broadway and maybe the movies ever did. As for See It Now, only a small fraction of the viewers were caught up emotionally in the Israel-Egypt dispute, yet fifteen million people stayed with it for an hour and a half. Sure, we wish good stuff drew better, but the ratings definitely show we're getting maturer and more discriminating audiences."

Since TV leans so heavily on ratings for guidance in programming, let's see how the various systems work and examine their limitations. Even disgruntled performers no longer argue that ratings should be abolished. Ratings are to TV what circulation figures are to newspapers and magazines and box-office receipts are to the movies. They are the only measure of a show's popularity and the potential customers delivered to the advertiser. That's the sole point on which there is agreement. According to Abe Burrows' classic definition, "A rating is a figure which tells the size of your audience and which is completely inaccurate if it is too low."

The A. C. Nielsen Company, a market-research outfit which grosses $20,000,000 annually in the United States and ten foreign countries, is one of the most trusted and widely used of the services. Its biweekly reports are based on Audimeters placed indefinitely in 1000 homes throughout the country in proportion to the distribution of population. The Audimeter records on film the channels to which a set is tuned and how long it is beamed to a program. People who permit the installation of the device receive a token fee of one dollar a month, get periodic premiums such as appliances and have their sets kept in free repair. It is claimed that these incentives prompt excessive use of sets. Nielsen says total viewing hours in Audimeter homes conform to the national average. The chief criticism of the gadget is that it does not indicate whether anyone is watching a program. Nielsen says he has data proving someone is looking at a set 97 per cent of the time it is turned on.

Trendex phones 1000 homes chosen at random every half-hour to spot-check viewing in fifteen metropolitan centers the first week of the month. The fastest service, the bulk of Trendex's work is compiling special overnight ratings of shows seen the previous day. It has standing orders for overnight reports every week on highly competitive shows such as Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen. The principal objection to Trendex is that it fails to hit a true economic cross section by eliminating homes without phones. The company says 95 per cent of all TV homes have phones and the distortion in its figures is, therefore, negligible.

Pulse bases its monthly reports on 12,000 personal interviews. A.R.B. (American Research Bureau) places diaries in 2200 different homes the first week of each month and asks families to enter all the shows watched during that period.

Middle age is when you begin to wonder if you still want to do the things you've always wanted to do.

HAL CHADWICK

The alleged flaw in the interview method is that subjects often are reluctant to admit they watched a trivial show and say they saw a serious program to impress the pollsters. The diary system is questioned on the ground that the human memory is notoriously unreliable. It is charged that people have reported they saw programs which were pre-empted by spectaculars and political speeches and never were on the air. Pulse and A.R.B. say such incidents are so rare they have no bearing on over-all figures.

"There is no controversy over ratings among people who use them properly," Hugh Beville insists. "The various services show little discrepancy in their findings. All the trouble stems from misinterpretation and abuses of ratings."

Well, it's not quite that simple. First of all, the four services use different methods to measure different things. Nielsen surveys the entire country, but Trendex is confined to fifteen urban centers. A sophisticated drama scores much better on Trendex, whereas a show with homy appeal invariably is higher on Nielsen. To compound confusion, the Nielsen and Trendex reports do not cover the same period. Nielsen comes out three weeks after a show has been seen, but Trendex appears two weeks earlier. This time variation sometimes results in glaring inconsistencies in the Top Ten.

Last March, while Charles Van Doren was running his winnings on Twenty-one up to $129,000, the show ranked sixth on the Nielsen scoreboard, but was not listed by Trendex. How come? As we mentioned earlier, Trendex polls are taken only during the first week of a month, and Twenty-One's spot had been pre-empted by Producers' Showcase that Monday in March. To avert a repetition of that contretemps, N.B.C. and C.B.S. have adopted a rule that no program can be displaced by a special feature more than twice a year. Incidentally, if you've ever wondered why TV seems to be brighter the first week of the month, the jockeying for ratings is the explanation. Shows that engage guest stars try to load up with big names to capture a high Trendex.

Ironically, the commonest gripe against ratings is groundless. Many performers—and perhaps viewers—refuse to believe an accurate poll of public opinion can be made on the basis of 1000 interviews. "It is thoroughly valid scientifically to project a small sample nationally if the sampling points are distributed properly," says Lester Frankel, professor of statistics at N.Y.U. "The leading rating services satisfy the requirements for a representative geographical cross section of homes. A huge company like Nielsen can't afford to make a mistake on fundamental procedures."

Government agencies resort to small samples to gather data a good deal more important than TV viewing preferences. The Federal Reserve Board uses 2500 of the nation's 50,000,000 families to study consumer trends, and U. S. Department of Commerce estimates have been drawn from samples of 400.

Objective critics do not question the integrity or reasonable accuracy of the rating services. Their fire is concentrated on the undue emphasis given to the numbers game by stars, ad agencies and networks, but they have made little progress. In September, 1956, N.B.C. announced it no longer would issue overnight ratings. Eight months later Bob Sarnoff rescinded the order, conceding it was a lost cause.

"Our timing was bad on the first decision," he admits. "We didn't have a show in the Top Ten and we were roasted for trying to cover up our weakness. A 'friendly' competitor defeated our effort by releasing ratings to our sponsors. Ad agencies raised such a rumpus I had to back down. I don't want to mention names because I've got to live with talent, but performers who had been denouncing ratings the loudest continued to holler for their Trendexes the morning after their shows.

"I've been forced to the reluctant conclusion that ratings are here to stay, with the ridiculous stress on the Top Ten. Everyone talks about the probable error in ratings, but everyone ignores it. After the first few shows, places on the list are decided by fractions of points, yet the Top Ten is an almost exclusive symbol of success. The fellow who called ratings 'murder by decimal point' made the perfect observation on this crazy business."

At the start of the current season C.B.S. instructed its press department to withhold overnight ratings, but they still pop up in the papers. "To Trendex" is a common verb in the language. "Joe Miller Trendexed Oscar Cornball, 33.4 to 31.9, last night," is as familiar to readers as baseball batting averages, and apparently commands more interest.

Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen, the principals in TV's longest—and most tedious—rating feud, clearly intimated the quality of their shows has been affected adversely by the pressure of the Top Ten. Sullivan readily documented his case when I saw him in the office of his apartment in the Hotel Delmonico, in New York. On the top of his desk was the "bible," a record of his ratings since 1948. He turned to November 25, 1956.

"Maria Callas, the most dynamic personality in opera, made her TV debut that night," he said. "I could've gotten by with the studio orchestra accompanying her, but I spent a young fortune to engage the Metropolitan Opera orchestra conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos. The

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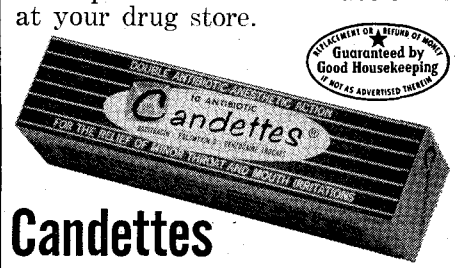

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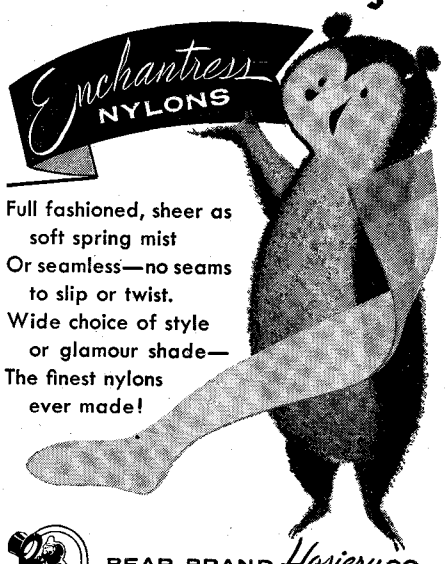

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rating for that show was 33. The previous week, when I had excerpts from Elvis Presley's new movie, the rating was 41.8. In mid-December a show featuring opera dropped to 25. On January sixth, Presley appeared live on the show and we hit 46.2.

"I'm willing to take an occasional beating in the ratings to boost the prestige of the show with good stuff, but we don't get credit for it. A Boston columnist who had been knocking my brains out for billing low-brow acts didn't even review Callas' performance. When I asked him why, he said, 'Nobody wants to read about opera. It's not popular.' The guy didn't think Callas was worth a few paragraphs, but he's still demanding culture from sponsors who spend more than ten million dollars a year on the show."

Allen was equally bitter over the poor response to superior entertainment. "The first time I topped Sullivan, Presley was the big attraction. It was the worst show I've ever put on. In my book the most thrilling show had two Shakespearean readings by Orson Welles. The egg we laid in the ratings could've fed the starving Armenians for a year. When I first went on, the network was satisfied if I made a fairly good showing against Sullivan. Now that I'm caught up in this stupid rating war I'm expected to beat him. I'll have to throw all sense of artistic taste out of the window to do it."

The crowning contradiction in the hysteria over ratings is found on Madison Avenue, in New York, the advertising capital of the world. A large agency employs more than 100 research analysts to interpret material which costs upward of a million dollars a year—but executives speak glibly of "intangibles" in evaluating the merchandising effectiveness of a TV show.

For example, there is no correlation between rating and sponsor identification, which would seem to be the big idea in putting on a show. Does a sponsor complain TV is not selling his product? He is assured the show has a high "gratitude factor," Madison Avenuese for good will. Another gambit is to suggest the show is so provocative that viewers talk about it during the commercials instead of listening to the message.

"When sales slump despite a high-rated show, you can throw the sponsor a curve ball that stops him cold," one agency man confides with an amiable grin. "You ask, 'How bad would business be without the show?' and he's stumped because no one really knows."

Admen agree it is nonsense to attribute a product's success or failure to a TV show except in rare instances when it is plugged exclusively on the air. A national advertising campaign embraces all media; TV this year will account for only 13 per cent of the total expenditure against 40 per cent for newspapers and magazines. Yet the agencies' TV departments carry on as though the vacuum tube is the greatest development in the profession since expense accounts were invented.

"There's such a furor over TV because we're still groping for the ingredients that make a show click," says Herminio Traviesas, of the B.B.D.O. agency. "We pester the networks for stronger lead-ins so we can inherit the audience of a high-rated show preceding us, but there's no guarantee we'll get it. Look at Sid Caesar last year. He followed Perry Como, the leader in the previous hour, while Lawrence Welk came in after a movie program with a miserable rating. Caesar didn't hold Como's huge audience. There was wholesale switching from N.B.C. to A.B.C. to tune in to Welk. In the final analysis, a show must stand on its own merits."

The $64,000 Question is cited by Traviesas as an example of another trap in the ratings, the rush to copy a successful formula. "Everyone assumed money was the Question's big hook. Had that been true, Break the $250,000 Bank would've had a rating four times higher than the Question. Actually, its rating was only a third of the Question's and it died quickly. The wrong ingredient was copied. Suspense kept people tuning to the Question every week. Twenty-One was the first imitator to capitalize on that element and, as a result, it shot up to the top."

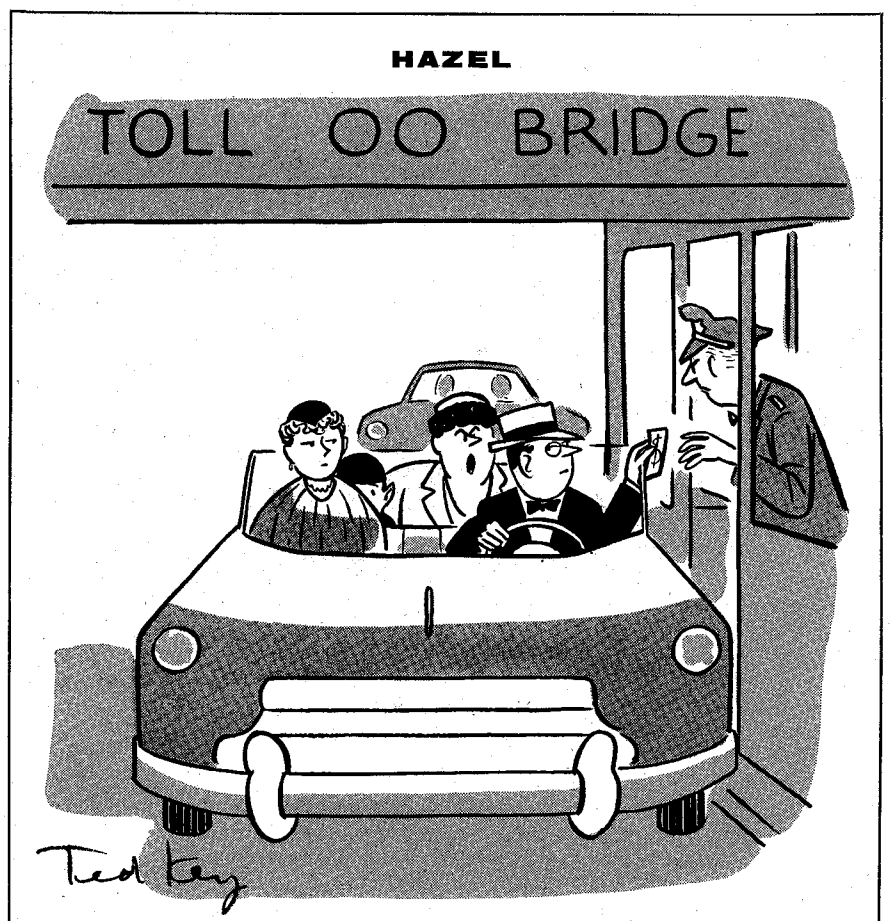
That brings us to the major abuse spawned by ratings, the dreary duplication of formats. "Unfortunately, the problem never will be solved," says Bob Lewine, vice president of N.B.C.'s programming department. "Repetition is unavoidable because there are only a limited number of dramatic devices and we've exhausted all of them. Broadway offers writers much more money than TV can pay and permits wider latitude on themes, but it finds only seventy plays a year worth producing and the majority are flops. TV puts on seventy plays every week. Many, inevitably, are tripe, but nothing better is available. We're always going to be strapped for good material."

On-the-spot coverage of current and cultural events could provide an inexhaustible source of fresh material peculiarly adapted to TV's chief asset, its sense of immediacy. With the exception of perfunctory news telecasts and sports, however, this area has been largely neglected.

"For a good reason," snaps Jim Aubrey, A.B.C.'s program director. "Maybe this is heresy, but I believe the primary function of TV is to entertain, not to educate. Intellectuals who accuse us of pandering to the masses would be the first to scream if sponsors usurped the responsibility of educators, and they'd be right. We'll be getting on dangerous ground if profit-seeking networks and sponsors try to mold public opinion."

Aubrey's argument is refuted sharply by Dan Seymour, head of the J. Walter Thompson agency's TV department. "The broadcasting industry has a deep obligation to promote programs in the public interest because it initiates and controls what goes on the air. An advertiser who attempts to influence the editorial policy of a reputable newspaper or magazine is thrown out on his ear, but in TV he has the direct power to support or reject a point of view expressed by a program. I'd hate to think TV was created to glorify cowboys, cops and robbers and baggy-pants comics."

Nothing but the pictures are black and white in TV. Every issue is tinged with so many qualifications and exceptions that the conclusion is a neutral gray. The main focus of this inquiry is to decide whether TV is making a conscientious effort to resist the tyranny of ratings and raise its cultural standards. On balance, the industry gets under the wire with a passing mark for bringing a handful of superior programs to the relatively small audience that wants them.



"They were paying for this when I was a kid."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Omnibus and Sid Caesar, the most praised programs in their categories, had ratings that lagged far behind their high production costs. Adman Rod Erickson describes Omnibus as "the type of show we keep clients away from and force the networks to put on."

Omnibus had a discouragingly slim following for four years on C.B.S. Last season, the show, given another chance with the help of a one-year subsidy from the Ford Foundation, slumped badly on A.B.C. Omnibus is completing the circuit of the networks this year with just enough sponsorship to present it on N.B.C. Despite the public's indifference, TV's most distinguished failure is being kept alive.

Last March, Caesar's Hour received five Emmy awards. Two months later his sponsors on N.B.C. dropped him. His rating made a $223,000 weekly budget an extravagance they no longer could afford. By the hard and fast rules of advertising economics, Caesar had been a luxury for several years. The graph of his Trendex was a series of descending steps; his lowest rating each year was his high the following season.

"I think Caesar is the greatest, but I wouldn't buy him if I was a businessman," Phil Silvers told me. "His humor is too esoteric. He satirizes a Jap movie that plays in a few hundred art theaters. The mass audience doesn't dig him." Not all businessmen feel the same way. Caesar and his original partner, Imogene Coca, are returning in January over A.B.C.

Sunday afternoon is an intellectual field day on N.B.C. and C.B.S. with press conferences, news-in-depth roundups and Wide Wide World, Omnibus, The Elder Wise Men, The Seven Lively Arts and Conquest of Science.

"Sure, a sop is thrown to the eggheads when the networks can't get top prices for the time," snorts George Rosen, TV editor of Variety. "The Last Word got very favorable reviews during the summer. As soon as the fall season started, C.B.S. dropped it for Beat the Clock, a mishmash of cheap stunts. Neither show was sponsored, but C.B.S. figured it had a better chance of selling Clock, so The Last Word was kicked off."

What would Rosen do if he were sitting behind a network desk?

"The same thing, I suppose, but I'd stop yapping for a few days about the wonderful public-service contributions of TV and admit privately it's a second-rate medium."

Criticism of the public is inherent in attacks on the low caliber of TV. It's the same proposition as denouncing the rascals in city hall. People get the programs and the politicians they choose by majority vote. Snobs who sneer at America's artistic taste might pipe down if they knew it is no worse than England's. The British were so dissatisfied with the heavy doses of culture dispensed by the state-controlled B.B.C. that they forced the sanctioning of sponsored programs three years ago. Commercial stations currently are outdrawing the B.B.C. by three to one—and England's Top Ten conforms to our identical pattern. Filmed reruns of I Love Lucy, Wyatt Earp, Dragnet, Highway Patrol and Gun Law consistently make the list.

A recent trend, however, suggests that American audiences are looking for programs of better quality. Sets-in-use figures for the mid-evening hours have not changed during the past year, but there has been a sharp increase in viewing at midnight when most channels carry full-length movies. This increase is approximately 30 per cent in the Northeast, 15 per cent in the Midwest, and 50 per cent on the Pacific Coast. It is significant that the major movie companies began releasing pre-1947 films to TV about a year ago.

It is unfair, of course, to compare the quality of a weekly TV show hastily put together on a restricted budget with a movie that cost several million dollars and was in preparation for three to six months. Yet the customers are not concerned with technical limitations. They are interested only in the finished product, and old movies evidently are gaining more favor than new TV shows. It is a wry commentary on the times that movies, once everybody's whipping boy, are the white hope for raising the level of TV, but, as Jimmy Durante is fond of saying, these are the conditions that prevail.

TV will improve only as fast as the public supports better programs. Somewhere, this very minute, an Audimeter is clicking and a phone is ringing to record what the audience is watching. If inane and innocuous shows continue to glut the air, blame the chucklehead next door. Or maybe yourself. THE END

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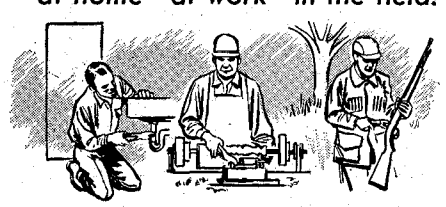

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Keeping Posted

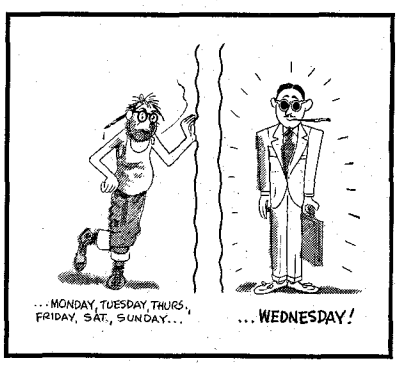
"Jovial, chattering cartoonists": from the left—Harry Mace, Bill Yates, Gus Lundberg, Martha Blanchard, Herb Green, Jeff Monahan, Jerry Marcus, Post humor editor Marione Nickles, Jack Tyrrell, John Norment, Dave Hirsch, Mrs. Fritz Wilkinson (wife of cartoonist Wilkinson), Peter Porges, Bob Schroeter, Mort Temes.

Tales of the Cartoonists

Every Wednesday morning cartoonists who live near New York swarm into town to show their week's wares (an average of 15 drawings each) to Marione R. Nickles of the Post and other magazine humor editors. They have to catch trains at bewildering hours. Recently cartoonist Bob Barnes, of Roxbury, Conn., stopped before dawn to pick up Dick Ericson, but the house was dark, everybody dead to the world; later in the day Ericson explained moodily that his wife had set the alarm clock—one hour late. On another predawn morning, Stan Hunt groggily boarded a train at Brewster, N.Y., and when the train took off for Springfield, Mass., he was very unhappy. At the next stop, he went out on a road and hitchhiked. In the right direction.

The anteroom of the Post's branch office on Fifth Avenue teems for hours with jovial, chattering cartoonists who sound like a well-matured cocktail party, though they certainly aren't. They talk shop a lot, giving each other lifts on sticky problems, for there is no professional jealousy among them. They kid a lot, too; one of them told an interviewer, "If Mrs. Nickles will go along with the gag, I'm going to hand in a cartoon drawn with another guy's style and signature. Later by mail he'll get a rejection that he didn't draw, and be surprised." Each cartoonist, when his turn comes to see the editor, is apt to spruce up his necktie and his bearing, and then haul off with some unspruce greeting like, "Hi, boss!" They are all fond of the boss—"She's a good friend and a swell consultant."

Reiny (that's Mrs. N.'s nickname, her father being George Paul Reinhard, an interior decorator in New York) takes about 150 preliminary sketches back to Philadelphia each Wednesday; editors vote on them Thursday, and the artists get the rejects and go-aheads Friday. Other cartoonists around the country deal wholly by mail. Joe Zeis, one of the Post's top sellers, lives in Morrisville, near Trenton; and recently he cried emotionally over the telephone, "My wife just had a wonderful eight-ounce boy!" Later he decided he meant pounds. His other son is five; Pop was out of practice at enduring the strains of fatherhood.



Bob Barnes depicts how cartoonists change when they visit editors.

"Cartoonists," claims Jerry Marcus of the New York group, "take their baths on Tuesday nights instead of Saturdays, and shave, and their wives get up early Wednesdays to see what they really look like." He says neighbors are suspicious of cartoonists hanging around home all day, thinking maybe they are bookies, or just no-good loafers.

Some cartoonists start work early in the morning, others toil late into the night, when the children have petered out. "It's good, though, to see more of our children than most men are able to." In Connecticut, cartoonists Yates, Keate, Mace and Barnes play golf ("Oh, maybe we break 100"), and sometimes Messrs. Cavalli, Ericson, Yates, Mace and others play poker, winning or losing about 35 cents a year.

Successful cartoonists make good livings nowadays, but years ago, during the depression, some of the leading ones organized a strike against a humor magazine in New York; they were getting $5 to $10 per drawing and they craved $15. They paraded before the magazine office with their famous names and familiar drawings on their sandwich boards, until they were all heaved into jail for demoralizing traffic. When their case came up in Night Court, it was for some reason announced as "the State of New York against Ted Key and Others"—which bewildered Key, for he was a young, unknown artist who had just come East to try to break in as cartoonist, and *he* certainly didn't start the strike. Today, Key is better known; turn back to page 150 and see Hazel. A Philadelphia suburbanite, he brings in his drawings in person—in hot weather, he strides through the city in Bermuda shorts, and anybody who doesn't like it can mind his own business.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Let's Be Frank About Me"

June Allyson lets her blond hair down and tells about her origins, her struggles, her psychiatric bouts and her off-again, on-again separation from husband Dick Powell.

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